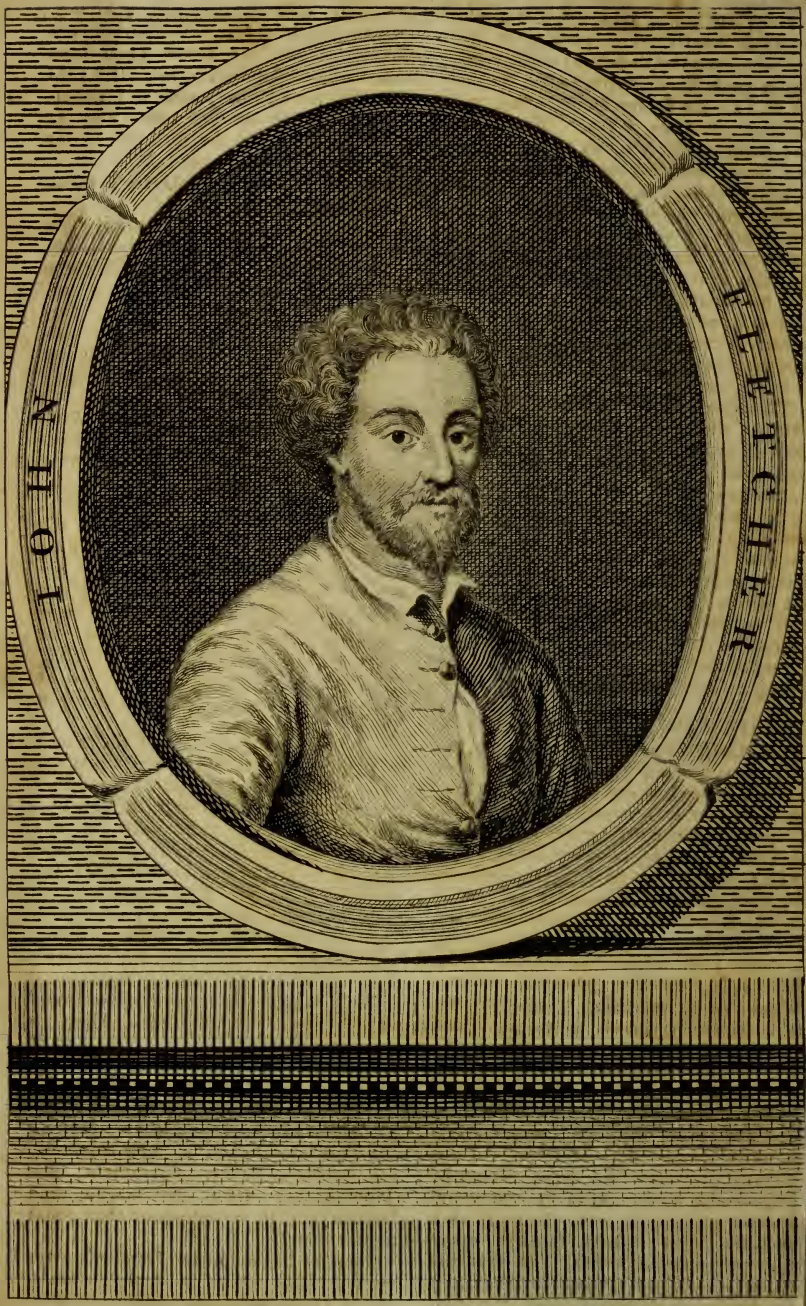
NIL CONSCIRE SIBI


JOHN FLETCHER

THE

A. Anderson

WORKS

OF

Mr. *Francis Beaumont*,

AND

Mr. *John Fletcher*.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

CONTAINING

The CUSTOM *of the* COUNTRY,
The ELDER BROTHER,
The SPANISH CURATE *to Page* 233,
Printed under the Inspection of the late Mr. Theobald.
The Remainder of that PLAY,
WIT WITHOUT MONEY, *and*
The BEGGAR's BUSH,
Printed under the Inspection of Mr. Seward.

LONDON:
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ERRATA.

Page 12, Line 10, for *eaches* read *teaches*
38, 22, for *off* read *of*
84, 47, for *Towns* read *Town*
141, 27, for *Titles* read *Tiles*
188, 31, for *Contended* read *Contented*
308, 3, after *old Age* put a ?
384, Note 16, Before *As I can make* &c. insert the Word of the old Text, Engliſh Beer *by th' Belly*
Page 429, Line 7, for *betray* read *betray'd*
8, for *mock* read *mock'ſt*

THE CUSTOM OF THE *COUNTRY.*

The PROLOGUE.

SO free this Work is, Gentlemen, from Offence,
That, we are confident, it needs no Defence
From us, or from the Poets——We dare look
On any Man, that brings his Table-book
To write down What again he may repeat
At ſome great Table, to deſerve his Meat.
Let Such come ſwell'd with Malice, to apply
What is Mirth here, there for an Injury.
Nor Lord, nor Lady, we have tax'd; nor State,
Nor any private Perſon; their poor Hate
Will be ſtarv'd here; for Envy ſhall not find
One Touch that may be wreſted to her Mind.
And yet deſpair not, Gentlemen, the Play
Is quick and witty; ſo the Poets ſay,
And we believe them; the Plot neat and new;
Faſhion'd like thoſe, that are approv'd by you.
Only 'twill crave Attention in the moſt;
Becauſe, one Point unmark'd, the whole is loſt.
Hear firſt then, and judge after, and be free;
And, as our Cauſe is, let our Cenſure be.

Another PROLOGUE.

WE wiſh, if it were poſſible, you knew
What we would give for this Night's Luck, *if new.*
It being our Ambition to delight
Our kind Spectators with what's good, and right.
Yet ſo far know, and credit me, 'twas made
By Such, as were held Workmen in their Trade;
At a Time too, when they, as I divine,
Were truly merry, and drank luſty Wine,
The Nectar of the Muſes; Some are here,
I dare preſume, to whom it did appear

PROLOGUE.

A well-drawn Piece, which gave a lawful Birth
To paſſionate Scenes mixt with no vulgar Mirth.
But unto Such to whom 'tis known by Fame
From others, perhaps, only by the Name,
I am a Suitor, that they would prepare
Sound Palates, and then judge their Bill of Fare.
It were Injuſtice to decry this now,
For being lik'd before; you may allow
(Your Candour ſafe) what's taught in the old Schools;
All ſuch, as liv'd before you, were not Fools.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Count Clodio, *Governor, and a diſhonourable Purſuer of* Zenocia.
Manuel du Sôſa, *Governor of* Lisbon, *and Brother to* Guiomar.
Arnoldo, *a Gentleman contracted to* Zenocia.
Rutilio, *a merry Gentleman, Brother to* Arnoldo.
Charino, *Father to* Zenocia.
Duarte, *Son to* Guiomar; *a Gentleman well qualified, but vain-glorious.*
Alonzo, *a young* Portugal *Gentleman, Enemy to* Duarte.
Leopold, *a Sea-Captain, enamour'd on* Hippolyta.
Zabulon, *a* Jew, *Servant to* Hippolyta.
Jaques, *Servant to* Sulpitia.

WOMEN.

Zenocia, *Miſtreſs to* Arnoldo, *and a chaſte Wife.*
Guiomar, *a virtuous Lady*; *Mother to* Duarte.
Hippolyta, *a rich Lady*; *wantonly in Love with* Arnoldo.
Sulpitia, *a Bawd, Miſtreſs of the Male Stews.*

Doctor, Chirurgion, Officers, Guard, Page, Bravo, Knaves of the Male Stews, Servants.

The SCENE, *ſometimes* Lisbon; *ſometimes*, Italy.

THE

THE

(1) CUSTOM *of the* COUNTRY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Rutilio, *and* Arnoldo.

RUTILIO.

WHY do you grieve thus ſtill?
Arn. 'Twould melt a Marble, [tune.
And tame a Savage Man, to feel my For-
Rut. What Fortune? I have liv'd this thirty Years,
And run thro' all theſe Follies you call Fortunes,

(1) The CUSTOM, on which a main Part of the Plot of this Comedy is built, prevail'd at one Time, as Monſ. BAYLE tells us, in *Italy*; 'till it was put down by a prudent and truly pious Cardinal. It obtain'd likewiſe for a good long Time in *Scotland*. *Eugenius* III. King of *Scotland*, (who began his Reign A. D. 535) ordain'd, that the Lord, or Maſter, ſhould have the firſt Night's Lodging with every Woman married to his Tenant or Bondman. This obſcene Ordinance was abrogated by *Malcolm* III. who began his Reign A. D. 1061, about Five Years before the *Norman* Conqueſt; having laſted in Force ſomewhat above 500 Years. See BLOUNT in his Dictionary of *Law-Termes*, under the Word *Mercheta*.——— Mr. *Dryden*, I remember, having been accuſed by Mr. *Collier* of too many Groſſeties in his Dramatick Writings, replies, that there is more Bawdry in one Play of FLETCHER's, call'd, *The Cuſtom of the Country*, than in all his put together. Should we allow this to be true, the Plea of this Great Man is far from being defenſible in following ſo bad an Example.

Yet never fixt on any good and conſtant,
But what I made my ſelf: Why ſhould I grieve then
At that I may mould any way?

Arn. You are wide ſtill.

Rut. You love a Gentlewoman, a young handſom
Woman, I have lov'd a thouſand, not ſo few.

Arn. You are diſpos'd,———

Rut. You hope to marry her; 'tis a lawful Calling,
And prettily eſteem'd of, but take heed then;
(2) Take heed, dear Brother, of a ſtranger Fortune
Than e'er you felt yet; *Fortune my Foe*'s a Friend to it.

Arn. 'Tis true, I love, dearly and truly love,
A noble, virtuous, and moſt beauteous Maid,
And am belov'd again.

Rut. That's too much o' Conſcience,
To love all theſe, would run me out o' my Wits.

Arn. Prithee, give Ear, I am to marry her.

Rut. Diſpatch it then, and I'll go call the Piper.

Arn. But, O, the wicked Cuſtom of this Country,
The barbarous, moſt inhuman, damned Cuſtom.

(3) *Rut.* 'Tis true, to marry is the moſt inhuman
Damn'd

(2) *Take heed, dear Brother, of a ſtranger Fortune*
Than e'er you felt yet; Fortune my Foe's a Friend to it.] *i. e.* Take heed of the Conſequences of Marriage, the Chance of Cuckoldom. But ſtill this Paſſage muſt be obſcure to the moſt attentive Reader, who is not inform'd of this Circumſtance. *Fortune my Foe* was the Beginning of an old Ballad, in which were enumerated all the Misfortunes that fall upon Mankind thro' the Caprice of *Fortune*. This Ballad is again mention'd in our Author's *Knight of the burning Peſtle*.

Old Mer. *Sing, I ſay, or by the merry Heart you come not in.*
Merch. *Well, Sir, I'll ſing.* Fortune my Foe, *&c.*

And it is likewiſe mention'd in a Comedy of more recent Date, call'd the *Rump*, or *Mirrour of the Times*. A *Frenchman* is introduced at the Bonfires made for the burning of the *Rumps*; and, catching hold of *Priſcilla*, Mrs. *Lambert*'s Waiting-woman, will oblige her to dance, and orders the Muſick to play, *Fortune my Foe*.

(3) *'Tis true, to marry is a Cuſtom*
I'the World; for, look you, Brother,] *i. e.* It is a Cuſtom to marry; for who would be ſuch a Fool as to marry? Beſides the Defect in the Metre, this is flagrant Nonſenſe. Nothing is more common in Printing than to reprint the Words of a foregoing Line in a ſubſequent one; and when the ſame Words are really to be repeated,

Damn'd Cuſtom in the World; for, look you, Brother,
Wou'd any Man ſtand plucking for the Ace of Hearts,
With one Pack of Cards all Day's on's Life?
Arn. You do not,
Or elſe you purpoſe not to, underſtand me.
Rut. Proceed, I will give Ear. *Arn.* They have a Cuſtom
In this moſt beaſtly Country, out upon't.——
Rut. Let's hear it firſt.
Arn. That when a Maid's contracted
And ready for the Tie o'th' Church, the Governor,
He that commands in Chief, muſt have her Maidenhead,
Or ranſom it for Money, at his Pleaſure. [Cuſtom!
Rut. How might a Man atchieve that Place? a rare
An admirable rare Cuſtom! and none excepted?
Arn. None, none.
Rut. The rarer ſtill: How could I lay about me,
In this rare Office? Are they born to it, or choſen?
Arn. Both equal damnable.
Rut. Methinks, both excellent,
'Would, I were the next Heir. *Arn.* To this mad Fortune
Am I now come, my Marriage is proclaim'd,
And nothing can redeem me from this Miſchief.
Rut. She's very young.
Arn. Yes.
Rut. And fair, I dare proclaim her;
Elſe mine Eyes fail.
Arn. Fair as the Bud unblaſted.
Rut. I cannot blame him then, if 'twere mine own caſe,
(4) *I would not go an Ace leſs.*

repeated, the Printer, by not attending to the Senſe, might naturally think it an Error of the Tranſcriber, and ſo omit them. This latter has undoubtedly happen'd in the Place above, which therefore, I believe, I have reſtored, and the Paſſage gains much Humour by it. Mr. *Seward.*

I muſt own, there is an uncommon Liberty taken in this Emendation; but the Conjecture is ſo ingenious, ſo full of Sagacity, and ſo probable; and the Text ſo lame and abſurd without it, that, I hope, the Readers for once will be ſatisfied with ſound Senſe, rather than diſpenſe with what, thro' the Blunder of the Copyiſts, carries no Senſe at all.

(4) *I would not go an Ace leſs.*] *i. e.* As we now ſay, I would not bate an Ace of it.

Arn. Fie, *Rutilio*,
Why do you make your Brother's Miſery
Your Sport and Game? *Rut.* There is no Paſtime like it.
Arn. I look'd for your Advice, your timely Counſel,
How to avoid this Blow, not to be mock'd at,
And my Afflictions jeer'd. *Rut.* I tell thee, *Arnoldo*,
An thou wert my Father, as thou art but my Brother,
My younger Brother too, I muſt be merry.
(5) And where there is a Wench i'th' Caſe, a young Wench,
A handſome Wench, and ſo near a good Turn too,
An I were to be hang'd, thus muſt I handle it.
But you ſhall ſee, Sir, I can change this Habit
To do you any Service; Adviſe what you pleaſe,
And ſee with what Devotion I'll attend it:
But yet, methinks, I am taken with this Cuſtom,

Enter Charino *and* Zenocia.

And could pretend to th' Place. *Arn.* Draw off a little;
Here comes my Miſtreſs and her Father.
Rut. A dainty Wench!
'Wou'd, I might farm this Cuſtom!
Char. My dear Daughter,
Now to bethink your ſelf of new Advice,
Will be too late; later, this timeleſs Sorrow;
No Price, no Prayers, can infringe the Fate
Your Beauty hath caſt on you. My beſt *Zenocia*,
Be rul'd by me, a Father's Care directs ye,
Look on the Count, look chearfully and ſweetly;
What though he have the Power to poſſeſs ye,
To pluck your maiden Honour, and then ſlight ye,
By Cuſtom unreſiſtible to enjoy you;
Yet, my ſweet Child, ſo much your Youth and Goodneſs,

(5) *And where there is a Wench* yet can, *a young Wench, A handſome Wench*, and ſooner *a good turn too*,] The oldeſt *Folio* exhibits *it can*, which led the latter Editors to this corrupted Reading, and will lead us back again to the true One. I think, I may venture to ſay, that I have both retriev'd the Metre and the Meaning of the Authors. Mr. *Seward* likewiſe ſaw with me, that, *i'th' Caſe*, was neceſſary in the firſt Part of the Emendation.

The

(6) The Beauty of your Soul, and Saint-like Modeſty,
Have won upon his wild Mind, ſo much charm'd him,
That all Pow'r laid aſide, what Law allows him,
Or ſudden Fires, kindled from thoſe bright Eyes,
He ſues to be your Servant, fairly, nobly,
For ever to be ty'd your faithful Husband:
Conſider, my beſt Child. *Zen.* I have conſider'd.
Char. The Bleſſedneſs, that this breeds too, conſider;
Beſides your Father's Honour, your own Peace,
The Baniſhment for ever of this Cuſtom,
This baſe and barbarous Uſe; for after once
He has found the Happineſs of holy Marriage,
And what it is to grow up with one Beauty,
How he will ſcorn and kick at ſuch an Heritage
Left him by Luſt, and lewd Progenitors.
All Virgins too ſhall bleſs your Name, ſhall ſaint it,
And like ſo many Pilgrims go to your Shrine,
When Time has turn'd your Beauty into Aſhes,
Fill'd with your pious Memory. *Zen.* Good Father,
Hide not that bitter Pill I loath to ſwallow
In ſuch ſweet Words.
Char. The Count's a handſome Gentleman,
And, having him, you're certain of a Fortune,
A high and noble Fortune to attend you:
Where, if you fling your Love upon this Stranger,
This young *Arnoldo*, not knowing from what Place
Or honourable Strain he's ſprung, you venture
All your own Sweets, and my long Cares to nothing,
Nor are you certain of his Faith; why may not that
Wander, as he does, every where? *Zen.* No more, Sir,
I muſt not hear, I dare not hear him wrong'd thus;

(6) *The Beauty of your Soul and ſaint-like Modeſty,*
Have won upon his mild *Mind,*] But wherein was *Clodio* of a *mild* Mind? He prided himſelf in the Privilege of the lewd Cuſtom, and the Gratification of his ſenſual Appetite. The change of a ſingle Letter reſtores his true Character, and the Intention of our Poets. Upon Reference to the firſt *Folio*, in 1647, I find my Emendation there confirm'd.

Virtue

(7) Virtue is never wounded, but I ſuffer.
'Tis an ill Office in your Age, a poor one,
To judge thus weakly; and believe your ſelf too,
A weaker; to betray your innocent Daughter,
To his intemp'rate, rude, and wild Embraces,
She hates as Heav'n hates Falſhood.
Rut. A good Wench,
She ſticks cloſe to you, Sir.
Zen. His Faith uncertain?
The Nobleneſs his Virtue ſprings from, doubted?
D'ye doubt, 'tis Day now? or when your Body's perfect,
Your Stomach well diſpos'd, your Pulſes temperate,
D'ye doubt, you are in Health? I tell you, Father,
One Hour of this Man's Goodneſs, this Man's Nobleneſs,
Put in the Scale againſt the Count's whole Being,
(Forgive his Luſts too, which are half his Life,)
He could no more endure to hold Weight with him.
Arnoldo's very Looks are fair Examples;
His common and indifferent Actions,
Rules and ſtrong Ties of Virtue: He has my firſt Love,
To him in Sacred Vow I have giv'n this Body,
In him my Mind inhabits. *Rut.* Good Wench ſtill.
Zen. And 'till he fling me off, as undeſerving,
Which I confeſs I am, of ſuch a Bleſſing,
But would be loth to find it ſo — *Arn.* O never;
Never, my happy Miſtreſs, never, never;
When your poor Servant lives but in your Favour,
One Foot i'th' Grave, the other ſhall not linger.
What Sacrifice of Thanks, what Age of Service,
What Danger of more dreadful Look than Death,
What willing Martyrdom to crown me conſtant
May merit ſuch a Goodneſs, ſuch a Sweetneſs?
A Love ſo nobly great, no Pow'r can ruin;
Moſt bleſſed Maid, go on, the Gods that gave this,

(7) *Virtue is never wounded, but I ſuffer.*] This glorious Sentiment, which, as the ingenious Mr. *Sympſon* ſays, is more worthy of a Philoſopher than a Woman, we have met with before, ſomewhat differently cloath'd, in *Philaſter*.

When any falls from Virtue, *I am diſtracted*;
I have an Int'reſt in't.

This

This pure, unſpotted Love, the Child of Heav'n,
In their own Goodneſs, muſt preſerve and ſave it,
And raiſe you a Reward beyond our Recompence.

Zen. I ask but you, a pure Maid to poſſeſs,
And then they have crown'd my Wiſhes: If I fall then,
Go ſeek ſome better Love; mine will debaſe you.

Rut. A pretty innocent Fool; well, Governor,
Though I think well of your Cuſtom, and could wiſh
For this Night in your Place, heartily wiſh it; [my ſelf
Yet if you play not fair Play and above board too,
(8) I have a fooliſh Engine here, I ſay no more;
I'll tell you what, and if your Honour's Guts
Are not inchanted——

Arn. I ſhould now chide you, Sir, for ſo declining
[*To* Charino.
The Goodneſs and the Grace you have ever ſhew'd me;
And your own Virtue too, in ſeeking raſhly
To violate that Love Heav'n has appointed;
To wreſt your Daughter's Thoughts, part that Affection
That both our Hearts have ty'd, and ſeek to give it —

(9) *Rut.* To a wild Fellow, that wou'd worry her;
A Cannibal that feeds o' th' Heads of Maids,
Then flings their Bones and Bodies to the Devil.
Wou'd any Man of Diſcretion venture ſuch a Griſtle,
To the rude Claws of ſuch a Cat o' Mountain? [Bull
(10) You'd better tear her 'tween two Oaks, (11) a Town
Is

(8) *I have a fooliſh* Gin *here,*] The Verſe halts in its *Emphaſis*; and beſides, *Gin*, I think, is always uſed to ſignify a Trap, or Snare; never, a Sword, or Piſtol, which carry open Violence.

(9) *To a wild Fellow, that would* weary *her*;] Sure, this Term conveys very little Diſtreſs in it: What, only *weary* her? We might expect harſher Treatment certainly from a Cannibal, or Cat o' Mountain, as *Clodio* is immediately deſcrib'd to be. The Emendation, which I have ſubſtituted, was likewiſe ſtarted to me by Mr. *Sympſon*.

(10) *You* had *better tear her* between *two Oaks,*] I have cured the Metre, and now muſt explain the Alluſion of our Poets. *Sinis*, or *Sinnis*, was a Tyrant of a gigantick Stature and Strength, haunting the Iſthmus of the *Peloponneſe*; and was call'd Πιτυοκάμπτης, or the *Pine-bender*. When any unhappy Paſſenger fell into the Clutches of this mercileſs Man, he would bend down by main Force two Pines till he had brought them to meet together, and having faſten'd an

Is a meer *Stoick* to this Fellow, a grave Philoſopher,
And a *Spaniſh* Jennet, a moſt virtuous Gentleman.
Arn. Does this ſeem handſome, Sir?
Rut. Though I confeſs,
Any Man wou'd deſire to have her, and by any means,
At any rate too, yet that this common Hangman,
That hath whipt off the Heads of a thouſand Maids already,
That he ſhould glean the Harveſt, ſticks in my Stomach:
This Rogue, that breaks young Wenches to the Saddle,
And eaches them to ſtumble ever after;
(12) That he ſhould have her 'fore my Brother now,
That is a handſome young Fellow; and well thought on,
And will deal tenderly in the buſineſs?
Or 'fore my ſelf, that have a Reputation,
Have ſtudied the Concluſions of theſe Cauſes,

an Arm and a Leg to each of them, tore aſunder the Limbs of his wretched Captives. *Pauſanias* tells us, that one of thoſe Pines was to be ſeen on the Banks of a River even in his Time, under the Reign of *Adrian*. This *Sinnis* was put to Death by *Theſeus* in the ſame Manner that He had exerciſed his Cruelty upon others; as *Plutarch* informs us in the Life of that Hero.

——————— *Nec Lex eſt juſtior ulla,*
Quàm Necis Artifices arte perire ſuâ.

(11) ——————— *a Town Bull*
Is a meer Stoick *to this Fellow, a grave Philoſopher,*
And a Spaniſh *Jennet, a moſt virtuous Gentleman.*

I have not ventured to diſturb the Body of the Text here, tho', I think, a ſlight Tranſpoſition is abſolutely neceſſary. In the firſt place, the Verſification is moſt inharmonious, and runs out of all Bounds. Then there is a flat, and flagrant, Tautology. Was not a *Stoick* always a *grave Philoſopher?* I have a great Suſpicion, that it came from our Poets thus;

——————————— *a Town-Bull*
Is a meer Stoick *to this Fellow; and*
A Spaniſh *Jennet, a grave Philoſopher;*
A moſt virtuous Gentleman.———

(12) *That he ſhould have her?* for *my Brother now*
That is a handſome young Fellow; and well thought on,
And will deal tenderly in the Buſineſs:
Or for *myſelf, that have a Reputation,*
And have ſtudied the Concluſions of theſe Cauſes,
And know the perfect Manage,] This Paſſage, till reform'd in the Pointing, and the Change of two Monoſyllables, as I have regulated the Text, I think, I may venture to pronounce was ſtark Nonſenſe.

And

And know the perfect Manage? I'll tell you, old Sir,
(If I ſhould call you *wiſe Sir*, I ſhould bely you:)
This thing, you ſtudy to betray your Child to,
This Maiden-monger, when you have done your beſt,
And think you have fixt her in the point of Honour,
Who do you think you have ty'd her to? a Surgeon;
I muſt confeſs, an excellent Diſſecter;
One, that has cut up more young tender Lamb-pies—
Char. What I ſpake, Gentlemen, was meer Compulſion,
No Father's Free-will, nor did I touch your Perſons
(13) With any Edge of Spight; or ſtain your Loves
With any baſe, or hir'd Perſwaſions;
Witneſs theſe Tears, how well I wiſh'd your Fortunes. [*Ex.*
Rut. There's ſome Grace in thee yet; You are determin'd
To marry this Count, Lady.
Zen. Marry him, *Rutilio?*
Rut. Marry him, and lye with him, I mean.
Zen. You cannot mean that,
If you be a true Gentleman, you dare not,
The Brother to this Man, and one that loves him;
I'll marry the Devil firſt.
Rut. A better Choice.
And, lay his Horns by, a handſomer Bed-fellow;
A cooler, o' my Conſcience.
Arn. Pray, let me ask you;
And, my dear Miſtreſs, be not angry with me
For what I ſhall propound: I am confident,
No Promiſe, nor no Pow'r, can force your Love,
I mean, in way of Marriage, never ſtir you;
Nor, to forget my Faith, no State can win you.
But for this Cuſtom, which this wretched Country
Hath wrought into a Law, and muſt be ſatisfied;
Where all the Pleas of Honour are but laugh'd at,
And Modeſty regarded as a May-game,
What ſhall be here conſider'd? Pow'r we have none
To make Reſiſtance, nor Policy to croſs it;
'Tis held Religion too, to pay this Duty.

(13) ——————— *or* ſtrain *your Loves*
With any baſe, or hir'd Perſwaſions;] Mr. *Sympſon* ſaw with me, that the Word here ſhould be, *Stain.*

Zen.

Zen. I'll die an Atheiſt then.

Arn. My nobleſt Miſtreſs.
Not that I wiſh it ſo, but ſay it were ſo,
Say, you did render up part of your Honour,
(For whilſt your Will is clear, all cannot periſh;)
Say, for one Night you entertain'd this Monſter,
Should I eſteem you worſe, forc'd to this Render?
Your Mind, I know, is pure, and full as beauteous;
After this ſhort Eclipſe, you would riſe again,
And, ſhaking off that Cloud, ſpread all your Luſtre.

Zen. Who made you witty, to undo your ſelf, Sir?
Or are you loaden with the Love I bring you,
And fain would fling that Burthen on another?
Am I grown common in your Eyes, *Arnoldo?*
Old, or unworthy of your Fellowſhip?
D'ye think, becauſe a Woman, I muſt err,
And therefore rather wiſh I fall before-hand,
Coloured with Cuſtom not to be reſiſted?
D'ye love, as Painters do, only ſome Pieces,
Some certain handſome Touches of your Miſtreſs,
And let the Mind paſs by you, unexamin'd?
Be not abus'd. (14) With what the Maiden Veſſel
Is ſeaſon'd firſt — you underſtand the Proverb.

Rut. I am afraid, this thing will make me virtuous.

Zen Should you lay by the leaſt part of that Love,
You've ſworn is mine, your Youth and Faith has giv'n me,
To entertain another, nay, a fairer,
And make the caſe thus deſp'rate, ſhe muſt dye elſe;
D'ye think, I would give way, or count this honeſt?
Be not deceiv'd, theſe Eyes ſhould never ſee you more,
This Tongue forget to name you, and this Heart
Hate you, as if you were born my full Antipathy.
(15) Empire and more imperious Love alone

(14) ——— *With what the maiden Veſſel*
Is ſeaſon'd firſt, — You underſtand the Proverb.] The Poets here had evidently HORACE in their Eye.
Quô ſemel eſt imbuta recens, ſervabit Odorem
Teſta diù.

(15) *Empire and more imperious Love alone*
Rule, and admit no Rivals:] This is a fine Tranſlation of a Sentiment in OVID's *Metamorphoſes.*
Non bene conveniunt, nec in unâ Sede morantur
Majeſtas & Amor.

Rule,

Rule, and admit no Rivals: The pureſt Springs,
When they are courted by laſcivious Land-floods,
Their Maiden Pureneſs, and their Coolneſs periſh;
And tho' they purge again to their firſt Beauty,
The Sweetneſs of their Taſte is clean departed.
I muſt have all or none; and am not worthy
Longer the noble Name of Wife, *Arnoldo;*
Than I can bring a whole Heart pure and handſome.

Arn. I never ſhall deſerve you: Not to thank you;
You are ſo heav'nly good, no Man can reach you:
I am ſorry, I ſpake ſo raſhly; 'twas but to try you.

Rut. You might have try'd a thouſand Women ſo,
And nine hundred fourſcore and nineteen ſhould ha' followed your Counſel.
Take heed o' clapping Spurs to ſuch free Cattle.

Arn. We muſt bethink us ſuddenly and conſtantly,
And wiſely too, we expect no common Danger.

Zen. Be moſt aſſur'd, I'll die firſt.

Enter Clodio, *and Guard.*

Rut. An't come to that once,
The Devil pick his Bones, that dies a Coward!
I'll jog along with you; here comes the Stallion,
How ſmug he looks upon the Imagination
Of what he hopes to act? Pox o' your Kidneys!
How they begin to melt? How big he bears!
Sure, he will leap before us all: What a ſweet Company
Of Rogues and Panders wait upon his Lewdneſs?
Plague o' your Chops! you ha' more handſome Bits,
Than a hundred honeſter Men, and more deſerving.
How the Dog leers! *Clod.* You need not now be jealous,
I ſpeak at diſtance to your Wife, but when
The Prieſt has done, we ſhall grow nearer then,
And more familiar. *Rut.* I'll watch you for that Trick,
Baboon, I'll ſmoke you: The Rogue ſweats, as if
He had eaten Grains, he broils; if I do come
To th' baſting of you,———

Arn. Your Lordſhip
May happily ſpeak this, to fright a Stranger,
But 'tis not in your Honour to perform it;
The Cuſtom of this Place, if ſuch there be,

At

At beſt moſt damnable, may urge you to it;
But if you be an honeſt Man, you hate it:
However, I will preſently prepare
To make her mine; and moſt undoubtedly
Believe, you are abus'd; this Cuſtom feign'd too,
And what you now pretend, moſt fair and virtuous.
Clod. Go and believe, a good Belief does well, Sir;
And you, Sir, clear the Place, but leave her here.
Arn. Your Lordſhip's Pleaſure——
Clod. That anon, *Arnoldo*;
This is but Talk.
Rut. Shall we go off?
Arn. By any means,
I know, ſhe has pious Thoughts enough to guard her:
Beſides, here's nothing due to him 'till the Tie be done,
Nor dare he offer.
Rut. Now do I long to worry him:
Pray, have a care to the main Chance. [*Exit* Arn. *and* Rut.
Zen. Pray, Sir, fear not.
Clod. Now, what ſay you to me? *Zen.* Sir, it becomes
The Modeſty, that Maids are ever born with,
To uſe few words.
Clod. Do you ſee nothing in me?
Nothing to catch your Eyes, nothing of Wonder
The common Mould of Men come ſhort, and want in?
Do you read no future Fortune for your ſelf here?
And what a Happineſs it may be to you,
To have him honour you, all Women aim at?
To have him love you, Lady, that Man love you,
The beſt, and the moſt beauteous, have run mad for?
Look, and be wiſe; you have a Favour offer'd you
I do not every Day propound to Women;
You are a pretty one; and though each Hour
I am glutted with the Sacrifice of Beauty,
I may be brought, as you may handle it,
To caſt ſo good a Grace and Liking on you,——
You underſtand,——Come kiſs me, and be joyful,
I give you Leave.
Zen. Faith, Sir, 'twill not ſhew handſome;
Our Sex is bluſhing, full of Fear, unskill'd too
In theſe Alarms. *Clod.*

Clod. Learn then, and be perfect.
Zen. I do beſeech your Honour pardon me,
And take ſome skilful one can hold you Play,
I am a Fool.
Clod. I tell thee, Maid, I love thee,
Let that word make thee happy; ſo far love thee,
That though I may enjoy thee without Ceremony,
I will deſcend ſo low, to marry thee;
Methinks, I ſee the Race that ſhall ſpring from us,
Some, Princes; ſome, great Soldiers.
Zen. I am afraid,
Your Honour's cozen'd in this Calculation;
For, certain, I ſhall ne'er have Child by you.
Clod. Why?
Zen. 'Cauſe I muſt not think to marry you,
I dare not, Sir; the ſtep betwixt your Honour,
And my poor humble State———
Clod. I will deſcend to thee,
And buoy thee up.
Zen. I'll ſink to th' Center firſt.
Why would you marry, and confine that Pleaſure
You ever have had freely caſt upon you?
Take heed, my Lord, this marrying is a mad Matter,
Lighter a Pair of Shackles will hang on you,
And quieter a Quartane Fever find you.
If you wed me, I muſt enjoy you only;
Your Eyes muſt be call'd home, your Thoughts in Cages
To ſing to no Ears then but mine; your Heart bound;
The Cuſtom, that your Youth was ever nurs'd in,
Muſt be forgot; I ſhall forget my Duty elſe,
And how that will appear———
Clod. We'll talk of that more.
Zen. Beſides, I tell ye, I am naturally,
As all young Women are, that ſhew like handſome,
Exceeding proud; being commended, monſtrous.
Of an unquiet Temper, ſeldom pleas'd,
Unleſs it be with infinite Obſervance,
Which you were never bred to; once well angred,
As every Croſs in us provokes that Paſſion,
Like a Sea, I roll, toſs, chafe a whole Week after.

And then all Miſchief I can think upon,
Abuſing of your Bed the leaſt and pooreſt;
I tell you, what you'll find; and in theſe Fits,
This little Beauty you are pleas'd to honour,
Will be ſo chang'd, ſo alter'd to an Uglineſs,
To ſuch a Vizard; ten to one, I die too;
Take't then upon my Death, you murder'd me.

Clod. Away, away, Fool, why doſt thou proclaim theſe
To prevent that in me, thou haſt choſen in another?

Zen. Him I have choſen, I can rule and maſter,
Temper to what I pleaſe; you are a Great one,
Of too ſtrong Will to bend; I dare not venture.
Be wiſe, my Lord, and ſay, you were well counſel'd;
Take Money for my Ranſom, and forget me;
'Twill be both ſafe, and noble for your Honour:
And whereſoe'er my Fortunes ſhall conduct me,
So worthy Mentions I ſhall render of you,
So virtuous and ſo fair,———

Clod. You will not marry me?

Zen. I do beſeech your Honour, be not angry
At what I ſay, I cannot love ye, dare not;
But ſet a Ranſom for the Flower you covet.

Clod. No Money, nor no Prayers, ſhall redeem that,
Not all the Art you have.

Zen. Set your own Price, Sir.

Clod. Go to your Wedding, never kneel to me,
When that's done, you are mine, I will enjoy you:
Your Tears do nothing; I will not loſe my Cuſtom,
To caſt upon my ſelf an Empire's Fortune.

Zen. My Mind ſhall not pay this Cuſtom, cruel Man. [*Ex.*

Clod. Your Body will content me: I'll look for you. [*Ex.*

Enter Charino, *and Servants in Black; covering the Place with Blacks.*

Char. Strew all your wither'd Flowers, your Autumn
By the hot Sun raviſh'd of Bud and Beauty, [Sweets,
Thus round about her Bride-bed; hang thoſe Blacks there,
The Emblems of her Honour loſt; all Joy,
That leads a Virgin to receive her Lover,
Keep from this Place; all Fellow-maids that bleſs her,

And

And bluſhing do unlooſe her Zone, keep from her:
No merry Noiſe, nor luſty Songs, be heard here,
Nor full Cups crown'd with Wine make the Rooms giddy;
This is no Maſque of Mirth, but murder'd Honour.
Sing mournfully that ſad Epithalamion
I gave thee now: And, prithee, let thy Lute weep.

Song and Dance. Enter Rutilio.

Rut. How now, what Livery's this? Do you call this [a Wedding?
This is more like a Funeral.

Char. It is one,
And my poor Daughter going to her Grave;
To his moſt loath'd Embraces, that gapes for her.
Make the Earl's Bed ready; is the Marriage done, Sir?

Rut. Yes, they are knit; but muſt this Slubberdegullion
Have her Maidenhead now?

Arn. There's no avoiding it.

Rut. And there's the Scaffold where ſhe muſt loſe it?

Arn. The Bed, Sir.

Rut. No way to wipe his mouldy Chaps?

Char. That we know.

Rut. To any honeſt well-deſerving Fellow,
And 'twere but to a merry Cobler, I cou'd ſit ſtill now,
I love the Game ſo well; but that this Puckfiſt,
This univerſal Rutter——Fare ye well, Sir;
And if you have any good Pray'rs, put 'em forward,
There may be yet a Remedy.

Char. I wiſh it. [*Exit* Rutilio.
And all my beſt Devotions offer to it.

Enter Clodio, *and Guard.*

Clod. Now, is this Tie diſpatch'd? *Char.* I think it be, Sir.

Clod. And my Bed ready?

Char. There you may quickly find, Sir,
Such a loath'd Preparation. *Clod.* Never grumble,
Nor fling a Diſcontent upon my Pleaſure,
It muſt and ſhall be done: Give me ſome Wine,
And fill it 'till it leap upon my Lips:
Here's to the fooliſh Maidenhead you wot of,

The Toy I muſt take Pains for.
Char. I beſeech your Lordſhip,
Load not a Father's Love. *Clod.* Pledge it, *Charino.*
Or, by my Life, I'll make thee pledge thy laſt;
And be ſure, ſhe be a Maid, a perfect Virgin,
(I will not have my Expectation dull'd)
Or your old Pate goes off. I am hot and fiery,
And my Blood beats Alarums through my Body,
And Fancy, high. You of my Guard retire,
And let me hear no Noiſe about the Lodging,
But Muſick and ſweet Airs; now fetch your Daughter,
And bid the coy Wench put on all her Beauties,
All her Enticements; out-bluſh Damask Roſes,
And dim the breaking Eaſt with her bright Cryſtals.
I'm all on Fire, away.
Char. And I am frozen. [*Exit.*

Enter Zenocia *with Bow and Quiver, an Arrow bent,* Arnoldo *and* Rutilio *after her, arm'd.*

Zen. Come fearleſs on. *Rut.* Nay, an I budge from thee,
Beat me with dirty Sticks. *Clod.* What Maſque is this?
What pretty Fancy to provoke me high?
Diana ſhews an *Ethiop* to this Beauty,
(16) This beauteous Huntreſs, fairer far, and ſweeter;
Protected by two Virgin Knights.
Rut. That's a Lye,
A loud one, if you knew as much as I do.
The Guard's diſpers'd. *Arn.* Fortune, I hope, invites us.
Clod. I can no longer hold, ſhe pulls my Heart from me.
Zen. Stand, and ſtand fix'd, move not a Foot, nor ſpeak not,
For, if thou doſt, upon this Point thy Death ſits.
Thou miſerable, baſe, and ſordid Leacher,
Thou Scum of noble Blood, repent and ſpeedily;
Repent thy thouſand Thefts from helpleſs Virgins,
Their Innocence betray'd to thy Embraces.

(16) *The beauteous Huntreſs, fairer far, and ſweeter;*
Diana *ſhews an* Ethiop *to this Beauty,*
Protected by two Virgin Knights.] I have ruminated over this Paſſage an hundred Times, and can find no Senſe in it but by the Tranſpoſition which I have made in the firſt two Lines.

Arn.

Arn. The baſe Diſhonour that thou doſt to Strangers,
In glorying to abuſe the Laws of Marriage;
The Infamy thou haſt flung upon thy Country,
In nouriſhing this black and barbarous Cuſtom.
Clod. My Guard,——
Arn. One word more, and thou dieſt.
Rut. One Syllable
That tends to any thing, but *I beſeech you*,
And, as you're Gentlemen, tender my Caſe,
And I will thruſt my Javelin down thy Throat.
Thou Dog-whelp, thou, pox upon thee, what
Should I call thee, Pompion?
Thou kiſs my Lady? Thou ſcour her Chamber-pot:
Thou have a Maidenhead? a motley Coat,
You great blind Fool; farewel and be hang'd to ye;
Loſe no Time, Lady. *Arn.* Pray take your Pleaſure, Sir,
And ſo we'll take our Leaves. *Zen.* We are determined,
Die, before yield. *Arn.* Honour, and a fair Grave.
Zen. Before a luſtful Bed; ſo, to our Fortunes.
(17) *Rut. Du cat a whee*, good Count; cry, prithee, cry;
O what a Wench haſt thou loſt? Cry, you great Booby.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Charino.

Clod. And is ſhe gone then, am I diſhonour'd thus,
Cozen'd and bafft'd? My Guard, there; no Man anſwer?
My Guard, I ſay: Sirrah, you knew of this Plot;
Where are my Guard? I'll have your Life, you Villain,
You politick old Thief. *Char.* Heaven ſend her far enough!

Enter Guard.

And let me pay the Ranſom.
Guard. Did your Honour call us?
Clod. Poſt every way, and preſently recover
The two ſtrange Gentlemen, and the fair Lady.
Guard. This Day was married, Sir?
Clod. The ſame. *Guard.* We ſaw 'em

(17) Du cat a whee, *good Count*;] 'Tis very much out of Character, that an *Italian* to an *Italian* ſhould talk *Welch*, in his Merriment; neither of whom in all Probability ever heard a Syllable of that Language.

Making with all main Speed to the Port.

Clod. Away, Villains. [*Exit Guard.*

Recover her, or I ſhall die; deal truly,
Didſt not thou know?

Char. By all that's good, I did not.
If your Honour mean their Flight, to ſay, I grieve for that,
Will be to lye; you may handle me as you pleaſe.

Clod. Be ſure, with all the Cruelty, with all the Rigor,
For thou haſt rob'd me, Villain, of a Treaſure.

Enter Guard.

How now?

Guard. They're all aboard, a Bark rode ready for 'em,
And now are under Sail, and paſt Recovery.

Clod. Rig me a Ship with all the Speed that may be,
I will not loſe her: Thou, her moſt falſe Father,
Shalt go along; and if I miſs her, hear me,
A whole Day will I ſtudy to deſtroy thee.

Char. I ſhall be joyful of it; and ſo you'll find me.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Manuel du Soſa, *and* Guiomar.

Man. I Hear and ſee too much of him, and that
Compels me, Madam, though unwillingly,
To wiſh I had no Uncle's Part in him;
And, much I fear, the Comfort of a Son
You will not long enjoy. *Gui.* 'Tis not my Fault,
And therefore from his Guilt my Innocence
Cannot be tainted; ſince his Father's Death,
(Peace to his Soul!) a Mother's Pray'rs and Care
Were never wanting in his Education.
His Child-hood I paſs o'er, as being brought up
Under my Wing; and growing ripe for Study,
I overcame the Tenderneſs, and Joy
I had to look upon him, and provided
The choiceſt Maſters, and of greateſt Name

Of

(18) Of *Salamanca*, in all liberal Arts,
To train his Youth up.

Man. I muſt witneſs that.

Gui. How there he proſper'd to the Admiration
Of all that knew him, for a general Scholar,
Being one of Note, before he was a Man,
Is ſtill remembred in that Academy.
From thence I ſent him to the Emperor's Court,
Attended like his Father's Son, and there
Maintain'd him in ſuch Bravery and Height,
As did become a Courtier.

Man. 'Twas that ſpoil'd him,
My Nephew had been happy, but for that.
The Court's a School, indeed, in which ſome few
Learn virtuous Principles; but moſt forget
Whatever they brought thither good and honeſt.
Trifling is there in Practice, ſerious Actions
Are obſolete and out of uſe; my Nephew
Had been a happy Man, had he ne'er known
What's there in Grace and Faſhion.

Gui. I have heard yet,
That, while he liv'd in Court, the Emperor
Took Notice of his Carriage and good Parts,
The Grandees did not ſcorn his Company;
And of the greateſt Ladies he was held
A compleat Gentleman.

Man. He, indeed, danc'd well;
A turn o'th' Toe, with a lofty trick or two,
To argue Nimbleneſs, and a ſtrong Back,
Will go far with a Madam: 'Tis moſt true,
That he's an excellent Scholar, and he knows it;
An exact Courtier, and he knows that too;
He has fought thrice, and come off ſtill with Honour,
Which he forgets not. *Gui.* Nor have I much Reaſon
To grieve his Fortune that way.

(18) *Of* Salamanca *in all liberal Arts,*
Man. *To train his Youth up.* ——
I muſt witneſs That.] *Manuel* is here made to ſpeak before his Time. The firſt Hemiſtich is the Cloſe of *Guiomar*'s Speech, as Mr. *Seward* likewiſe obſerv'd to me.

Men. You are miſtaken.
Proſperity does ſearch a Gentlemen's Temper,
More than his adverſe Fortune: I have known
Many, and of rare Parts, from their Succeſs
In private Duels, rais'd up to ſuch a Pride,
And ſo transform'd from what they were, that all,
That lov'd them truly, wiſh'd they had fall'n in them.
I need not write Examples, in your Son
'Tis too apparent; for e'er *Don Duarte*
Made Trial of his Valour, he, indeed, was
Admir'd for civil Courteſie; but now
He's ſwoln ſo high, out of his own Aſſurance
Of what he dares do, that he ſeeks Occaſions,
Unjuſt Occaſions, grounded on blind Paſſion,
Ever to be in Quarrels, and this makes him
Shunn'd of all fair Societies. *Gui.* 'Wou'd, it were
In my weak pow'r to help it! I will uſe
With my Entreaties th' Authority of a Mother,
As you may of an Uncle, and enlarge it
With your Command, as being a Governor
To the great King in *Lisbon.*

Enter Duarte, *and his Page.*

Man. Here he comes,
We are unſeen, obſerve him.
Dua, Boy. *Page.* My Lord.
Dua. What ſaith the *Spaniſh* Captain, that I ſtruck,
To my bold Challenge? *Page.* He refus'd to read it.
Dua. Why didſt not leave it there?
Page. I did, my Lord,
But to no purpoſe; for he ſeems more willing
To ſit down with the Wrongs, than to repair
His Honour by the Sword; he knows too well,
That from your Lordſhip nothing can be got
But more Blows, and Diſgraces. *Dua.* He's a Wretch,
A miſerable Wretch, and all my Fury
Is loſt upon him. Holds the Maſque, appointed
I' th' honour of *Hippolyta?* *Page.* Tis broke off.
Dua. The Reaſon?

Page.

Page. This was one; they heard your Lordſhip
Was by the Ladies Choice to lead the Dance;
And therefore they, too well aſſur'd how far
You would out-ſhine 'em, gave it o'er, and ſaid,
They would not ſerve for Foils to ſet you off.
Dua. They at their beſt are ſuch, and ever ſhall be,
Where I appear. *Man.* Do you note his Modeſty?
Dua. But was there nothing elſe pretended? *Page.* Yes,
Young Don *Alonzo*, the great Captain's Nephew,
Stood on Compariſons.
Dua. With whom? *Page.* With you,
And openly profeſs'd that all Precedence,
His Birth and State conſider'd, was due to him;
Nor were your Lordſhip to contend with one
So far above you.
Dua. I look down upon him
With ſuch Contempt and Scorn, as on my Slave;
He's a Name only, and all Good in him
He muſt derive from his great Grandſire's Aſhes;
For had not their victorious Acts bequeath'd
His Titles to him, and wrote on his Forehead,
This is a Lord, he had liv'd unobſerv'd
By any Man of Mark, and died as one
Amongſt the common Rout. Compare with me?
'Tis Giant-like Ambition; I know him,
And know my ſelf; that Man is truly noble,
(19) And he may juſtly call that Worth his own,
Which his Deſerts have purchas'd; I could wiſh,
My Birth were more obſcure, my Friends and Kinſmen
Of leſſer Pow'r, or that my provident Father
Had been like to that riotous Emperor
That choſe his Belly for his only Heir;
For being of no Family then, and poor,
My Virtues, whereſoe'er I liv'd, ſhould make
That Kingdom my Inheritance. *Gui.* Strange Self-love!

(19) *And he may juſtly call that Worth his own,*
Which his Deſerts have purchas'd;] This Sentiment is evidently founded on HORACE.
——————*Sume Superbiam*
Quæſitam Meritis.

Dua.

Dua. For if I ſtudied the Country's Laws,
I ſhould ſo eaſily Sound all their Depth,
And riſe up ſuch a Wonder, that the Pleaders,
That now are in moſt Practice and Eſteem,
Should ſtarve for want of Clients. If I travell'd,
Like wiſe *Ulyſſes*, to ſee Men and Manners,
I would return in Act more knowing, than
Homer could fancy him. If a Phyſician,
So oft I would reſtore Death-wounded Men,
That, where I liv'd, *Galen* ſhould not be nam'd;
And he, that join'd again the ſcatter'd Limbs
Of torn *Hippolytus*, ſhould be forgotten.
I could teach *Ovid* Courtſhip, how to win
A *Julia*, and enjoy her, though her Dow'r
Were all the Sun gives light to: And for Arms
Were the *Perſian* Hoſt, that drank up Rivers, added
To the *Turks* preſent Pow'rs, I cou'd direct,
Command, and marſhal them.

Man. And yet you know not
To rule your ſelf; you would not to a Boy elſe,
Like *Plautus'* Braggart, boaſt thus. *Dua.* All I ſpeak,
In Act I can make good.

Gui. Why then being Maſter
Of ſuch and ſo good Parts, do you deſtroy them
With ſelf Opinion; or, like a rich Miſer,
Hoard up the Treaſures you poſſeſs, imparting
Nor to your ſelf, nor others, the Uſe of them?
They are to you but like inchanted Viands,
On which you ſeem to feed, yet pine with Hunger;
And thoſe ſo rare Perfections in my Son,
Which would make others happy, render me
A wretched Mother. *Man.* You are too inſolent.
And thoſe too many Excellencies, that feed
Your Pride, turn to a Pleuriſie, and kill
That which ſhould nouriſh Virtue. Dare you think,
All Bleſſings are conferr'd on you alone?
You're groſly cozen'd; there's no Good in you,
Which others have not. Are you a Scholar? So
Are many, and as knowing. Are you valiant?
Waſte not that Courage then in brawles, but ſpend it

I'th'

I'th' Wars, in ſervice of your King, and Country.
Dua. Yet, ſo I might be General, no Man lives
That's worthy to command me. *Man.* Sir, in *Lisbon*
(20) I am; and you ſhall know it: Every Hour
I am troubled with Complaints of your Behaviour
From Men of all Conditions, and all Sects.
And my Authority, which you preſume
Will bear you out, in that you are my Nephew,
No longer ſhall protect you; for I vow,
Though all that's paſt I pardon, I will puniſh
The next Fault with as much Severity
As if you were a Stranger, reſt aſſur'd on't.
Gui. And by that Love you ſhould bear, or that Duty
You owe a Mother, once more I command you
To caſt this Haughtineſs off; which if you do,
All, that is mine, is yours; If not, expect
My Pray'rs and Vows, for your Converſion only;
But never Means, nor Favour. [*Ex.* Manuel *and* Guiomar.
Dua. I am tutor'd
As if I were a Child ſtill; the baſe Peaſants
That fear, and envy my great Worth, have done this;
(21) But I will find them out; I will abroad;
Get my Diſguiſe; I have too long been idle,
Nor will I curb my Spirit; I was born free,
And will purſue the Courſe beſt liketh me. [*Exeunt.*

(20) ——— *Ev'ry hour*
I'm troubled with Complaints of your Behaviour
From Men *of all Conditions, and all Sexes.*] One would imagine, there were as great a Number of Sexes, as of Conditions of Mankind, by this laſt Part of the Verſe. But could *Fletcher* write ſo? Surely, a little Alteration will ſet all right. Read then,
From Men of all Conditions, and all Sects. Mr. *Sympſon.*
Before I receiv'd this Emendation from my Friend, I had corrected the Paſſage thus.
From Them *of all Conditions, and all Sexes.*
Men and *them,* I have obſerv'd, frequently take Place of each other in the old Editions of our Dramatick Poets.
(21) *I will* o' board;] But he has not been talking of any Veſſel provided for his Paſſage. I ſuſpect, the Poets intended no more than (on his being *tutor'd* ſo, as he calls it) that he ſhould expreſs a Reſolution of quitting his Country and going *abroad.* Mr. *Sympſon.*

Enter

Enter Leopold, *Sailors, and* Zenocia.

Leop. Divide the Spoil amongſt you, this fair Captive
I only challenge for my ſelf. *Sail.* You have won her,
And well deſerve her: Twenty Years I have liv'd
A Burgeſs of the Sea, and have been preſent
At many a deſperate Fight, but never ſaw
So ſmall a Bark with ſuch incredible Valour
So long defended, and againſt ſuch Odds;
And by two Men ſcarce arm'd too.
Leop. 'Twas a Wonder.
And yet the Courage they expreſt being taken,
And their Contempt of Death, wan more upon me
Than all they did, when they were free: Methinks,
I ſee them yet when they were brought aboard us,
Diſarm'd and ready to be put in Fetters;
How on the ſudden, as if they had ſworn
Never to taſte the Bread of Servitude,
Both ſnatching up their Swords, and, from this Virgin
Taking a Farewel only with their Eyes,
They leapt into the Sea.
Sail. Indeed, 'twas rare.
Leop. It wrought ſo much on me, that, but I fear'd
The great Ship that purſued us, our own Safety
Hindring my charitable purpoſe to 'em,
I would have took 'em up, and with their Lives
They ſhould have had their Liberties. *Zen.* O too late.
For they are loſt, for ever loſt. *Leop,* Take Comfort;
'Tis not impoſſible but that they live yet,
For, when they left the Ships, they were within
A League o'th' Shore, and with ſuch Strength and Cunning
They, ſwimming, did delude the riſing Billows,
With one Hand making way, and with the other
Their bloody Swords advanc'd, threatning the Sea-gods
With War, unleſs they brought them ſafely off;
That I am almoſt confident, they live,
And you again may ſee them. *Zen.* In that Hope
I brook a wretched Being, till I am
Made certain of their Fortunes; but, they dead,

Death

(22) Death hath ſo many Doors to let out Life,
I will not long ſurvive them. *Leop.* Hope the beſt,
And let the courteous Uſage you have found,
Not uſual in Men of War, perſuade you
To tell me your Condition. *Zen.* You know it,
A Captive my Fate and your Pow'r have made me;
Such I am now; but, what I was, it skills not;
For, they being dead, in whom I only live,
I dare not challenge Family, or Country,
And therefore, Sir, enquire not; let it ſuffice,
I am your Servant, and a thankful Servant
(If you will call that ſo, which is but Duty)
I ever will be; and, my Honour ſafe,
(Which nobly hitherto ye have preſerv'd,)
No Slavery can appear in ſuch a Form,
Which with a maſculine Conſtancy I will not
Boldly look on and ſuffer. *Leop.* You miſtake me:
That you are made my Priſoner, may prove
The Birth of your good Fortune. I do find
A winning Language in your Tongue and Looks;
Nor can a Suit by you mov'd be deny'd;
And therefore of a Priſoner you muſt be
The Victor's Advocate.
Zen. To whom? *Leop.* A Lady:
In whom all Graces, that can perfect Beauty,
Are friendly met, I grant, that you are Fair:
And had I not ſeen her before, perhaps,
I might have fought to you. *Zen.* This I hear gladly.
Leop. To this incomparable Lady I will give you,
(Yet being mine, you are already hers)
And to ſerve her is more than to be free,
At leaſt, I think ſo; and when you live with her,
If you will pleaſe to think on him that brought you
To ſuch a Happineſs, for ſo her Bounty
Will make you think her Service, you ſhall ever
Make me at your Devotion. *Zen.* All I can do,
Reſt you aſſur'd of. *Leop.* At Night I'll preſent you,

(22) *Death hath ſo many Doors to let out Life,*]
Mille viæ Mortis,——
As *Virgil* ſays in his *Æneis.*

Till

Till when I am your Guard. *Zen.* Ever your Servant.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Arnoldo *and* Rutilio.

Arn. To what are we reſerv'd?
Rut. Troth, 'tis uncertain;
Drowning we have ſcap'd miraculouſly, and
Stand fair, for aught I know, for hanging; Money
We've none, nor like to have, 'tis to be doubted:
Beſides, we're Strangers, wondrous hungry Strangers;
And Charity growing cold, and Miracles ceaſing,
Without a Conjurer's Help, I cannot find
When we ſhall eat again. *Arn.* Theſe are no Wants
If put in Balance with *Zenocia*'s Loſs;
In that alone all Miſeries are ſpoken:
O, my *Rutilio*, when I think on her,
And that which ſhe may ſuffer, being a Captive,
(23) Then I could curſe my ſelf, almoſt thoſe Pow'rs
That fenc'd me, from the fury of the Ocean.
Rut. You've loſt a Wife, indeed, a fair and chaſt one,
Two Bleſſings, not found often in one Woman;
But ſhe may be recover'd; queſtionleſs,
The Ship that took us was of *Portugal*,
And here in *Lisbon*; by ſome means or other,
We may hear of her. *Arn.* In that Hope I live.
Rut. And ſo do I, but Hope is a poor Sallad
To dine and ſup with, after a two days Faſt too:
Have you no Money left?
Arn. Not a Denier.
Rut. Nor any thing to pawn? 'Tis now in Faſhion.
(24) Having a Miſtreſs, ſure, you ſhould not be
Without

(23) *Then I could curſe myſelf, almoſt thoſe Pow'rs*
That ſend *me from the Fury of the Ocean,*] *Send,* here, is a very weak and unmeaning Word: The Pow'rs did not ſend, but protected him, from the Fury of the Ocean. I have ventured to ſubſtitute a Term, that comes very near to the Traces of the Letters, and as near to the Meaning required.

(24) *Having a Miſtreſs, ſure, you ſhould not be*
Without a neat Hiſtorical *Shirt.*] This is an obſcure Epithet to us at this time of Day. Mr. *Sympſon* conjectured to me, that it might

Without a neat hiſtorical Shirt. *Arn.* For Shame,
Talk not ſo poorly. *Rut.* I muſt talk of that
Neceſſity prompts us to, for beg I cannot;
Nor am I made to creep in at a Window,
To filch to feed me; ſomething muſt be done,
And ſuddenly, reſolve on't.

Enter Zabulon, *and a Servant.*

Arn. What are theſe?
Rut. One by his Habit is a *Jew*. *Zab.* No more:
Thou'rt ſure, that's he. *Ser.* Moſt certain.
Zab. How long is it
Since firſt ſhe ſaw him? *Ser.* Some two Hours. [*Exit Ser.*
Zab. Be gone,
Let me alone to work him. *Rut.* How he eyes you!
Now he moves towards us; In the Devil's Name,
What would he with us? *Arn.* Innocence is bold:
Nor can I fear. *Zab.* That you are poor and Strangers
I eaſily perceive. *Rut.* But that you'll help us,
Or, any of your Tribe, we dare not hope, Sir.
Zab. Why think you ſo?
Rut. Becauſe you are a *Jew*, Sir;
And Courteſies come ſooner from the Devil
Than any of your Nation. *Zab.* We are Men,
And have, like you, Compaſſion, when we find
Fit Subjects for our Bounty; and, for Proof
That we dare give, and freely, (not to you, Sir;
Pray, ſpare your pains,) there's Gold; ſtand not amaz'd;
'Tis current, I aſſure you. *Rut.* Take it Man.
Sure, thy good Angel is a *Jew*, and comes
In his own ſhape to help thee: I cou'd wiſh now,
Mine would appear too like a *Turk*.
Arn. I thank you;
But yet muſt tell you, if this be the Prologue

might poſſibly have been *a neat* rhetorical *Shirt*, i. e. a moving, perſuaſive One; Neatneſs being a main Recommendation to the Ladies. I have not preſum'd to alter the Text. The Poets, perhaps, might mean no more than a Shirt neatly wrought, with ſome Story expreſs'd in it: as we have at this day Damask Table-cloaths with Sieges, Encampments, Cannons, *&c.* by way of Decoration.

To

To any bad Act, you would have me practiſe,
I muſt not take it.

Zab. This is but the Earneſt
Of that which is to follow, and the Bond,
Which you muſt ſeal to for't, is your Advancement.
Fortune, with all that's in her Pow'r to give,
Offers her ſelf up to you: Entertain her,
And that, which Princes have kneel'd for in vain,
Preſents it ſelf to you. *Arn.* 'Tis above Wonder.

Zab. But far beneath the Truth, in my Relation
Of what you ſhall poſſeſs, if you embrace it.
(25) There is an Hour in each Man's Life appointed
To make his Happineſs, if then he ſeize it;
And this, (in which, beyond all Expectation,
You are invited to your Good) is yours;
If you dare follow me, ſo; if not, hereafter
Expect not the like Offer. [*Exit.*

Arn. 'Tis no Viſion. [ſhare;

Rut. 'Tis Gold, I'm ſure. *Arn.* We muſt, like Brothers,
There's for you.

Rut. By this Light, I'm glad I have it:
There are few Gallants, (for Men may be ſuch,
And yet want Gold; yea, and ſometimes want Silver)
But would receive ſuch Favours from the Devil,
Though he appear'd like a Broker, and demanded
Sixty i' th' hundred. *Arn.* Wherefore ſhould I fear
Some Plot upon my Life? 'Tis now to me
Not worth the keeping. I will follow him:
Farewel, wiſh me good Fortune, we ſhall meet
Again, I doubt not.

Rut. Or I'll ne'er truſt *Jew* more, [*Exit* Arnoldo.
Nor Chriſtian for his ſake——Plague o' my Stars!
How long might I have walk'd without a Cloak,
Before

(25) *There is an Hour in each Man's Life appointed*
To make his Happineſs, if then he ſeize it;] How much more nobly, and more poetically, is this Sentiment expreſs'd by *Shakeſpeare* in his *Julius Cæſar!*

There is a Tide in the Affairs of Men,
Which, taken at the Flood, leads on to Fortune;
Omitted, all the Voyage of their Life
Is bound in Shallows and in Miſery.

Before I ſhould have met with ſuch a Fortune?
We elder Brothers, though we are proper Men,
Ha' not the Luck, ha' too much Beard, that ſpoils us;
The ſmooth Chin carries all. What's here to do now?

Enter Duarte, Alonzo, *and a Page.*

Dua. I'll take you as I find you. *Alon.* That were baſe;
You ſee, I am unarm'd. *Dua.* Out with your Bodkin,
Your Pocket-dagger, your Stiletto, out with it,
Or, by this Hand, I'll kill you. Such, as you are,
Have ſtudied the Undoing of poor Cutlers,
And made all manly Weapons out of Faſhion:
You carry Poniards to murder Men,
Yet dare not wear a Sword to guard your Honour.
Rut. That's true, indeed: Upon my Life, this Gallant
Is brib'd to repeal baniſh'd Swords.
Dua. I'll ſhew you
The Difference now between a *Spaniſh* Rapier
(26) And your poor *Piſa.* *Alon.* Let me fetch a Sword;
Upon mine Honour, I'll return.
Dua. Not ſo, Sir.
Alon. Or lend me yours, I pray you, and take this.
Rut. To be diſgrac'd as you are; no, I thank you;
Spight of the Faſhion, while I live, I am
Inſtructed to go arm'd: What Folly 'tis
For you, that are a Man, to put your ſelf
Into your Enemy's Mercy. *Dua.* Yield it quickly,
Or I'll cut off your Hand, and now diſgrace you;
Thus kick and baffle you: As you like this,
You may again prefer Complaints againſt me
To my Uncle and my Mother, and then think
To make it good with a Poniard. *Alon.* I am paid
For being of the Faſhion. *Dua.* Get a Sword;
Then, if you dare redeem your Reputation,

(26) *And your pure* Piſa.] The *Piſa* and *Provant* Sword-Blades never were in any Eſtimation. Thoſe of *Turky*, *Toledo*, and the Steel temper'd in the Water of the *Ebro*, were eminent for their Goodneſs, and conſequently bore a Price. The Epithet, I have ſubſtituted for the corrupted one, ſhews that Contempt which *Duarte* would expreſs for a *Piſa* Rapier.

You know, I am eaſily found: I'll add this to it,
To put you in mind.
Rut. You are too inſolent,
And do inſult too much on the Advantage
Of that which your unequal Weapon gave you,
More than your Valour.
Dua. This to me, you Peaſant?
Thou art not worthy of my Foot, poor Fellow;
'Tis Scorn, not Pity, makes me give thee Life:
Kneel down and thank me for't:—How! do you ſtare?
Rut. I have a Sword, Sir, you ſhall find, a good one;
This is no ſtabbing Guard. *Dua.* Wert thou thrice arm'd,
Thus yet I durſt attempt thee.
Rut. Then have at you, [*Fight.*
I ſcorn to take Blows.
Dua. O! I'm ſlain. [*Falls.*
Page. Help! Murther! Murther!
Alon. Shift for your ſelf, you are dead elſe,
You've kill'd the Governor's Nephew.
Page. Raiſe the Streets there.
Alon. If once you are beſet, you cannot 'ſcape;
Will you betray your ſelf?
Rut. Undone for ever! [*Exe.* Rut. *and* Alonzo.

Enter Officers.

1 *Offi.* Who makes this Out-cry?
Page. O, my Lord is murder'd!
This way he took, make after him;
Help, help there! [*Exit Page.*
2 *Offi.* 'Tis Don *Duarte.*
1 *Offi.* Pride has got a Fall;
He was ſtill in Quarrels, ſcorn'd us Peace-makers,
And all our Bill-authority, now h'as paid for't.
You ha' met with your Match, Sir, now: Bring off his Body,
And bear it to the Governor. Some purſue
The Murderer; yet if he 'ſcape, it skills not;
Were I a Prince, I would reward him for't,
He has rid the City of a turbulent Beaſt,
There's few will pity him: But for his Mother
I truly grieve, indeed, ſhe's a good Lady. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Guiomar *and Servants.*

Gui. He's not i'th' Houſe?
Ser. No, Madam.
Gui. Haſte and ſeek him;
Go all, and every where; I'll not to Bed,
'Till you return him; take away the Lights too,
The Moon lends me too much, to find my Fears:
And thoſe Devotions, I am to pay,
Are written in my Heart, not in this Book, [*Kneels.*
And I ſhall read them there, without a Taper. [*Ex.* Ser.

Enter Rutilio.

Rut. I am purſued; and all the Ports are ſtopt too;
Not any Hope to eſcape, behind, before me,
On either Side I am beſet; Curs'd Fortune,
My Enemy on the Sea, and on the Land too,
Redeem'd from one Affliction to another!
'Would, I had made the greedy Waves my Tomb
And died obſcure, and innocent, not as *Nero* [me?
Smear'd o'er with Blood. Whither have my Fears brought
I am got into a Houſe, the Doors all open,
This, by the Largeneſs of the Room, the Hangings,
And other rich Adornments, gliſtring through
The ſable Mask of Night, ſays, it belongs
To one of Means and Rank: No Servant ſtirring?
Murmur, nor whiſper? *Gui.* Who's that?
Rut. By the Voice,
This is a Woman. *Gui. Stephano, Jaſper, Julia,*
Who waits there? *Rut.* 'Tis the Lady of the Houſe,
I'll fly to her Protection. *Gui.* Speak, what are you?
Rut. Of all, that ever breath'd, a Man moſt wretched.
Gui. I'm ſure, you are a Man of moſt ill Manners;
You cou'd not with ſo little Reverence elſe
Preſs to my private Chamber. Whither wou'd you,
Or what d' you ſeek for?
Rut. Gracious Woman, hear me;
I am a Stranger, and in that I anſwer
All your Demands, a moſt unfortunate Stranger,
That, call'd unto it by my Enemy's Pride,

Have left him dead i'th' Streets. Juſtice purſues me,
And for that Life I took unwillingly,
And in a fair Defence, I muſt loſe mine,
Unleſs you in your Charity protect me.
Your Houſe is now my Sanctuary; and the Altar,
I gladly would take hold of, your ſweet Mercy.
By all that's dear unto you, by your Virtues,
And by your Innocence, that needs no Forgiveneſs,
Take Pity on me. *Gui.* Are you a *Caſtilian?*
Rut. No, Madam, *Italy* claims my Birth. *Gui.* I ask not
With purpoſe to betray you; if you were
Ten thouſand times a *Spaniard*, the Nation
We *Portugals* moſt hate, I yet would ſave you
If it lay in my Pow'r: Lift up theſe Hangings;
Behind my Bed's Head there's a hollow Place,
Into which enter. So; but from this ſtir not
If th' Officers come, as you expect they will do;
I know, they owe ſuch Reverence to my Lodgings,
That they will eaſily give Credit to me,
And ſearch no further. *Rut.* The bleſs'd Saints pay for me
The infinite Debt I owe you! *Gui.* How he quakes?
Thus far I feel his Heart beat: Be of Comfort,
Once more I give my Promiſe for your Safety;
All Men are ſubject to ſuch Accidents,
Eſpecially, the valiant; and who knows not,
But that the Charity I afford this Stranger
My only Son elſe-where may ſtand in Need of?

Enter Officers, and Servants, with the Body of Duarte.

1 *Ser.* Now, Madam, if your Wiſdom ever cou'd
Raiſe up Defences againſt Floods of Sorrow
That haſte to overwhelm you, make true Uſe of
Your great Diſcretion. 2 *Ser.* Your only Son,
My Lord *Duarte*,'s ſlain. 1 *Offi.* His Murtherer,
Purſu'd by us, was by a Boy diſcover'd
Entring your Houſe, and that induced us
To preſs into it for his Apprehenſion.
Gui. Oh!— 1 *Ser.* Sure, her Heart is broke.
Offi. Madam,— *Gui.* Stand off.
My Sorrow is ſo dear and precious to me

That

That you muſt not partake it; ſuffer it,
Like Wounds, that do bleed inward, to diſpatch me!
O my *Duarte*, ſuch an End as this
Thy Pride long ſince did propheſy; thou art dead,
And, to encreaſe my Miſery, thy ſad Mother
Muſt make a willful Shipwreck of her Vow,
Or thou fall unreveng'd. My Soul's divided;
And Piety to a Son, and true Performance
Of hoſpitable Duties to my Gueſt,
That are to others Angels, are my Furies.
Vengeance knocks at my Heart, but my word giv'n
Denies the Entrance: Is no *Medium* left,
But that I muſt protect the Murderer,
Or ſuffer in that Faith he made his Altar?
Motherly Love, give place; the Fault made this way,
To keep a Vow, to which high Heav'n is witneſs,
Heav'n may be pleas'd to pardon.

Enter Manuel, *Doctors, and Surgeons.*

Man. 'Tis too late;
He's gone, paſt all Recov'ry: now Reproof
Were but unſeaſonable, when I ſhould give Comfort;
And yet remember, Siſter,— *Gui.* O forbear,
Search for the Murtherer, and remove the Body,
And, as you think fit, give it Burial.
Wretch that I am, uncapable of all Comfort,
And therefore I intreat my Friends and Kinsfolk,
And you, my Lord, for ſome Space to forbear
Your courteous Viſitations.

Man. We obey you. [*Exeunt with the Body.*

Manet Guiomar.

Rut. My Spirits come back, and now Deſpair reſigns
Her Place again to Hope.

Gui Whate'er thou art,
To whom I have giv'n Means of Life, to witneſs
With what Religion I have kept my Promiſe,
Come fearleſs forth; but let thy Face be cover'd,
That I hereafter be not forc'd to know thee;
For motherly Affection may return,

My Vow once paid to Heav'n. Thou haſt taken from me
The Reſpiration of my Heart, the Light
Of my ſwoln Eyes, in his Life that ſuſtain'd me:
Yet my Word giv'n, to ſave you, I make good,
Becauſe what you did, was not done with Malice.
You are not known, there is no mark about you
That can diſcover you; let not Fear betray you.
With all convenient Speed you can, fly from me,
That I may never ſee you; and that Want
Of Means may be no Let unto your Journey,
There are a hundred Crowns: You're at the Door now,
And ſo Farewel for ever.
Rut. Let me firſt fall
Before your Feet, and on them pay the Duty
I owe your Goodneſs; Next, all Bleſſings on you,
And Heav'n reſtore the Joys I have bereft you,
With full Increaſe hereafter! Living, be
The Goddeſs ſtil'd of Hoſpitality. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Leopold, *and* Zenocia.

Leop. FLing off theſe ſullen Clouds, you are enter'd now
Into a Houſe off Joy and Happineſs,
I have prepar'd a Bleſſing for ye. *Zen.* Thank ye.
My State would rather ask a Curſe. *Leop.* You're peeviſh.
And know not when ye are friended; I've us'd thoſe
The Lady of this Houſe, the noble Lady, [means,—
Will take ye as her own, and uſe ye graciouſly:
Make much of what you're Miſtreſs of, that Beauty;
Expoſe it not to ſuch betraying Sorrows;
When ye are old, and all thoſe Sweets hang wither'd,

Enter Servant.

Then ſit and ſigh. *Zen.* My Autumn's not far off.
Leop. Have you told your Lady?
Ser. Yes, Sir, I have told her

Both

Both of your noble Service, and your Preſent,
Which ſhe accepts. *Leop.* I ſhould be bleſt to ſee her.
Ser. That now you cannot do: She keeps the Chamber,
Not well diſpos'd, and has deny'd all Viſits;
The Maid I have in Charge to receive from ye,
So pleaſe you render her. *Leop.* With all my Service,
But fain I would have ſeen— *Ser.* 'Tis but your Patience;
No doubt, ſhe cannot but remember nobly.
Leop. Theſe three Years I have lov'd this ſcornful Lady,
And follow'd her with all the Truth of Service;
In all which time, but twice ſhe has honour'd me
With Sight of her bleſt Beauty: When you pleaſe, Sir,
You may receive your Charge, and tell your Lady,
A Gentleman, whoſe Life is dedicated
To her Commands, kiſſes her beauteous Hands;
And, Fair One, now, your Help; you may remember
The honeſt Courteſies, ſince you were mine,
I ever did your Modeſty; you ſhall be near her;
And if ſometimes you name my Service to her,
And tell her with what Nobleneſs I love her,
'Twill be a Gratitude I ſhall remember.
Zen. What in my poor Pow'r lies, ſo it be honeſt,—
Leop. I ask no more.
Ser. You muſt along with me, Fair.
(27) *Leop.* And ſo I leave you two: But to a Fortune
Too happy for my Fate: You ſhall enjoy here.

SCENE II.

Enter Zabulon *and Servants.*

(28) *Zab.* Be quick, be quick; out with the Banquet there;
Theſe

(27) *And ſo I leave you too: But a Fortune*
Too happy for my Fate; you ſhall enjoy her.] The ſlight Alteration which I have made, I think, reſtores the Meaning of the Authors, and the Senſe will then run thus. I leave you Two (*Zenocia* and the Servant) to a Fortune you ſhall enjoy here; *viz.* of ſeeing *Hippolyta*, which is a Happineſs too great for me to have, for in ſo many Years time he could never ſee her but twice. This muſt ſolve it, or nothing, that I can yet think of, can. Mr. *Sympſon.*

(28) —————— *out with the* Banquet *there*;] A Banquet

Theſe Scents are dull; caſt richer on, and fuller;
Scent every Place: Where have you plac'd the Muſick?
Ser. Here they ſtand ready, Sir.
Zab. 'Tis well, be ſure
The Wines be luſty, high, and full of Spirit,
And amber'd all.
Ser. They are. *Zab.* Give fair Attendance.
In the beſt Trim, and State, make ready all.
I ſhall come preſently again. [*Banquet ſet forth. Exit* Zab.
2 *Ser.* We ſhall, Sir.
What Preparation's this? Some new Device
My Lady has in hand.
1 *Ser.* O, proſper it
As long as it carries good Wine in the Mouth,
And good Meat with it! where are all the reſt?
2 *Ser.* They are ready to attend. [*Muſick.*
1 *Ser.* Sure, ſome great Perſon,
They would not make this Hurry elſe.
2 *Ser.* Hark, the Muſick.

Enter Zabulon *and* Arnoldo.

It will appear now certain, here it comes.
Now, to our Places. *Arn.* Whither will he lead me?
What Invitation's this? to what new End
Are theſe fair Preparations? a rich Banquet,
Muſick, and every Place ſtuck with Adornment
Fit for a Prince's Welcome; what new Game
Has Fortune now prepar'd to ſhew me Happy?
And then again to ſink me? 'tis no Illuſion,
Mine Eyes are not deceiv'd, all theſe are real:
What Wealth and State!
Zab. Will you ſit down and eat, Sir?
Theſe carry little Wonder, they are uſual;

is ſet out in about eight Lines after this, as we find by the margi al Direction. The oldeſt Folio in 1647, when this Play was firſt printed, has it, *out with the* Bucket *there*; and then it muſt relate to the Veſſel that held the Perfumes. I only mention the Variation of the Copies; for as the Senſe of the Text is not affected, 'tis no matter which of the Words we eſpouſe.

But

(29) But you ſhall ſee, if you be wiſe to obſerve it,
That that will ſtrike indeed, ſtrike with Amazement;
Then, if you be a Man, this fair Health to you.
Arn. What ſhall I ſee? I pledge ye, Sir, I was never
So bury'd in Amazement—
Zab. You are ſo ſtill:
Drink freely. *Arn.* The very Wines are admirable:
Good Sir, give me but Leave to ask this Queſtion,
For what great worthy Man are theſe prepar'd?
And why do you bring me hither?
Zab. They are for you, Sir;
And under-value not the Worth you carry,
You are that worthy Man: Think well of theſe,
They ſhall be more, and greater.
Arn. Well, blind Fortune,
Thou haſt the prettieſt Changes, when thou'rt pleas'd
To play the Game out wantonly— *Zab.* Come, be luſty,
And wake your Spirits. *Arn.* Good Sir, do not wake me,
For willingly I'd die in this Dream; pray, whoſe Servants
Are all theſe that attend here? *Zab.* They are yours;
They wait on you. *Arn.* I never yet remember,
I kept ſuch Faces, nor that I was able
To maintain ſo many. *Zab.* Now you are, and ſhall be.
Arn. You'll ſay, this Houſe is mine too?
Zab. Say it? ſwear it.
Arn. And all this Wealth?
Zab. This is the leaſt you ſee, Sir.
Arn. Why, where has this been hid theſe thirty Years?
For, certainly, I never found I was wealthy
'Till this hour, never dream'd of Houſe, and Servants.
I had thought I had been a younger Brother, a poor Gen-
I may eat boldly then? [tleman.
Zab. 'Tis prepar'd for ye.
Arn. The Taſte is perfect, and moſt delicate:

(29) *But you ſhall ſee, if you be wiſe to obſerve it,*
That that will ſtrike dead, *ſtrike with Amazement*;] This muſt be a wonderful Sight indeed, that firſt ſtrikes *dead*, and *after that*, ſtrikes with Amazement. But we will acquit the Poets from all Intention of ſhewing ſuch a Wonder. The ſecond Verſe halts in its Metre, a ſhrewd Sign of a corrupted Reading. I have retriev'd the Senſe, by the Authority of the old *Folio* in 1647.

But

But why for me? give me ſome Wine, I do drink;
I feel it ſenſibly, and I am here,
Here in this glorious Place: I am bravely us'd too,
Good Sir, give me but Leave to think a little,
For either I am much abus'd——
Zab. Strike, Muſick;
(30) And ſing that luſty Song. [*Muſick. Song.*
Arn. Bewitching Harmony!
Sure, I am turn'd into another Creature.

Enter Hippolyta.

Happy and bleſt, *Arnoldo* was unfortunate;
Ha! bleſs mine Eyes; what precious piece of Nature
To poze the World?
Zab. I told you, you would ſee that
Would darken theſe poor Preparations;
What think ye now? nay, riſe not, 'tis no Viſion.
Arn. 'Tis more: 'Tis Miracle.
Hip. You are welcome, Sir.
Arn. It ſpeaks, and entertains me, ſtill more glorious;
She is warm, and this is Fleſh here: How ſhe ſtirs me!
Bleſs me, what Stars are there? *Hip.* May I ſit near ye?
Arn. No, you're too pure an Object to behold,
Too excellent to look upon, and live;
I muſt remove. *Zab.* She is a Woman, Sir,
Fy, what faint Heart is this?

(30) *And ſing that* luſty *Song.*] *Luſty*, at firſt View, may ſeem an odd Epithet appropriated to Muſick: but it means, that wanton, invigorating Song, inciting to amorous Pleaſures. So, before, in this very Play.

No merry Noiſe, nor luſty Songs, *be heard here*;

So, again;

——————— *Come, be* luſty,
And wake your Spirits.

So, towards the Concluſion of *Wit without Money*;

——— *Come, Boy, ſing the* Song *I taught you,*
And ſing it luſtily.

And, in the *Mad Lover*, Songs in this free Strain are expreſs'd by another, but equivalent, Term.

Fool. ——*What new* Songs, *Sirrah?*
Stre. *A thouſand, Man, a thouſand.*
Fool. ——— Itching Airs,
Alluding to the old Sport.

Arn.

Arn. The Houſe of Wonder.
Zab. Do not you think your ſelf now truly happy?
You have the Abſtract of all Sweetneſs by ye,
The precious wealth Youth labours to arrive at;
Nor is ſhe leſs in Honour, than in Beauty;
Ferrara's royal Duke is proud to call her
His beſt, his nobleſt, and moſt happy Siſter;
Fortune has made her Miſtreſs of her ſelf,
Wealthy, and wiſe, without a Pow'r to ſway her;
Wonder of *Italy*, of all Hearts Miſtreſs.
Arn. And all this is— *Zab.* *Hippolyta*, the beauteous.
Hip. You are a poor Relater of my Fortunes,
Too weak a Chronicle to ſpeak my Bleſſings,
And leave out that eſſential part of Story
I am moſt high and happy in, moſt fortunate,
The Acquaintance, and the noble Fellowſhip
Of this fair Gentleman. Pray ye, do not wonder,
Nor hold it ſtrange to hear a handſome Lady
Speak freely to ye. With your fair Leave and Courteſy,
I will ſit by ye.
Arn. I know not what to anſwer,
Nor where I am; nor to what End conſider,
Why do you uſe me thus? *Hip.* Are ye angry, Sir,
Becauſe ye're entertain'd with all Humanity?
Freely and nobly us'd? *Arn.* No, gentle Lady,
That were uncivil, but it much 'mazes me,
A Stranger, and a Man of no Deſert,
Should find ſuch floods of Courteſie. *Hip.* I love ye,
I honour ye, the firſt and beſt of all Men,
And, where that fair Opinion leads, 'tis uſual
Theſe Trifles, that but ſerve to ſet off, follow.
I would not have you proud now, nor diſdainful,
Becauſe I ſay I love ye; though I ſwear it;
Nor think it a ſtale Favour I fling on ye,
Though ye be handſome, and the only Man,
I muſt confeſs, I ever fix'd mine Eye on,
And bring along all Promiſes that pleaſe us,
Yet I ſhould hate ye then, deſpiſe ye, ſcorn ye;
And with as much Contempt purſue your Perſon,
As now I do with Love. But you are wiſer,

At leaſt, I think, more Maſter of your Fortune;
And ſo I drink your Health.
Arn. Hold faſt, good Honeſty,
I am a loſt Man elſe. *Hip.* Now you may kiſs me,
'Tis the firſt Kiſs I ever ask'd, I ſwear to ye.
Arn. That I dare do, ſweet Lady.
Hip. You do it well too;
You are a Maſter, Sir, that makes you coy.
Arn. 'Would, you wou'd ſend your People off.
Hip. Well thought on.
Wait all without. [*Ex.* Zab. *and Servants.*
Zab. I hope, ſhe is pleas'd throughly.
Hip. Why ſtand ye ſtill? here's no Man to detect ye;
My People are gone off: Come, come, leave Conjuring;
The Spirit, you would raiſe, is here already;
Look boldly on me.
Arn. What wou'd you have me do?
Hip O moſt unmanly Queſtion! I have you do?
Is't poſſible, your Years ſhould want a Tutor?
I'll teach ye: Come, embrace me. *Arn.* Fie, ſtand off;
And give me Leave, more now than e'er, to wonder,
A Building of ſo goodly a Proportion,
Outwardly all exact, the Frame of Heaven,
Should hide within ſo baſe Inhabitants:
You are as fair, as if the Morning bare ye,
Imagination never made a ſweeter;
(31) Can it be poſſible, this Frame ſhould totter,
And, built on ſlight Affections, fright the Viewer?
(32) Be excellent within, as you are outward,
The worthy Miſtreſs of thoſe many Bleſſings

(31) *Can it be poſſible, this Frame ſhould* ſuffer,
And, built on ſlight Affections, fright the Viewer? Tho' the Word, *ſuffer*, be not abſolute Nonſenſe, yet it carries on the fine Metaphor of the following Line ſo ill, that, I am perſuaded, it is a corrupt Reading; and that the original Word was, *totter*; which perfectly correſponds with the reſt of the Metaphor. Mr. *Seward.*

(32) *Be excellent* in all, *as you are* outward,] I make no Doubt but the Authors wrote;
Be excellent within, *as you are* outward,
And ſo the *Antitheſis* is preſerv'd. Mr. *Sympſon.*

Heav'n

(33) Heav'n has beſtow'd; make 'em appear ſtill nobler,
Becauſe they're truſted to a weaker Keeper.
Wou'd ye have me love ye?

Hip. Yes.

Arn. Not for your Beauty;
Though, I confeſs, it blows the firſt Fire in us;
Time, as he paſſes by, puts out that Sparkle.
Nor for your Wealth; although the World kneel to it,
And make it all Addition to a Woman;
Fortune, that ruins all, makes that his Conqueſt.
Be honeſt, and be virtuous, I'll admire ye;
At leaſt, be wiſe; and where ye lay theſe Nets,
Strow over 'em a little Modeſty,
'Twill well become your Cauſe, and catch more Fools.

Hip. Cou'd any one, that lov'd this wholeſome Counſel,
But love the Giver more? you make me fonder:
You have a virtuous Mind, I want that Ornament;
Is it a Sin I covet, to enjoy ye?
If ye imagine I'm too free a Lover,
And act that Part belongs to you, I am ſilent:

(33) ——————*make 'em appear ſtill nobler,*
Becauſe they're truſted to a weaker *Keeper.*] The Epithet *weaker* appears to me to be Nonſenſe, and in direct Oppoſition to all that goes before. He had been adviſing her not to debaſe the Charms of her Beauty by her Vices, but to make herſelf the *worthy Miſtreſs of them*. As much the ſame Senſe is purſued in the Line above, an Epithet muſt have ſtood in the Original conſonant to it. To repeat the ſame (*viz.* worthy) would be Tautology. I at firſt, therefore, thought it ſhould have been, *wary*; but That's a Tautology in Senſe, tho' not in Words. I therefore believe the Original to have been *wealthy*. *i.e.* "Be the worthy Miſtreſs of all the many Excellencies, "with which Heaven has adorn'd your Perſon, (for He's before "ſpeaking of her perſonal Charms) and make them appear ſtill "nobler, becauſe they are ſet off and adorn'd with Riches." This Latter is a new, and, I think, a juſt Idea. Mr. *Seward.*

Notwithſtanding this ingenious Conjecture, and the ingenious Reaſoning upon it, (Both of which ought, certainly, to be ſubmitted to the Readers) I have not ventured to alter the Text: Becauſe I always apprehended, that the Poets here had the Words of the *Sacred Writ* in View, of Woman being ἀσθενέστερον σκεῦος, *the weaker Veſſel*. The Comment then will run thus, "Be the worthy Miſtreſs of thoſe "Bleſſings which Heaven has beſtow'd; and make Them ſtill nobler "by preſerving them, as they are intruſted to the *Frailty*, and *Weakneſs*, of a Woman.

Mine

Mine Eyes ſhall ſpeak my Bluſhes, parly with ye;
I will not touch your Hand, but with a Tremble
Fitting a Veſtal Nun; not long to kiſs ye,
But gently as the Air, and undiſcern'd too,
I'll ſteal it thus: I'll walk your Shadow by ye,
So ſtill and ſilent, that it ſhall be equal
To put me off, as that; and when I covet,
To give ſuch Toys as theſe———

Arn. A new Temptation———

Hip. Thus, like the lazy Minutes, will I drop 'em,
Which paſt once are forgotten.

Arn. Excellent Vice!

Hip. Will ye be won? Look ſteadfaſtly upon me,
Look manly, take a Man's Affections to you;
Young Women, in the old World, were not wont, Sir,
To hang out gaudy Buſhes for their Beauties,
To talk themſelves into young Mens Affections.
How cold and dull you are!

Arn. How do I ſtagger!
She's wiſe, as fair; but 'tis a wicked Wiſdom;
I'll choak before I yield.

Hip. Who waits within there? [Zabulon *within.*
Make ready the green Chamber.

Zab. It ſhall be, Madam.

Arn. I am afraid, ſhe will enjoy me indeed.

Hip. What Muſick do ye love?

Arn. A modeſt Tongue.

Hip. We'll have enough of that: Fie, fie, how lumpiſh?
In a young Lady's Arms thus dull?

Arn. For Heav'n's ſake,
Profeſs a little Goodneſs.

Hip. Of what Country?

Arn. I am of *Rome*.

Hip. Nay then, I know, you mock me;
The *Italians* are not frighted with ſuch Bug-bears;
Prithee, go in.

Arn. I am not well.

Hip. I'll make thee,
I'll kiſs thee well.

Arn. I am not ſick of that Sore.

Hip.

Hip. Upon my Conſcience, I muſt raviſh thee,
I ſhall be famous for the firſt Example:
With this I'll tie ye firſt, then try your Strength, Sir.
Arn. My Strength? Away, baſe Woman, I abhor thee.
I am not caught with Stales; Diſeaſe dwell with thee! [*Ex.*
Hip. Are ye ſo quick? And have I loſt my Wiſhes?
Hoe, *Zabulon*; my Servants———

Enter Zabulon *and Servants.*

Zab. Call'd ye, Madam?
Hip. Is all that Beauty ſcorn'd, ſo many ſu'd for;
So many Princes? By a Stranger too?
Muſt I endure this?
Zab. Where's the Gentleman?
Hip. Go preſently, purſue the Stranger, *Zabulon.*
He has broke from me, Jewels I have giv'n him:
Charge him with Theft: He has ſtol'n my Love, my Free-
Draw him before the Governor, impriſon him; [dom,
Why doſt thou ſtay?
Zab. I'll teach him a new Dance,
For playing faſt and looſe with ſuch a Lady.
Come, Fellows, come: I'll execute your Anger,
And to the full.
Hip. His Scorn ſhall feel my Vengeance—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Sulpitia, *and* Jaques.

Sul. Shall I never ſee a luſty Man again?
Ja. Faith, Miſtreſs,
You do ſo over-labour 'em when you have 'em,
And ſo dry-founder 'em, they cannot laſt.
Sul. Where is the *Frenchman?*
Ja. Alas, he's all to fitters,
And lies, taking the height of his Fortune with a Syringe.
He's chin'd, he's chin'd, good Man, he is a Mourner.
Sul. What is become o' th' *Dane?*
Ja. Who? Goldy-locks?
He's foul i'th' Touch-hole, and recoils again;
The main Spring's weaken'd that holds up his Cock,
He lies at the Sign of the Sun, to be new breech'd.

Sul.

(34) *Sul.* The Ruttier, too, 's gone.
Ja. O, that was a brave Raſcal,
He would labour like a Thraſher. But, alas,
What Thing can ever laſt? He has been ill mew'd,
And drawn too ſoon; I have ſeen him in the Hoſpital.
Sul. There was an *Engliſhman*.
Ja. Ay, there was an *Engliſhman*;
You'll ſcant find any now, to make that Name good.
There were thoſe *Engliſh*, that were Men indeed,
And would perform like Men; but now they are vaniſh'd:
They are ſo taken up in their own Country,
So beaten off their Speed by their own Women,
When they come here, they draw their Legs like Hack-
Drink, and their own Devices have undone 'em. [nies.
Sul. I muſt have one that's ſtrong, no Life in *Lisbon* elſe,
Perfect and young: My Cuſtom with young Ladies,
And high-fed City-Dames, will fall, and break elſe.
I want my ſelf too, in mine Age to nouriſh me:
They are all ſunk, I maintain'd: Now, what's this Buſineſs?
What goodly Fellow's that?

Enter Rutilio *and Officers.*

Rut. Why do you drag me?
Pox o' your Juſtice! let me looſe.
1 *Offi.* Not ſo, Sir.
Rut. Cannot a Man fall into one of your drunken Cellars,
And venture the breaking on's Neck, your Trap-doors
But he muſt be us'd thus raſcally? [open,
1 *Offi.* What made you wandring
So late i'th' Night? You know, that is Impriſonment.
Rut. May be, I walk in my Sleep.
Offi. May be, we'll wake ye.
What made you wandring, Sir, into that Vault
Where all the City Store, and the Munition lay?
Rut. I fell into't by Chance, I broke my Shins for't:
Your Worſhips feel not that: I knock'd my Head

(34) *The* Rutter, *too, is gone.*] I ſuſpect, this Word ſhould be *Ruttier*, which in *French* ſignifies an old beaten Soldier. And they have a Phraſe, *C'eſt un vieux Routtier*, He's an old Dog at it; meaning, I ſuppoſe, at the Game, that is here diſcours'd of.

Againſt

Against a hundred Posts; 'would, you had had it!
Cannot I break my Neck in my own Defence?
2 *Offi.* This will not serve: You cannot put it off so;
Your coming thither was to play the Villain,
To fire the Powder, to blow up part o'th' City.
Rut. Yes, with my Nose: Why were the Trap-doors open?
Might not you fall, or you, had you gone that way?
I thought, your City had sunk.
1 *Offi.* You did your best, Sir,
We must presume, to help it into the Air,
If you call that sinking. We have told you, what's the Law;
He that is taken there, unless a Magistrate,
And have Command in that Place, presently,
If there be nothing found apparent near him
Worthy his Torture, or his present Death,
Must either pay his Fine for his Presumption,
(Which is six hundred Duckets) or for six Years
Tug at an Oar i'th' Gallies. Will ye walk, Sir?
For, we presume, you cannot pay the Penalty.
Rut. Row in the Gallies, after all this Mischief?
2 *Offi.* May be, you were drunk; they'll keep you sober there.
Rut. Tug at an Oar? You are not arrant Rascals,
To catch me in a Pit-fall, and betray me?
Sul. A lusty-minded Man.
Ja. A wondrous able.
Sul. Pray, Gentlemen, allow me but that Liberty
To speak a few words with your Prisoner,
And I shall thank you.
1 *Offi.* Take your Pleasure, Lady.
Sul. What would ye give that Woman, should redeem ye,
Redeem ye from this Slavery?
Rut. Besides my Service,
I'd give her my whole self, I'd be her Vassal.
Sul. She has Reason to expect as much, considering
The great Sum she pays for it, yet take Comfort;
What ye shall do to merit this, is easy,
And I will be the Woman shall befriend ye;
'Tis but to entertain some handsome Ladies,
And young fair Gentlewomen: You guess the way:

But giving of your Mind——

Rut. I am excellent at it:
You cannot pick out ſuch another living.
I underſtand ye: Is't not thus?

Sul. Ye have it.

Rut. Bring me a hundred of 'em: I'll diſpatch 'em.
I will be none but yours: Should another offer
Another way to redeem me, I ſhould ſcorn it.
What Women you ſhall pleaſe: I am monſtrous luſty:
Not to be taken down: Would you have Children?
I'll get you thoſe as faſt, and thick as Flie-blows.

Sul. I admire him; wonder at him!

Rut. Hark ye, Lady,
You may require ſometimes——

Sul. Ay, by my Faith.

Rut. And you ſhall have it by my Faith, and handſomly:
This old Cat will ſuck ſhrewdly: You have no Daughters?
I fly at all: Now am I in my Kingdom.
Tug at an Oar? No, tug in a Feather-bed,
With good warm Caudles; hang your Bread and Water.
I'll make you young again, believe that, Lady,
I will ſo frubbiſh you.

Sul. Come, follow, Officers,
This Gentleman is free: I'll pay the Duckets. [tub

Rut. And when you catch me in your City-powdering-
Again, boil me with Cabbage.

1 *Offi.* You are both warn'd and arm'd, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Leopold, Hippolyta, *and* Zenocia.

Zen. Will your Ladyſhip wear this Dreſſing?

Hip. Leave thy prating:
I care not what I wear. *Zen.* Yet 'tis my Duty
To know your Pleaſure, and my worſt Affliction
To ſee you diſcontented.

Hip. Weeping too?
Prithee, forgive me: I am much diſtemper'd,
And ſpeak I know not what: To make thee Amends,
The Gown, that I wore yeſterday, is thine;

Let

Let it alone awhile. *Leop.* Now you perceive,
And taſte her Bounty. *Zen.* Much above my Merit.
Leop. But have you not yet found a happy Time
To move for me? *Zen.* I have watch'd all Occaſions,
But, hitherto, without Succeſs: Yet doubt not,
But I'll embrace the firſt Means. *Leop.* Do, and proſper:
Excellent Creature, whoſe Perfections make
Even Sorrow lovely, if your Frowns thus take me,
What would your Smiles do?
Hip. Pox o' this ſtale Courtſhip!
If I have any Pow'r,—— *Leop.* I am commanded;
Obedience is the Lover's Sacrifice,
Which I pay gladly. *Hip.* To be forc'd to woo,
Being a Woman, cou'd not but torment me;
But bringing, for my Advocates, Youth and Beauty,
Set off with Wealth, and then to be deny'd too,
Does comprehend all Tortures. They flatter'd me,
That ſaid my Looks were Charms, my Touches Fetters,
My Locks ſoft Chains, to bind the Arms of Princes,
And make them, in that wiſh'd-for Bondage, happy.
I am, like others of a coarſer Feature,
As weak t' allure, but in my Dotage, ſtronger:
I am no *Circe*; he, more than *Ulyſſes*,
Scorns all my offer'd Bounties, ſlights my Favours;
(35) And, as I were ſome new *Egyptian*, flies me,
Leaving no Pawn, but my own Shame behind him.
But he ſhall find, that, in my fell Revenge,
I am a Woman: One, that never pardons
The rude Contemner of her proffer'd Sweetneſs.

Enter Zabulon.

Zab. Madam, 'tis done.

(35) *And, as I were ſome new* Egyptian, *flies me,*] This, certainly, as both Mr. *Seward* and Mr. *Sympſon* hinted to me, alludes to the Story of *Potiphar*'s Wife tempting the Patriarch *Joſeph*. The Circumſtances, in the Verſes that follow, fix it down to this Story;

But he ſhall find, that, in my fell Revenge,
I am a Woman: One, that never pardons
The rude Contemner of her proffer'd Sweetneſs.

For *Potiphar*'s Wife, 'tis well known, failing in her Deſign of ſeducing *Joſeph* to Wantonneſs with her, accuſed him to her Husband of an Attempt upon her Chaſtity.

Hip. What's done? *Zab.* Th' uncivil Stranger
Is at your Suit arreſted. *Hip.* 'Tis well handled.
Zab. And under Guard ſent to the Governor,
With whom my Teſtimony, and the Favour
He bears your Ladyſhip, have ſo prevail'd,
That he is ſentenc'd. *Hip.* How? *Zab.* To loſe his Head.
Hip. Is that the Means to quench the ſcorching Heat
Of my inrag'd Deſires? Muſt Innocence ſuffer,
'Cauſe I am faulty? Or is my Love ſo fatal,
That of Neceſſity it muſt deſtroy
The Object it moſt longs for? Dull *Hippolyta*,
To think that Injuries could make Way for Love,
When Courteſies were deſpis'd: That by his Death
Thou ſhould'ſt gain that, which only thou canſt hope for
While he is living: My Honour's at the Stake now,
And cannot be preſerv'd, unleſs he periſh.
The enjoying of the Thing I love, I ever
Have priz'd above my Fame: Why doubt I now then?
One only Way is left me, to redeem all:
Make ready my Caroch. *Leop.* What will you, Madam?
Hip. And yet I am impatient of ſuch Stay:
Bind up my Hair: Fie, fie, while that is doing
The Law may ſeize his Life: Thus as I am then,
Not like *Hippolyta*, but a *Bacchanal*,
My frantick Love tranſports me. [*Exit.*
Leop. Sure, ſhe's diſtracted.
Zab. Pray you, follow her: I will along with you:
I more than gueſs the Cauſe: Women, that love,
Are moſt uncertain; and one Minute crave,
What in another they refuſe to have. [*Exe.*

SCENE V.

Enter Clodio, *and* Charino.

Clod. Aſſure thy ſelf, *Charino*, I am alter'd
From what I was; the Tempeſts, we have met with
In our uncertain Voyage, were ſmooth Gales
Compar'd to thoſe, the Memory of my Luſts
Rais'd in my Conſcience: And if e'er again
I live to ſee *Zenocia*, I will ſue,
And ſeek t' her as a Lover, and a Servant;

And

And not command Affection, like a Tyrant.
Char. In hearing this, you make me young again;
And Heav'n, it ſeems, favouring this good Change in you,
In ſetting of a Period to our Dangers,
Gives us fair Hopes to find That here in *Lisbon*
Which hitherto in vain we long have ſought for.
I have receiv'd aſſur'd Intelligence,
Such Strangers have been ſeen here: And though yet
I cannot learn their Fortunes, nor the Place
Of their Abode, I have a Soul preſages
A fortunate Event here,
Clod. There have paſs'd
A mutual Enterchange of Courteſies
Between me, and the Governor; therefore boldly
We may preſume of him, and of his Pow'r,
If we find Cauſe to uſe them; otherwiſe,
I would not be known here; and theſe Diſguiſes
Will keep us from Diſcovery.

Enter Manuel, *Doctor*, Arnoldo, *and Guard.*

Char. What are theſe?
Clod. The Governor: With him my Rival, bound.
Char. For certain, 'tis *Arnoldo.* *Clod* Let's attend.
What the Succeſs will be. *Man.* Is't poſſible,
There ſhould be hope of his Recovery,
His Wounds ſo many and ſo deadly?
Doct. So they appear'd at firſt, but the Blood ſtop'd,
His Trance forſook him, and, on better Search,
We found they were not mortal.
Man. Uſe all Care
To perfect this unhop'd-for Cure: That done,
Propoſe your own Rewards: And till you ſhall
Hear farther from me, for ſome Ends I have,
Conceal it from his Mother.
Doct. We'll not fail, Sir. [*Exit.*
Man. You ſtill ſtand confident on your Innocence.
Arn. It is my beſt and laſt Guard, which I will not
Leave, to rely on your uncertain Mercy.

Enter Hippolyta, Zabulon, Leopold, Zenocia, *and two Servants.*

Hip. Who bad you follow me? Go home, and you, Sir,
As you reſpect me, go with her.
Arn. Zenocia!
And in her Houſe a Servant!
Char. 'Tis my Daughter. [Zen. *paſſes.*
Clod. My Love? Contain your Joy, obſerve the Sequel.
Man. Fye, Madam, how undecent 'tis for you,
So far unlike your ſelf, to be ſeen thus
In th' open Streets? Why do you kneel? Pray you, riſe;
I am acquainted with the Wrong, and Loſs
You have ſuſtain'd, and the Delinquent now
Stands ready for his Puniſhment.
Hip. Let it fall, Sir,
On the Offender: He is innocent,
And moſt unworthy of theſe Bonds he wears,
But I made up of Guilt.
Man. What ſtrange Turn's this?
Leop. This was my Priſoner once. *Hip.* If Chaſtity
In a young Man, and tempted to the Height too,
Did e'er deſerve Reward, or Admiration,
He juſtly may claim both. Love to his Perſon
(Or, if you pleaſe, give it a fouler name)
Compell'd me firſt to train him to my Houſe;
All Engines I rais'd there to ſhake his Virtue,
Which in th' Aſſault were uſeleſs; he, unmov'd ſtill,
As if he had no Part of human Frailty,
Againſt the Nature of my Sex, almoſt
I plaid the Raviſher. You might have ſeen,
In our Contention, young *Apollo* fly
And Love-ſick *Daphne* follow; all Arts failing,
By flight he won the Victory, breaking from
My ſcorn'd Embraces: The Repulſe (in Women
Unſufferable) invited me to practiſe
A means to be reveng'd: And from this grew
His Accuſation, and the Abuſe
Of your ſtill-equal Juſtice: My Rage over,
(Thank, Heav'n) though wanton, I found not my ſelf

So

So far engag'd to Hell, to proſecute
To th' Death what I had plotted; for that Love,
That made me firſt deſire him, then accuſe him,
Commands me with the Hazard of my ſelf
Firſt to entreat his Pardon, then acquit him.

Man. Whate'er you are, ſo much I love your Virtue,
That I deſire your Friendſhip. Do you unlooſe
Him from thoſe Bonds, you are worthy of. Your Repentance
Makes part of Satisfaction; yet I muſt
Severely reprehend you.

Leop. I am made
A Stale on all parts: But this Fellow ſhall
Pay dearly for her Favour.

Arn. My Life's ſo full
Of various changes, that I now deſpair
Of any certain Port; one Trouble ending,
A new, and worſe, ſucceeds it: What ſhould *Zenocia*
Do in this Woman's Houſe? Can Chaſtity
And hot Luſt dwell together without Infection?
I wou'd not be, or jealous, or ſecure,
Yet ſomething muſt be done, to ſound the Depth on't:
That ſhe lives, is my Bliſs; but living there,
A Hell of Torments; there's no Way to her
In whom I live, but by this Door, through which
To me 'tis Death to enter, yet I muſt
And will make Trial.

Man. Let me hear no more
Of theſe Devices, Lady: This I pardon,
And at your Interceſſion I forgive
Your Inſtrument the *Jew* too: Get you home.
The hundred thouſand Crowns you lent the City,
Towards the ſetting forth of the laſt Navy
Bound for the Iſlands, was a Good then, which
I balance with your Ill now. *Char.* Now, Sir, to him,
You know, my Daughter needs it.

Hip. Let me take
A farewel with mine Eye, Sir, though my Lip
Be barr'd the Ceremony, Courteſie,
And Cuſtom too, allows of.

Arn. Gentle Madam,

I neither am ſo cold, nor ſo ill-bred,
But that I dare receive it: You are unguarded,
And let me tell you that I am aſham'd
Of my late Rudeneſs, and would gladly therefore,
If you pleaſe to accept my ready Service,
Wait on you to your Houſe.

Hip Above my hope:
Sir, if an Angel were to be my Convoy,
He ſhould not be more welcome,— *Ex.* Arn. *and* Hip.

Clod. Now you know me.

Man. Yes, Sir, and honour you: Ever remembring
Your many Bounties, being ambitious only
To give you Cauſe to ſay, by ſome one Service,
That I am not ungrateful.

Clod. 'Tis now offer'd:
I have a Suit to you, and an eaſy one,
Which e'er long you ſhall know.

Man. When you think fit, Sir,
And then as a Command I will receive it;
Till when, moſt welcome: You are welcome too, Sir,
'Tis ſpoken from the Heart, and therefore needs not
Much Proteſtation: At your better Leiſure
I will enquire the Cauſe that brought you hither:
I'th' mean time ſerve you.

Clod. You out-do me, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Duarte, *and Doctor.*

Dua. YOU have beſtow'd on me a ſecond Life,
For which I live your Creature, and have bet-
What Nature fram'd unperfect; my firſt Being [ter'd
Inſolent Pride made monſtrous; but this latter,
In learning me to know my ſelf, hath taught me
Not to wrong others.

Doct. Then we live indeed,
When we can go to Reſt without Alarm
Giv'n ev'ry minute to a Guilt-ſick Conſcience

To

To keep us waking; and riſe in the Morning
Secure in being innocent: But when,
In the Remembrance of our worſer Actions,
We ever bear about us Whips and Furies,
To make the Day a Night of Sorrow to us,
Even Life's a burthen.

Dua, I have found and felt it;
But will endeavour, having firſt made Peace
With thoſe inteſtine Enemies, my rude Paſſions,
To be ſo with Mankind: But, worthy Doctor,
Pray, if you can, reſolve me; was the Gentleman,
That left me dead, e'er brought unto his Trial?

Doct. Nor known, nor apprehended.

Dua. That's my Grief.

Doct. Why, do you wiſh he had been puniſh'd? *Dua.* No.
The Stream of my ſwoln Sorrow runs not that way:
For could I find him, as I vow to Heav'n
It ſhall be my firſt Care to ſeek him out,
I would with Thanks acknowledge that his Sword,
In opening my Veins, which proud Blood poiſon'd,
Gave the firſt Symptoms of true Health.

Doct. 'Tis in you.
A Chriſtian Reſolution: That you live
Is by the Governor's, your Uncle's, Charge
As yet conceal'd. And though a Son's Loſs never
Was ſolemniz'd with more Tears of true Sorrow,
Than have been paid by your unequal'd Mother
For your ſuppoſed Death, ſhe's not acquainted
With your Recovery.

Dua. For ſome few days,
Pray, let her ſo continue: Thus diſguis'd,
I may abroad unknown. *Doct.* Without Suſpicion,
Of being diſcover'd. (36) *Dua.* I am confident,
No Moiſture ſooner dries than Womens Tears,
And therefore, though I know my Mother virtuous,
Yet being one of that frail Sex, I purpoſe

(36) ——— *I am confident,*
No Moiſture ſooner dies *than Womens Tears*;] Moiſture *dying* is ſtark Nonſenſe; the Inſertion of a ſingle Letter gives the true Senſe, *dries*. Mr. *Sympſon.*

Her

Her farther Trial, *Doct.* That as you think fit
—I'll not betray you. *Dua.* To find out this Stranger,
This true Phyſician of my Mind and Manners
Were ſuch a Bleſſing. — He ſeem'd poor, and may,
Perhaps, be now in Want; wou'd I cou'd find him!
The Inns I'll ſearch firſt, then the publick Stews;
He was of *Italy*, and that Country breeds not
Preciſians that way, but hot Libertines;
And ſuch the moſt are: 'tis but a little Travel:
I am unfurniſh'd too; pray, Mr. Doctor,
Can you ſupply me?

Doct. With what Sum you pleaſe.

Dua. I will not be long abſent.

Doct. That I wiſh too;
For till you have more Strength, I would not have you
To be too bold.

Dua. Fear not, I will be careful. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leopold, Zabulon, *and Bravo.*

Zab. I have brought him, Sir; a Fellow that will do it,
Though Hell ſtood in his way; ever provided,
You pay him for't. *Leop.* He has a ſtrange Aſpect,
And looks much like the figure of a Hang-man
In a Table of the Paſſion. *Zab.* He tranſcends
All Precedents, believe it; a fleſh'd Ruffian,
That hath ſo often taken the Strappado,
That 'tis to him but as a lofty Trick
Is to a Tumbler: He hath perus'd too
All Dungeons in *Portugal*, thrice ſev'n Years
Row'd in the Gallies for three ſeveral Murthers;
Though, I preſume, that he has done a hundred,
And ſcap'd unpuniſh'd. *Leop.* He is much in debt to you,
(37) You ſet him off ſo well. What will you take, Sir,
To beat a Fellow for me, that has wrong'd me?

Bra. To beat him, ſay you?

(37) ——————— *What will you take, Sir,*
To beat a Fellow for me, that thus *wrong'd me?*] *Thus* wrong'd me? The Nature and Quality of the Wrong are not in one Syllable premis'd. The Poets certainly wrote, that *has* wrong'd me. Mr. *Sympſon.*

Leop.

Leop. Yes, beat him to Lameneſs,
To cut his Lips or Noſe off; any thing,
That may disfigure him. *Bra.* Let me conſider?
Five hundred Piſtolets for ſuch a Service
I think were no dear Penniworth. *Zab.* Five hundred!
Why there are of your Brother-hood in the City,
I'll undertake, ſhall kill a Man for twenty.
Bra. Kill him? I think ſo; I'll kill any Man
For half the Money.
Leop. And will you ask more
For a ſound Beating than a Murther?
Bra. Ay, Sir,
And with good Reaſon; for a Dog that's dead,
The *Spaniſh* Proverb ſays, will never bite:
But ſhould I beat or hurt him only, he may
Recover, and kill me.
Leop. A good Concluſion;
The Obduracy of this Raſcal makes me tender.
I'll run ſome other Courſe, there's your Reward
Without the Employment.
Bra. For that, as you pleaſe, Sir;
When you have Need to kill a Man, pray uſe me,
But I am out at beating. *Exit.*
Zab. What's to be done then?
Leop. I'll tell thee, *Zabulon*, and make thee privy
To my moſt near Deſigns: This Stranger, which
Hippolyta ſo dotes on, was my Priſoner
When the laſt Virgin, I beſtow'd upon her,
Was made my Prize; how he eſcap'd, hereafter
I'll let thee know; and it may be, the Love
He bears the Servant, makes him ſcorn the Miſtreſs.
Zab. Tis not unlike; for the firſt time he ſaw her
His looks expreſs'd ſo much, and, for my Proof,
Since he came to my Lady's Houſe, though yet
He never knew her, he hath practis'd with me
To help him to a Conference, without
The Knowledge of *Hippolyta*; which I promis'd.
Leop. And by all means perform it for their Meeting,
But work it ſo, that my diſdainful Miſtreſs
(Whom, notwithſtanding all her Injuries,

'Tis

'Tis my hard fate to love) may ſee and hear them.

Zab. To what end, Sir?

Leop. This, *Zabulon:* When ſhe ſees
Who is her Rival, and her Lover's Baſeneſs
To leave a Princeſs for her Bond-woman,
The Sight will make her ſcorn, what now ſhe dotes on:
I'll double thy Reward.

Zab. You are like to ſpeed then:
For, I confeſs, what you will ſoon believe,
We ſerve them beſt that are moſt apt to give.
For you, I'll place you where you ſhall ſee all,
And yet be unobſerv'd. *Leop.* That I deſire too. [*Exe.*

Enter Arnoldo.

Arn. I cannot ſee her yet; How it afflicts me,
The Poiſon of this Place ſhould mix it ſelf [manded,
With her pure Thoughts! 'Twas She that was com-
Or my Eyes fail'd me groſly; that Youth, that Face,
And all that noble Sweetneſs. May ſhe not live here,
And yet be honeſt ſtill?

Enter Zenocia.

Zen. It is *Arnoldo,*
From all his Dangers free; Fortune, I bleſs thee.
My noble Husband! how my Joy ſwells in me!
But why in this Place? what Buſineſs hath he here?
He cannot hear of me, I am not known here.
I left him virtuous; how I ſhake to think now?
And how that Joy, I had, cools, and forſakes me?

Enter above Hippolyta, *and* Zabulon.

This Lady is but fair, I have been thought ſo,
Without Compare admir'd; She has bewitch'd him,
And he forgot——

Arn. 'Tis ſhe again, the ſame——
The ſame *Zenocia.* *Zab.* There they are together.——
Now you may mark 'em.

Hip. Peace, and let 'em parley.

Arn. That you are well, *Zenocia,* and once more
Bleſs my deſpairing Eyes with your wiſh'd Preſence,
I thank the Gods; but that I meet you here——

Hip.

Hip. They are acquainted.
Zab. I found that Secret, Madam,
When you commanded her go home: Pray, hear 'em.
Zen. That you do meet me here, ne'er bluſh, *Arnoldo.*
(38) Your Coming comes too late: I am a Woman,
One Woman with another may be truſted;
Do you fear the Houſe?
Arn. More than a Fear, I know it;
Know it not good, not honeſt.
Zen. What do you here then?
I'th' Name of Virtue, why do you approach it?
Will you confeſs the Doubt, and yet purſue it?
Where have your Eyes been wandring, my *Arnoldo?*
What Conſtancy, what Faith, do you call this? Fie,
Aim at one wanton Mark, and wound another?
I do confeſs, the Lady fair, moſt beauteous,
Leopold *places himſelf unſeen below.*
And able to betray a ſtrong Man's Liberty,
But you, that have a Love, a Wife — you do well
To deal thus wiſely with me: Yet, *Arnoldo,*
Since you are pleas'd to ſtudy a new Beauty,
And think this old and ill, beaten with Miſery,
(39) Study a nobler way, for Shame, to leave me;
Wrong not her Honeſty —
Arn. You have confirm'd me. [der you,
Zen. Who though ſhe be your Wife, will never hin-
So much I reſt a Servant to your Wiſhes,
And love your Loves, though they be my Deſtructions.
No Man ſhall know me, not the ſhare I have in thee,
No Eye ſuſpect I am able to prevent you,
For ſince I am a Slave to this great Lady,

(38) *Your* Coming *comes too late:*] I have not ventured to diſturb the Text, tho', I indeed, ſuſpect *Coming comes* not to be genuine. I believe, the Authors wrote;

Your Coining *comes too late:*

i. e. your Fallacy, your Diſſimulation: for ſhe was jealous in ſeeing *Arnoldo* at *Hippolyta*'s Houſe:

(39) *Study a nobler way for Shame to* love *me.*] A nobler way to *love* her, when She ſuſpected that he had ceas'd to *love* her at all? We muſt read, *to* leave *me.* The foregoing Lines ſufficiently evince the Genuineneſs of this Emendation. Mr. *Seward.*

Whom

Whom I perceive you follow——

Arn. Be not blinded.

Zen. Fortune ſhall make me uſeful to your Service,
I will ſpeak for you.

Arn. Speak for me? you wrong me.

Zen. I will endeavour all the Ways I am able
To make her think well of you; will that pleaſe?
To make her dote upon you, dote to Madneſs,
So far, againſt my ſelf, I will obey you.
But when that's done, and I have ſhew'd this Duty,
This great Obedience, few will buy't at my Price,
Thus will I ſhake Hands with you; wiſh you well,
But never ſee you more, nor receive Comfort
From any thing, *Arnoldo*.

Arn. You are too tender;
I neither doubt you, nor deſire longer
To be a Man, and live, than I am honeſt
And only yours; our infinite Affections
Abus'd us both.

Zab. Where are your Favours now?
The Courteſies you ſhew'd this Stranger, Madam?

Hip. Have I now found the Cauſe?

Zab. Attend it further.

Zen. Did ſhe invite you, do you ſay?

Arn. Moſt cunningly,
And with a Preparation of that State
I was brought in and welcom'd——

Zen. Seem'd to love you?

Arn. Moſt infinitely, at firſt ſight, moſt dotingly.

Zen. She is a good Lady.

Arn. Wondrous handſome:
At firſt view, being taken unprepar'd,
Your Memory not preſent then to aſſiſt me,
She ſeem'd ſo glorious ſweet, and ſo far ſtir'd me;
Nay, be not jealous, there's no harm done. *Zen.* Prithee—
Did'ſt thou not kiſs, *Arnoldo?* *Arn.* Yes, faith, did I.

Zen. And then—— *Arn.* I durſt not, did not—

Zen. I forgive you,
Come, tell the Truth. *Arn.* May be, I lay with her.

Hip. He mocks me too, moſt baſely. *Zen.* Did ye, faith?

Did

Did ye forget ſo far?

Arv. Come, come, no weeping;
I would have lyen firſt in my Grave, believe that.
Why will you ask thoſe Things you wou'd not hear?
She's too intemperate to betray my Virtues,
Too openly laſcivious: Had ſhe dealt
But with that ſeeming Modeſty ſhe might,
And flung a little Art upon her Ardor,———
But 'twas forgot, and I forgot to like her,
And glad I was deceiv'd. No, my *Zenocia*,
My firſt Love here begun, reſts here unreapt yet,
And here for ever. *Zen.* You have made me happy,
Even in the midſt of Bondage bleſt. *Zab.* You ſee now,
What Rubs are in your way.

Hip. And quickly, *Zabulon*,
I'll root 'em out.—Be ſure, you do this preſently.

Zab. Do not you alter then.

Hip. I'm reſolute. [*Exit.* Zabulon.

Arn. To ſee you only I came hither laſt,
Drawn by no Love of hers, nor baſe Allurements,
For, by this holy Light, I hate her heartily.

Leop. I am glad of that, you have ſav'd me ſo much
And ſo much Fear,——— [Vengeance
From this Hour fair befall you!

Arn. Some means I ſhall make ſhortly to redeem you,
'Till when, obſerve her well, and fit her Temper,
Only her Luſt contemn. *Zen.* When ſhall I ſee you?

Arn. I will live hereabouts; and bear her fair ſtill,
'Till I can find a fit Hour to redeem you.

Hip. Shut all the Doors. *Arn.* Who's that?

Zen. We are betray'd,
The Lady of the Houſe has heard our Parly,
Seen us, and ſeen our Loves.

Hip. You courteous Gallant,
You, that ſcorn all I can beſtow, that laugh at
Th' Afflictions, and the Groans I ſuffer for you,
That ſlight and jeer my Love, contemn the Fortune
My Favours can fling on you, have I caught you?
Have I now found the Cauſe ye fool my Wiſhes?
Is mine own Slave, my Bane? I nouriſh that,

That

That ſucks up my Content. I'll pray no more,
Nor woo no more; thou ſhalt ſee, fooliſh Man,
And, to thy bitter Pain and Anguiſh, look on
The Vengeance I ſhall take, provok'd and ſlighted;
Redeem her then, and ſteal her hence. Ho, *Zabulon*,
Now to your Work.

Enter Zabulon, *and Servants, ſome holding* Arnoldo, *ſome ready with a Cord to ſtrangle* Zenocia.

Arn. Lady, but hear me ſpeak firſt,
As you have Pity.
Hip. I have none. You taught me,
When I ev'n hung about your Neck, you ſcorn'd me.
Zab. Shall we pluck yet?
Hip. No, hold a little, *Zabulon*;
I'll pluck his Heart-ſtrings firſt: Now am I worthy
A little of your Love?
Arn. I'll be your Servant,
Command me through what Danger you ſhall aim at,
Let it be Death. *Hip.* Be ſure, Sir, I ſhall fit you.
(40) *Arn.* But ſpare this Virgin.
Hip. I would ſpare that Villain,
Had cut my Father's Throat, firſt. *Arn.* Bounteous Lady,
If in your Sex there be that noble Softneſs,
That Tenderneſs of Heart, Women are crown'd for——
Zen. Kneel not, *Arnoldo*, do her not that Honour,
She is not worthy ſuch Submiſſion;
I ſcorn a Life depends upon her Pity.
Proud Woman, do thy worſt, and arm thy Anger
With Thoughts as black as Hell, as hot and bloody,
I bring a Patience here, ſhall make 'em bluſh,
An Innocence, ſhall outlook thee, and Death too.
Arn. Make me your Slave, I give my Freedom to ye,
For ever to be fetter'd to your Service;
'Twas I offended, be not ſo unjuſt then,
To ſtrike the Innocent; this gentle Maid

Never

(40) *But ſpare this Virgin,*
Hip. *I would ſpare that Villain* firſt,
Had cut my Father's Throat.] The Metre here is ſo defective, that the Tranſpoſition, and Correction in the Pointing, which I have made, ſeem abſolutely neceſſary.

Never intended Fear and Doubt againſt you:
She is your Servant, pay not her Obſervance
With cruel Looks, her duteous Faith with Death.
Hip. Am I fair now? now am I worth your Liking?
Zen. Not fair, not to be liked, thou glorious Devil,
Thou varniſht piece of Luſt, thou painted Fury!
Arn. Speak gently, Sweet, ſpeak gently.
Zen. I'll ſpeak nobly.
'Tis not the ſaving of a Life I aim at:
Mark me, laſcivious Woman, mark me truly,
And then conſider, how I weigh thy Anger.
Life is no longer mine, nor dear unto me,
Than uſeful to his Honour I preſerve it.
If thou hadſt ſtudied all the Courteſies
Humanity and noble Blood are link'd to,
Thou cou'dſt not have propounded ſuch a Benefit,
Nor heap'd upon me ſuch unlook'd-for Honour
As dying for his ſake, to be his Martyr;
'Tis ſuch a Grace.
Hip. You ſhall not want that Favour,
And let your Bones work Miracles.
Arn. Dear Lady,
By thoſe fair Eyes———
Hip. There is but this Way left ye
To ſave her Life.——*Arn.* Speak it, and I embrace it.
Hip. Come to my private Chamber preſently,
And there, what Love and I command— *Arn.* I'll do it.
Be comforted, *Zenocia*. *Zen.* Do not do this
To ſave me, do not loſe your ſelf, I charge you;
I charge you by your Love, that Love you bear me;
That Love, that conſtant Love you have twin'd to me,
By all your Promiſes, (take Heed, you keep 'em,)
Now is your conſtant Trial. If thou doſt this,
Or mov'ſt one Foot, to guide thee to her Luſt,
My Curſes and eternal Hate purſue thee.
Redeem me at the baſe Price of Diſloyalty?
Muſt my undoubted Honeſty be thy Bawd too?
Go, and intwine thy ſelf about that Body;
Tell her, for my Life thou haſt loſt thine Honour,
Pull'd all thy Vows from Heav'n; baſely, moſt baſely,

Stoop'd to the ſervile Flames of that foul Woman,
To add an Hour to me that hate thee for it,
Know thee not again, nor name thee for a Husband.
Arn. What ſhall I do to ſave her?
Hip. How now, what Haſte there?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The Governor, attended with ſome Gentlemen,
Are newly entred, to ſpeak with your Ladyſhip.
Hip. Pox o' their Buſineſs! reprieve her for this Hour,
I ſhall have other Time.
Arn. Now, Fortune, help us!
Hip. I'll meet 'em preſently: Retire awhile all. [*Exeunt.*
Zab. You riſe to Day upon your right ſide, Lady.
You know the Danger too, and may prevent it,
And if you ſuffer her to periſh thus,
(As ſhe muſt do, and ſuddenly, believe it,
Unleſs you ſtand her Friend;) you know the way on't;
I gueſs, you poorly love her; leſs your Fortune.
Let her know nothing, and perform this Matter,
There are Hours ordain'd for ſeveral Buſineſſes,
You underſtand——
Arn. I underſtand you Bawd, Sir,
And ſuch a Counſellor I never car'd for.

Enter the Governor, Clodio, Leopold, Charino *and Attendants at one Door*, Hippolyta *at the other.*

Hip. Your Lordſhip does me Honour.
Gov. Fair *Hippolyta*,
I am come to eaſe you of a Charge.
Hip. I keep none
I count a Burthen, Sir: and yet I lie too.
Gov. Which is the Maid? is ſhe here?
Clod. Yes, Sir,
This is ſhe, this is *Zenocia*,
The very ſame I ſued to your Lordſhip for.
Zen. Clodio again? more Miſery? more Ruin?
Under what angry Star is my Life govern'd? [Woman,
Gov. Come hither, Maid, you are once more a free
Here I diſcharge your Bonds.

Arn.

Arn. Another Smile,
Another Trick of Fortune to betray us!
Hip. Why does your Lordſhip uſe me ſo unnobly?
Againſt my Will to take away my Bond-woman?
Gov. She was no lawful Prize, therefore no Bond-woman:
She's of that Country we hold Friendſhip with,
And ever did; and therefore to be us'd
With Entertainment, fair and courteous.
The Breach of League in us gives foul Example,
Therefore you muſt be pleas'd to think this honeſt;
Did you know what ſhe was?
Leop. Not 'till this Inſtant;
For had I known her, ſhe had been no Priſoner. [now,
Gov. There, take the Maid, ſhe's at her own Diſpoſe
And if there be aught elſe to do your Honour
Any poor Service in——
Clod. I am vow'd your Servant.
Arn. Your Father's here too, that's our only Comfort,
And in a Country now we ſtand free People,
Where *Clodio* has no Power, be comforted.
Zen. I fear ſome Trick yet.
Arn. Be not ſo dejected.
Gov. You muſt not be diſpleas'd; ſo, farewel, Lady.
Come, Gentlemen; Captain, you muſt with me too,
I have a little Buſineſs.
Leop. I attend your Lordſhip:
Now my Way's free, and my Hope's Lord again.
[*Exeunt all but* Hip. *and* Zab.
Hip. D'ye jeer me now ye are going?
I may live yet——to make you howl both.
Zab. You might have done; you had Power then,
But now the Chains are off, the Command loſt,
And ſuch a Story they will make of this
To laugh out lazy Time,——
Hip. No Means yet left me?
For now I burſt with Anger: None to ſatisfy me?
No Comfort? no Revenge?
Zab. You ſpeak too late;
You might have had all theſe, your uſeful Servants,

(41) Had you been wiſe, and ſudden: What Pow'r, or Will,
Over her Beauty have you now, by Violence
To conſtrain his Love? ſhe is as free as you are,
And no Law can impeach her Liberty,
And while ſhe's ſo, *Arnoldo* will deſpiſe you.

Hip. Either my Love or Anger muſt be ſatisfied,
Or I muſt die.

Zab. I have a Way wou'd do it,
Wou'd do it yet, protect me from the Law.

Hip. From any thing; thou know'ſt, what Power I have,
What Money, and what Friends.

Zab. 'Tis a deviliſh one:
But ſuch muſt now be us'd: Walk in, I'll tell you;
And, if you like it, if the Devil can do any thing——

Hip. Devil, or what thou wilt, ſo I be ſatisfied. [*Ex.*

Enter Sulpitia, *and* Jaques.

Sul. This is the rareſt and the luſtieſt Fellow,
And ſo beſtirs himſelf——

Ja. Give him Breath, Miſtreſs,
You'll melt him elſe.

Sul. He does perform ſuch Wonders——
The Women are mad on him.

Ja. Give him Breath, I ſay;
The Man is but a Man, he muſt have Breath.

(42) *Sul.* How many had he yeſterday?

Ja.

(41) ——————*What Power, or Will*
Over her Beauty have you now? By Violence
To conſtrain his Love;] The falſe Punctuation here, thro' all the Editions, has quite overthrown the Senſe. My Regulation, I hope, has reſtor'd it. *To conſtrain his Love*, in Point of *Emphaſis*, to be ſure, is no harmonious Beginning of a Verſe: But it is to be obſerv'd, that it was a Licence in the Dramatick Poets, contemporary with our Authors, to *liquidate*, and *melt* a Syllable ſo in Pronunciation, that a Redundancy might not appear to the Audience.

(42) *How many had he yeſterday?*
And they paid bravely too.
Ja. *About Fourteen.*] The neceſſary Tranſpoſition here is ſo ſelf-evident, that it wants no Note in Confirmation. The Metre is lame and defective; and *Sulpitia* is made to ſay what belongs to *Jaques*, which quite deſtroys the Senſe. I decline ſaying more upon this Occaſion

Ja. About fourteen, and they paid bravely too:
But ſtill I cry, give Breath, ſpare him, and have him.
Sul. Five Dames to Day; this was but a ſmall Stage,
He may endure five more.
Ja. Breath, Breath, I cry ſtill;
Body o'me, give Breath; the Man's a loſt Man elſe.
Feed him, and give him Breath.

Enter two Gentlewomen.

Sul. Welcome, Gentlewomen,
You're very welcome. (Fellow
1 *Gen.* We hear you have a luſty and well-complexion'd
That does rare Tricks; my Siſter, and my ſelf here,
Would trifle out an Hour or two, ſo pleaſe you.
Sul. Jaques, conduct 'em in.
Both. There's for your Courteſy. [*Ex.* Jaq. *and* Gent.
Sul. Good Pay ſtill, good round Pay, this happy Fellow
Will ſet me up again; he brings in Gold
Faſter than I have Leiſure to receive it:
O, that his Body were not Fleſh and fading;
But I'll ſo pap him up——Nothing too dear for him;
What a ſweet Scent he has?——Now, what News, *Jaques*?
Ja. He cannot laſt, I pity the poor Man,
I ſuffer for him; two Coaches of young City Dames,
And they drive as the Devil were in the Wheels,
Are ready now to enter: And behind theſe
An old dead-palſied Lady in a Litter,
And ſhe makes all the haſte ſhe can: The Man's loſt,
You may gather up his dry Bones to make Nine-pins,
But for his Fleſh———
Sul. Theſe are but eaſy Labours;
Yet, for, I know, he muſt have Reſt——
Ja. He muſt———
You'll beat him off his Legs elſe preſently.
Sul. Go in, and bid him pleaſe himſelf, I'm pleas'd too:

Occaſion, becauſe, as the Subject is not a little diſſolute, *pudet his Nequitiis immorari.* A proper Regard to Decency is a Reſpect due to the Readers; and an Editor ever ought to bluſh, when he takes a voluntary Liberty of offending them.

To-morrow's a new Day; but, if he can,
I would have him take ſome Pity o'th' old Lady.
Alas! 'tis Charity.
Ja. I'll tell him all this,
And if he be not too Fool-hardy.

Enter Zabulon.

Sul. How now?
What News with you?
Zab. You muſt preſently
Shew all the Art you have, and for my Lady.
Sul. She may command.
Zab. You muſt not dream nor trifle.
Sul. Which way?
Zab. A Spell you muſt prepare, a pow'rful one,
Peruſe but theſe Directions, you ſhall find all;
There is the Picture too, be quick and faithful,
And do it with that Strength——when 'tis perform'd,
Pitch your Reward at what you pleaſe, you have it.
Sul. I'll do my beſt, and ſuddenly: But hark ye,
Will you never lie at home again?
Zab. Excuſe me,
I have too much Buſineſs yet.
Sul. I am right glad on't.
Zab. Think on your Buſineſs; ſo, farewel.
Sul. I'll do it.
Zab. Within this Hour I'll viſit you again,
And give you greater Lights. *Sul.* I ſhall obſerve ye;
This brings a brave Reward, bravely I'll do it,
And all the hidden Art I have, expreſs in't.
[*Exeunt at both Doors.*

Enter Rutilio *with a Night-cap.*

Rut. Now do I look as if I were Crow-trodden,
Fie, how my Hams ſhrink under me! O me,
I am broken-winded too; is this a Life?
Is this the Recreation I have aim'd at?
I had a Body once, a handſome Body,
And wholeſome too. Now I appear like a Raſcal,
That had been hung a Year or two in Gibbets,
Fye, how I faint! Women? keep me from Women;

Place

Place me before a Cannon, 'tis a Pleaſure;
Stretch me upon a Rack, a Recreation;
But Women? Women? O the Devil! Women?
Curtius's Gulf was never half ſo dangerous.
Is there no way to find the Trap-door again,
And fall into the Cellar? and be taken?
No lucky Fortune to direct me that way?
No Gallies to be got, nor yet no Gallows?
For I fear nothing now, no earthly thing
But theſe unſatisfied Men-leeches, Women.
How deviliſhly my Bones ake! O the old Lady!
I have a kind of Waiting-woman lies croſs my Back too,
O how ſhe ſtings! No Treaſon to deliver me?
Now, what are you? do you mock me?

Enter three, with Night-caps, very faintly.

1. No, Sir, no,
We were your Predeceſſors in this place.
2. And come to ſee how you bear up.
Rut. Good Gentlemen;
You ſeem to have a ſnuffling in your head, Sir,
A parlous ſnuffling; but this ſame dampiſh Air—
2. A dampiſh Air, indeed.
Rut. Blow your Face tenderly,
Your Noſe will ne'er endure it: Mercy o' me,
What are Men chang'd to here? Is my Noſe faſt yet?
Methinks, it ſhakes, i'th' Hilts: Pray, tell me, Gentlemen,
How long is't ſince you flouriſh'd here?
3. Not long ſince.
Rut. Move your ſelf eaſily; I ſee, you are tender;
Not long endured.
2. The Labour was ſo much, Sir,
And ſo few to perform it—
Rut. Muſt I come to this?
And draw my Legs after me, like a lame Dog?
I cannot run away, I am too feeble:
Will you ſue for this Place again, Gentlemen?
1. No, truly, Sir, the Place has been too warm for our Complexions.
2. We have enough on't; reſt you merry, Sir;

We came but to congratulate your Fortune,
You have abundance.

3. Bear your Fortune ſoberly,
And ſo we leave you to the next fair Lady. [*Ex. the Three.*

Rut. Stay but a little, and I'll meet you, Gentlemen,
At the next Hoſpital: There's no living thus,
Nor am I able to endure it longer;
(43) With all the Helps and Heats that can be given me.
I am at my Trot already: They are fair and young
Moſt of the Women that repair unto me,
But they ſtick on like Burs; ſhake me, like Feathers.

Enter Sulpitia.

More Women yet? 'Wou'd I were honeſtly married
To any thing that had but half a Face,
And not a Groat to keep her, nor a Smock;
That I might be civilly merry when I pleas'd,
Rather than labouring in theſe Fulling-mills.

Sul. By this, the Spell begins to work: You are luſty,
I ſee, you bear up bravely yet.

Rut. Do you hear, Lady,
Do not make a Game-bear of me, to play me hourly,
And fling on all your Whelps; it will not hold;
Play me with ſome Diſcretion; to day, one Courſe;
And, two days hence, another.

Sul. If you be ſo angry,
Pay back the Money I redeem'd you at
And take your Courſe, I can have Men enough: [ther,
You have coſt me a hundred Crowns ſince you came hi-
In Broths and ſtrengthning Caudles; till you do pay me,
If you will eat and live, you ſhall endeavour,
I'll chain you to't elſe.

(43) *With all the Helps and* Heats *that can be given me,*
I'm at my Trot *already.*] The firſt Line here would be very obſcure, and the Text to be very much ſuſpected, but for the ſubſequent One; from which, I think, the Alluſion is plainly to the Managery of Horſes. It is the Duty of a Groom to give his Horſes *Heats*, (*i. e.* to pace 'em out in a Morning) leaſt they ſhould grow reſtive and ſhort-winded. This *Rutilio* complains to be his Caſe, he is quite broken-winded, beaten off his Speed, is reduced to a *Trot*, and paſt all Power of *galloping*.

Rut.

Rut. Make me a Dog-kennel,
I'll keep your Houſe and bark, and feed on bare Bones,
And be whipt out o' Doors, do you mark me? whipt:
I'll eat old Shoes.

Enter Duarte.

Dua. In this Houſe I am told
There is a Stranger, of a goodly Perſon.
And ſuch a one there was; if I could ſee him,
I yet remember him.
Sul. Your buſineſs, Sir,
If it be for a Woman, ye are cozen'd,
I keep none here. [*Exit.*
Dua. Certain, this is the Gentleman;
The very ſame.
Rut. 'Death! If I had but Money,
Or, any Friend to bring me from this Bondage,
I'd thraſh, ſet up a Cobler's-ſhop, keep Hogs,
And feed with 'em, ſell Tinder-boxes,
And Knights of Ginger-bread; thatch for three
Half pence a Day, and think it Lordly,
From this baſe Stallion-trade: Why does he eye me,
Eye me ſo narrowly?
Dua. It ſeems, you are troubled, Sir;
I heard you ſpeak of Want.
Rut. 'Tis better hearing
Far, than relieving, Sir. *Dua.* I do not think ſo,
You know me not. *Rut.* Not yet, that I remember.
Dua. You ſhall, and for your Friend: I am beholding to ye,
Greatly beholding, Sir; if you remember,
You fought with ſuch a Man, they call'd *Duarte*,
A proud diſtemper'd Man: He was my Enemy,
My mortal Foe, you ſlew him fairly, nobly.
Rut. Speak ſoftly, Sir, you do not mean to betray me.
I wiſh'd the Gallows, now th'are coming fairly.
Dua. Be confident, for, as I live, I love you,
And now you ſhall perceive it: For that Service,
Me, and my Purſe command: There, take it to ye,
'Tis Gold, and no ſmall Sum, a thouſand Duckets;
Supply your Want.

Rut.

Rut. But do you do this faithfully?
Dua. If I mean ill, ſpit in my Face, and kick me:
In what elſe may I ſerve you, Sir —
Rut. I thank you,
This is as ſtrange to me as Knights' Adventures.
I have a Project, 'tis an honeſt one,
And now I'll tempt my Fortune.
Dua. Truſt me with it.
Rut. You are ſo good and honeſt, I muſt truſt ye;
'Tis but to carry a Letter to a Lady,
That ſav'd my Life once.
Dua. That will be moſt thankful,
I will do't with all Care,
Rut. Where are you, White-broth? [*Enter* Sul.
Now, luſty Blood, come in, and tell your Money:
'Tis ready here, no Threats, nor no Orations,
Nor Prayers now.
Sul. You do not mean to leave me?
Rut. I'll live in Hell ſooner than here, and cooler.
Come quickly, come, diſpatch, this Air's unwholſome:
Quickly, good Lady, quickly to't.
Sul. Well, ſince it muſt be,
The next I'll fetter faſter ſure, and cloſer. [take ye!
Rut. And pick his Bones, as you've done mine, Pox
Dua. At my Lodging, for a while, you ſhall be quarter'd,
And there take Phyſick for your Health.
Rut. I thank ye,
I have found my Angel now too, if I can keep him.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Rutilio *and* Duarte.

Rut. YOU like the Letter?
Dua. Yes, but I muſt tell you
You tempt a deſperate Hazard, to ſollicit
The Mother, (and the griev'd one too, 'tis rumour'd)
Of

Of him you ſlew ſo lately.
Rut. I have told you
Some Proofs of her Affection, and I know not
A nearer way to make her Satisfaction
For a loſt Son than ſpeedily to help her
To a good Husband; one that will beget
Both Sons and Daughters, if ſhe be not barren.
I have had a Breathing now, and have recover'd
What I loſt in my late Service, 'twas a hot one:
(44) It fired and fetter'd me; but, all Thanks to you, Sir,
You have both freed and cool'd me.
Dua. What is done, Sir,
I thought well done, and was in that rewarded,
And therefore ſpare your Thanks.
Rut. I'll no more Whoring:
This fencing 'twixt a pair of Sheets more wears one
Than all the Exerciſe in the World beſides.
To be drunk with good Canary, a meer Julip,
Or like Gourd-water to it; twenty Surfeits
Come ſhort of one Night's Work there. If I get this Lady,
As ten to one I ſhall, I was ne'er denied yet,
I will live wondrous honeſtly; walk before her
Gravely and demurely,
And then inſtruct my Family; you are ſad,
What do you muſe on, Sir?
Dua. Troth, I was thinking
What Courſe to take for the Deliv'ry of your Letter,
And now I have it: But, faith, did this Lady
(For do not gull your ſelf) for certain know,
You kill'd her Son?
Rut. Give me a Book, I'll ſwear't;
Deny'd me to the Officers, that purſu'd me,
Brought me her ſelf to the Door, then gave me Gold

(44) *It* fired *and* fired *me*; *but, all Thanks to you, Sir,*
You have both freed *and* cool'd me.] I imagine, an *Antitheſis* was deſign'd by the Poets in this Paſſage, but half of it is quite loſt. *Cool'd* ſtands very well in Oppoſition to *fired*; but the Contraſt to *freed* is wanting. My Conjecture ſupplies the other part of the *Antitheſis:* For *Rutilio* was not only *fired* in his hot Service, but *fetter'd* to it; ſo confin'd, and watch'd, that he could not make an Eſcape. Mr. *Sympſon.*

To

To bear my Charges, and ſhall I make doubt then
But that ſhe lov'd me? I am confident,
Time having ta'en her Grief off, that I ſhall be
Moſt welcome to her: For, then to have woo'd her,
Had been unſeaſonable.

Dua. Well, Sir, there's more Money,
To make you handſom; I'll about your Buſineſs:
You know, where you muſt ſtay?

Rut. There you ſhall find me:
'Would, I could meet my Brother now, to know,
Whether the *Jew*, his Genius, or my Chriſtian,
Has prov'd the better Friend. [*Exit.*

Dua. O, who wou'd truſt
Deceiving Woman! Or believe, that one
The beſt, and moſt canoniz'd, ever was
More than a ſeeming Goodneſs? I cou'd rail now
Againſt the Sex, and curſe it; but the Theam
And Way's too common: Yet that *Guiomar*
My Mother, (nor let that forbid her to be
The Wonder of our Nation) ſhe that was
Mark'd out the great Example for all Matrons,
Both Wife and Widow; ſhe that in my Breeding
Expreſs'd the utmoſt of a Mother's Care,
And Tenderneſs to a Son; ſhe that yet feigns
(45) Such Sorrow for me; good God, that this Mother,
After all this, ſhould give up to a Stranger
The Wreak ſhe ow'd her Son! I fear her Honour.
That he was ſav'd, much joys me; I grieve only,
That ſhe was his Preſerver. I'll try further,
And, by this Engine, find whether the Tears,
Of which ſhe is ſo prodigal, are for me,
Or us'd to cloke her baſe Hypocriſy. [*Exit.*

(45) ——— ——— *Good God, that this Mother,*
After all this, ſhould give up to a Stranger,
The Wreak *ſhe ow'd her Son!*] *i. e.* That She ſhould give up the Right and Duty of Vengeance which She ow'd for her Son's Murther, by ſcreening, protecting, and diſmiſſing his Murtherer out of the Purſuit and Reach of Juſtice.

Enter

Enter Hippolyta *and* Sulpitia.

Hip. Are you aſſur'd, the Charm prevails?
Sul. Do I live?
Or do you ſpeak to me? Now, this very Inſtant,
Health takes its laſt Leave of her; meager Paleneſs,
Like Winter, nips the Roſes and the Lillies,
The Spring that Youth and Love adorn'd her Face with.
To force Affection is beyond our Art,
For I have prov'd all means that Hell has taught me,
Or th' Malice of a Woman, which exceeds it,
To change *Arnoldo*'s Love, but to no purpoſe:
But for your Bond-woman —
Hip. Let her pine and die;
She once remov'd, which like a brighter Sun
Obſcures my Beams, I may ſhine out again,
And, as I have been, be admir'd and ſought to:
How long has ſhe to live?
Sul. Lady, before
The Sun twice riſe and ſet, be confident,
She is but dead; I know, my Charm hath found her.
Nor can the Governor's Guard, her Lover's Tears,
Her Father's Sorrow, or his Pow'r, that freed her,
Defend her from it.

Enter Zabulon.

Zab. All things have ſucceeded
As you could wiſh; I ſaw her brought ſick home;
The Image of pale Death ſtampt on her Forehead.
Let me adore this ſecond *Hecate*,
This great Commandreſs of the fatal Siſters,
That, as ſhe pleaſes, can cut ſhort, or lengthen,
The Thread of Life.
Hip. Where was ſhe when th' Inchantment
Firſt ſeiz'd upon her?
Zab. Taking the freſh Air,
I'th' Company of the Governor, and Count *Clodio*,
Arnoldo too was preſent with her Father,
When, in a moment (ſo the Servants told me)
As ſhe was giving thanks to the Governor,

And

And *Clodio*, for her unexpected Freedom,
As if ſhe had been blaſted, ſhe ſunk down,
To their Amazement.

Hip. 'Tis thy Maſter-piece,
(46) Which I will ſo reward, that thou ſhalt fix here;
And, with the Hazard of thy Life, no more
Make Trial of thy pow'rful Art; which, known,
Our Laws call Death? Off with this Magical Robe,
And be thy ſelf.

Enter Governor, Clodio, *and* Charino.

Sul. Stand cloſe, you ſhall hear more.

Man. You muſt have Patience; all Rage is vain now,
And Piety forbids, that we ſhould queſtion
What is decreed above or ask a Reaſon,
Why Heav'n determines this, or that, Way of us.

Clod. Heav'n has no hand in't; 'tis a Work of Hell.
Her Life hath been ſo innocent, all her Actions
So free from the Suſpicion of a Crime,
As rather ſhe deſerves a Saint's Place here,
Than to endure, what now her Sweetneſs ſuffers.

Char. Not for her Fault, but mine, *Zenocia* ſuffers:
The Sin I made, when I ſought to raze down
Arnoldo's Love, built on a Rock of Truth,
Now to the Height is puniſh'd. I profeſs,
Had he no Birth, nor Parts, the preſent Sorrow
He now expreſſes for her, does deſerve her
Above all Kings, though ſuch had been his Rivals.

Clod. All ancient Stories, of the Love of Husbands
To virtuous Wives, be now no more remembred!

Char. The Tales of Turtles ever be forgotten,
Or, for his ſake, believ'd!

Man. I have heard, there has been
Between ſome married Pairs, ſuch Sympathy,

(46) *Which I will ſo reward, that* thou ſhalt fix here;
And with the Hazard of thy Life, no more
Make Trial of thy pow'rful Art,] *i. e.* I'll reward Thee ſo liberally, as to ſet thee above all the Neceſſities of Life, and thou ſhalt reſt in this laſt Trial of thy pernicious deſtructive Practices, which, once diſcover'd, are Death by the Laws.

That

That th' Husband has felt really the Throes
His Wife then teeming ſuffers: This true Grief
Confirms, 'tis not impoſſible.
Clod. We ſhall find
Fit time for this hereafter; let's uſe now
All poſſible Means to help her.
Man. Care, nor Coſt,
Nor what Phyſicians can do, ſhall be wanting;
Make uſe of any Means or Men.
Char. You are Noble. [*Exeunt* Man. Clod. *and* Char.
Sul. Ten Colleges of Doctors ſhall not ſave her.
Her Fate is in your Hand.
Hip. Can I reſtore her?
Sul. If you command my Art.
Hip. I'll die my ſelf firſt.
And yet I will go viſit her, and ſee
This Miracle of Sorrow in *Arnoldo:*
An 'twere for me, I ſhould change Places with her,
And die moſt happy; ſuch a Lover's Tears
Were a rich Monument; but too good for her,
Whoſe Miſery I glory in: Come, *Sulpitia,*
You ſhall go along with me; good *Zabulon,*
Be not far off.
Zab. I will attend you, Madam. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Duarte, *and a Servant.*

Ser. I have ſerv'd you from my Youth, and ever you
Have found me faithful: That you live, 'ſa Treaſure
I'll lock up here; nor ſhall it be let forth,
But when you give me Warrant.
Dua. I rely
Upon thy Faith; nay, no more Proteſtatations,
Too many of them will call that in Queſtion,
Which now I doubt not: ſhe is there?
Ser. Alone too;
But take it on my Life, your Entertainment,
Appearing as you are, will be but coarſe,;
For the Diſpleaſure I ſhall undergo,
I am prepar'd.
Dua. Leave me, I'll ſtand the Hazard. [*Exit Servant.*

The

The Silence that's obſerv'd, her cloſe Retirements,
No Viſitants admitted, not the Day;
Theſe ſable Colours, all Signs of true Sorrow,
Or hers is deeply Counterfeit. I'll look nearer;
Manners, give Leave — ſhe ſits upon the Ground;
By Heav'n, ſhe weeps; my Picture in her Hand too;
She kiſſes it and weeps again.

Enter Guiomar.

Gui. Who's there?

Dua. There is no ſtarting back now, Madam.

Gui. Ha!
Another Murderer! I'll not protect thee,
Though I have no more Sons.

Dua. Your Pardon, Lady,
There's no ſuch foul Fact taints me.

Gui. What makeſt thou here then?
Where are my Servants, do none but my Sorrows
Attend upon me? ſpeak, what brought thee hither?

Dua, A Will to give you Comfort.

Gui. Thou'rt but a Man,
And 'tis beyond a human Reach to do it:
If thou cou'dſt raiſe the Dead out of their Graves,
Bid Time run back, make me now what I was,
A happy Mother, gladly, I would hear thee;
But that's impoſſible.

Dua. Pleaſe you but read this;
You ſhall know better there, why I am ſent
Than if I ſhould deliver it.

Gui. From whom comes it?

Dua. That will inſtruct you. I ſuſpect this Stranger,
Yet ſhe ſpake ſomething that holds ſuch Alliance
With his Reports; I know not what to think on't;
What a Frown was there? ſhe looks me thro', and thro',
Now reads again, now pauſes, and now ſmiles;
And yet there's more of Anger in't than Mirth,
Theſe are ſtrange Changes; oh, I underſtand it;
She's full of ſerious Thoughts.

Gui. You are juſt, you Heav'ns,
And never do forget to hear their Pray'rs,
That truly pay their Vows; the defer'd Vengeance,

For

For you and my Word's ſake ſo long defer'd,
Under which as a Mountain my Heart groans yet,
When 'twas deſpair'd of, now is offer'd to me;
And if I loſe it, I am both ways guilty.
The Woman's Mask, Diſſimulation, help me! [man,
Come hither, Friend; I am ſure, you know the Gentle-
That ſent theſe Charms.

Dua. Charms, Lady?

Gui. Ay, theſe Charms,
I well may call them ſo, they've won upon me,
More than e'er Letter did; thou art his Friend,
(The Confidence, he has in thee, confirms it)
And therefore I'll be open-breaſted to thee;
To hear of him, though yet I never ſaw him,
Was moſt deſir'd of all Men; let me bluſh,
And then I'll ſay, I love him. *Dua.* All Men ſee,
In this a Woman's Virtue! *Gui.* I expected,
For th' Courteſy I did, long ſince to 've ſeen him;
And though I then forbad it, you Men know,
Between our Hearts and Tongues there's a large Diſtance;
But I'll excuſe him; may be, hitherto
He has forborne it, in reſpect my Son
Fell by his Hand.

Dua. And Reaſon, Lady. *Gui.* No,
He did me a Pleaſure in't, a riotous Fellow,
And, with that, inſolent, not worth the owning;
I have indeed kept a long ſolemn Sorrow,
For my Friends' ſake partly; but eſpecially
For his long Abſence.

Dua. O the Devil!

Gui. Therefore
Bid him be ſpeedy; a Prieſt ſhall be ready
To tie the holy Knot; this Kiſs I ſend him,
Deliver that, and bring him.

Dua. I am dumb:
A good Cauſe I have now, and a good Sword,
And ſomething I ſhall do. I wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Manuel, Charino, Arnoldo, Zenocia *borne in a Chair, two Doctors, and* Clodio.

Doct. Give her more Air, ſhe dies elſe.

Arn. O thou dread Pow'r,
That mad'ſt this All, and of thy Workmanſhip
This virgin Wife, the Maſter-piece, look down on her;
Let her Mind's Virtues, cloath'd in this fair Garment,
That worthily deſerves a better Name
Than Fleſh and Blood, now ſue, and prevail for her!
Or, if thoſe are deny'd, let Innocence,
To which all Paſſages in Heav'n ſtand open,
Appear in her white Robe, before thy Throne,
And mediate for her: Or if this Age of Sin
Be worthy of a Miracle, the Sun
In his diurnal Progreſs never ſaw
So ſweet a Subject to employ it on.

Man. Wonders are ceas'd, Sir, we muſt work by Means.

Arn. 'Tis true, and ſuch reverend Phyſicians are;
To you thus low I fall then; So may you ever
Be ſtil'd the Hands of Heav'n, Nature's Reſtorers;
Get Wealth and Honours; and by your Succeſs,
In all your Undertakings, propagate
Your great Opinion in the World, as now
You uſe your ſaving Art! For know, good Gentlemen,
Beſides the Fame, and all that I poſſeſs,
For a Reward, Poſterity ſhall ſtand
Indebted to you; for (as Heav'n forbid it)
Shou'd my *Zenocia* die, robbing this Age
Of all that's good or graceful, Times ſucceeding,
The Story of her pure Life not yet perfect,
Will ſuffer in the Want of her Example.

Doct. Were all the World to periſh with her, we
Can do no more, than what Art and Experience
Give us Aſſurance of; we have us'd all Means
To find the Cauſe of her Diſeaſe, yet cannot;
How ſhould we then, promiſe the Cure?

Arn. Away,
I did belie you, when I charg'd you with
The Pow'r of doing; ye are meer Names only,
And ev'n your beſt Perfection accidental.
What ever Malady thou art, or Spirit,
(As ſome hold all Diſeaſes that afflict us)
As Love already makes me ſenſible

Of

Of half her Sufferings, eaſe her of her Part,
And let me ſtand the Butt of thy fell Malice,
And I will ſwear, thou'rt merciful.
Doct. Your Hand, Lady;
What a ſtrange Heat is here? bring ſome warm Water.
Arn. She ſhall uſe nothing that is yours; my Sorrow
Provides her of a better Bath, my Tears
Shall do that Office.
Zen. O my beſt *Arnoldo!*
The Trueſt of all Lovers! I would live,
Were Heav'n ſo pleas'd, but to reward your Sorrow
With my true Service; but ſince that's denied me,
May you live long and happy! Do not ſuffer
(By your Affection to me, I conjure you)
My Sickneſs to infect you; though much Love
Makes you too ſubject to it.
Arn. In this only
Zenocia wrongs her Servant; can the Body
Subſiſt, the Soul departed? 'tis as eaſy,
As I to live without you; I am your Husband,
And long have been ſo, though our adverſe Fortune,
Bandying us from one Hazard to another,
Wou'd never grant me ſo much Happineſs
To pay a Husband's Debt; deſpite of Fortune,
In Death I'll follow you, and guard mine own;
And there enjoy what here my Fate forbids me.
Clod. So true a Sorrow, and ſo feelingly
Expreſt, I never read of.
Man. I am ſtruck
With Wonder to behold it, as with Pity.
Char. If you, that are a Stranger, ſuffer for them,
Being tied no further than Humanity
Leads you to ſoft Compaſſion; think, great Sir,
What of Neceſſity I muſt endure,
That am a Father.

Hippolyta, Zabulon, *and* Sulpitia *at the Door.*

Hip. Wait me there, I hold it
Unfit to have you ſeen; as I find Cauſe,
You ſhall proceed.

Man. You're welcome, Lady. *Hip.* Sir,
I come to do a charitable Office,
How does the Patient?
Clod. You may enquire
Of more than one; for two are ſick, and deadly;
He languiſhes in her; her Health's deſpair'd of,
And in hers, his.
Hip. 'Tis a ſtrange Spectacle,
With what a Patience they ſit unmov'd?
Are they not dead already?
Doct. By her Pulſe,
She cannot laſt a Day.
Arn. Oh, by that Summons,
I know my Time too!
Hip. Look to the Man.
(47) *Clod.* Apply
Your Art, to ſave the Lady; preſerve her,
A Crown is your Reward. *Hip.* I'll treble it
In ready Gold, if you reſtore *Arnoldo*;
For in his Death I die too. *Clod.* Without her
I am no more.
Arn. Are you there, Madam? now you
May feaſt upon my Miſeries; my Coldneſs
In anſwering your Affections, or Hardneſs,
Give it what Name you pleaſe, you are reveng'd of;
For now you may perceive, our Thread of Life
Was ſpun together, and the poor *Arnoldo*
Made only to enjoy the beſt *Zenocia*,
And not to ſerve the Uſe of any other;

(47) ——————— *Apply*
Your Art to ſave the Lady, preſerve her,
A Town *is your Reward.*
Hip. *I'll* treble *it*
In ready Gold] *I can't think, how a* Town *ſhould be* trebled *in ready Money.* Indeed, where it is made a Guarantee, or Hoſtage, it may be rated at a particular Value; or where it is ſimply mortgaged, another may be willing to advance three times the Value. But *Clodio* had no Towns to give away; and if he had, what ſhould *Sulpitia*, or the *Doctor*, do with it. It muſt be *Crown*, or golden Coronet, or Nothing: Upon which *Hippolyta* replies, that ſhe'll give thrice the Value of ſuch a Coronet in ready Money. Mr. *Sympſon.*

And

(48) And, in That, She my Equal: My Lord *Clodio*
Had long ſince elſe enjoyed her, nor could I
Have been ſo blind, as not to ſee your great
And many Excellencies far beyond
Or my Deſervings, or my Hopes; we are now
Going our lateſt Journey, and together,
Our only Comfort we deſire; pray, give it;
Your Charity to our Aſhes, ſuch we muſt be,
And not to curſe our Memories.

Hip. I am much mov'd.

Clod. I'm wholly overcome: All Love to Women
Farewel for ever; e'er you die, your Pardon;
And yours, Sir; had ſhe many Years to live,
Perhaps, I might look on her as a Brother,
But as a Lover never; and ſince all
Your ſad Misfortunes had Original
From th' barb'rous Cuſtom practis'd in my Country,
Heav'n witneſs, for your ſake I here releaſe it.
So to your Memory, chaſte Wives, and Virgins,
Shall ever pay their Vows. I give her to you;
And wiſh, ſhe were ſo now, as when my Luſt
Forc'd you to quit the Country. *Hip.* It is in vain
To ſtrive with Deſtiny, here my Dotage ends.
Look up, *Zenocia*, Health in me ſpeaks to you;
She gives him to you, that, by divers ways,
So long has kept him from you: and repent not,
That you were once my Servant; for which, Health,
In Recompence of what I made you ſuffer,
And th' hundred thouſand Crowns, the City owes me,
Shall be your Dower. *Man.* 'Tis a magnificent Gift,
Had it been timely given. *Hip.* It is, believe it,
Sulpitia —

(48) *And in that ſhe* may *equal,*] Mr. *Sympſon* and I both ſaw that the Poets wrote,

And, in That, She my *Equal:*

The Senſe, if any, without this Change is abrupt and imperfect; with it, we gain this Meaning, that *Zenocia* would no more marry any other Man but *Arnoldo*, than *Arnoldo* would marry any other Woman but *Zenocia*.

Enter Sulpitia.

Sul. Madam——
Hip. Quick, undo the Charm;
Ask not a Reaſon why; let it ſuffice,
It is my Will.
Sul. Which I obey, and gladly. [*Exit.*

(49) *Enter a Servant, who whiſpers* Manuel.

Man. Is to be married, ſay'ſt thou?
Ser. So ſhe ſays, Sir,
And does deſire your Preſence.
Man. Tell her, I'll come.
Hip. Pray, carry them to their Reſt; for though already
They do appear as dead, let my Life pay for't,
If they recover not. [*They are borne off in Chairs.*
Man. What you have warranted,
Aſſure your ſelf, will be expected from you;
Look to them carefully; and till the Trial,—
Hip. Which ſhall not be above four Hours.
Man. Let me
Intreat your Companies: There now is ſomething
Of Weight invites me hence.
All. We'll wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Guiomar, *and Servants.*

Gui. You underſtand what my Directions are,
And what they guide you to; the faithful Promiſe
You've made me all.
All. We do, and will perform it.
Gui. The Governor will not fail to be here preſently;
Retire a while, till you ſhall find Occaſion,
And bring me Word, when they arrive.
All. We ſhall, Madam.
Gui. Only ſtay you to entertain. 1 *Ser.* I am ready.
Gui. I wonder at the bold, and practis'd Malice,

(49) *Enter a Servant, who whiſpers* Manuel.] The Direction for the Servant entering here, (and not above with *Sulpitia*, as the printed Copies have it) was ſagaciouſly hinted to me by Mr. *Sympſon.*

Men

Men ever have o' foot againſt our Honours;
That nothing we can do, never ſo virtuous,
No Shape put on ſo pious, (no, not think
What a Good is, be that Good ne'er ſo noble,
Never ſo laden with admir'd Example,)
But ſtill we end in Luſt; our Aims, our Actions,
Nay, even our Charities, with Luſt are branded.
Why ſhould this Stranger elſe, this wretched Stranger,
Whoſe Life I ſav'd at what dear Price ſticks here yet,
Why ſhould he hope? He was not here an Hour,
And certainly in that time, I may ſwear it,
I gave him no looſe Look; I had no Reaſon;
Unleſs my Tears were Flames, my Curſes Courtſhips;
The killing of my Son, a Kindneſs to me.
Why ſhould he ſend to me, or with what Safety
(Examining the Ruin he had wrought me)
Though at that time my pious Pity fenc'd him,
And my Word fix'd, I am troubled, ſtrongly troubled.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The Gentlemen are come.
Gui. Then bid 'em welcome — I muſt retire. [*Exit.*

Enter Rutilio, *and* Duarte, *diſguis'd.*

Ser. You are welcome, Gentlemen.
Rut. I thank you, Friend, I would ſpeak with your Lady.
Ser. I'll let her underſtand.
Rut. It ſhall befit you. [*Ex. Servant.*
How do I look, Sir, in this handſome Trim?
Methinks, I am wondrous brave.
Dua. You're very decent.
Rut. Theſe by themſelves, without more Helps of Nature,
Would ſet a Woman hard; I know 'em all,
And where their firſt Aims light; I'll lay my Head on't,
I'll take her Eye, as ſoon as ſhe looks on me;
And if I come to ſpeak once, Woe be to her!
I have her in a Nooze, ſhe cannot 'ſcape me;
I have their ſeveral Laſts.
Dua. You are thoroughly ſtudied;
But tell me, Sir, being unacquainted with her,

As you confeſs you are —
Rut. That's not an Hour's Work,
I'll make a Nun forget her Beads in two Hours.
Dua. She being ſet in Years, none of thoſe Luſtres
Appearing in her Eye, that warm the Fancy;
Nor nothing in her Face, but handſom Ruins, —
Rut. I love old Stories: Thoſe live believ'd, authentique,
When twenty of your modern Faces are call'd in,
For new Opinion, Paintings, and Corruptions;
Give me an old confirm'd Face; beſides, ſhe ſav'd me,
She ſav'd my Life; have I not Cauſe to love her?
She's rich and of a conſtant State, a fair One,
Have I not Cauſe to woo her? I have tried ſufficient
All your young Fillies, I think, this Back has try'd 'em,
And ſmarted for it too: They run away with me,
Take Bit between the Teeth, and play the Devils;
A ſtayed Pace now becomes my Years; a ſure one,
Where I may ſit and crack no Girths.
Dua. How miſerable,
If my Mother ſhould confirm, what I ſuſpect now,
Beyond all human Cure were my Condition!
Then I ſhall wiſh, this Body had been ſo too.
Here comes the Lady, Sir.

Enter Guiomar.

Rut. Excellent Lady,
To ſhew I am a Creature bound to your Service,
And only yours — *Gui.* Keep at that Diſtance, Sir;
For if you ſtir — *Rut.* I am obedient.
She has found already, I am for her Turn;
With what a greedy Hawk's Eye ſhe beholds me?
Mark, how ſhe muſters all my Parts.
Gui. A goodly Gentleman,
Of a more manly Set I never look'd on.
Rut. Mark, mark her Eyes ſtill; mark but the Carriage of 'em.
Gui. How happy am I now, ſince my Son fell,
He fell not by a baſe unnoble Hand?
As that ſtill troubled me; how far more happy
Shall my Revenge be, ſince the Sacrifice,
I offer to his Grave, ſhall be both worthy

A Son's untimely Loſs, and a Mother's Sorrow?

Rut. Sir, I am made, believe it; ſhe is mine own,
I told you what a Spell I carried with me,
All this time does ſhe ſpend in Contemplation
Of that unmatch'd Delight — I ſhall be thankful to ye;
And if you pleaſe to know my Houſe, to uſe it;
To take it for your own ——

Gui. Who waits without there?

Enter Guard, and Servants; they ſeize upon Rutilio *and bind him.*

Rut. How now? What means this, Lady?

Gui. Bind him faſt.

Rut. Are theſe the Bride-laces you prepare for me?
The Colours that you give?

Dua. Fye, gentle Lady,
This is not noble Dealing. *Gui.* Be you ſatisfied,
It ſeems you are a Stranger to this Meaning,
You ſhall not be ſo long.

Rut. Do you call this Wooing? —
Is there no End of Womens Perſecutions?
(50) Muſt I needs fool it, to mine own Deſtruction?
Have I not had fair Warnings, and enough too?
Still pick the Devil's Teeth? You are not mad, Lady;
Do I come fairly, and like a Gentleman,
To offer you that Honour — *Gui.* You are deceiv'd, Sir,
You come beſotted, to your own Deſtruction:
I ſent not for you; what Honour can ye add to me,
That brake that Staff of Honour, my Age lean'd on?
That rob'd me of that Right, made me a Mother?
Hear me, thou wretched Man, hear me with Terror,
And let thine own bold Folly ſhake thy Soul;
Hear me pronounce thy Death, that now hangs o'er thee,
Thou deſperate Fool; who bad thee ſeek this Ruin?
What mad unmanly Fate made thee diſcover
Thy curſed Face to me again? Was't not enough

(50) *Muſt I needs fool* into *my own Deſtruction?*] I think verily, we ought to read,

Muſt I needs fool it, *to &c.*

It appears to me much the more natural Expreſſion. Mr. *Seward.*

To

To have the fair Protection of my Houſe,
When Miſery and Juſtice cloſe purſued thee?
When thine own bloody Sword cried out againſt thee,
(51) Hatch'd in the Life of him? Yet I forgave thee.
My hoſpitable Word, even when I ſaw
The goodlieſt Branch of all my Blood lopp'd from me,
Did I not ſeal ſtill to thee? *Rut.* I am gone.
(52) *Gui.* And when thou went'ſt, to imp thy Miſery,
Did I not give thee Means? But hark, Ungrateful,
Was it not thus, to hide thy Face and fly me?
To keep thy Name for ever from my Memory?
Thy curſed Blood and Kindred? did I not ſwear then,
If ever, (in this wretched Life thou haſt left me,
Short and unfortunate) I ſaw thee again,
Or came but to the Knowledge where thou wandredſt,
To call my Vow back, and purſue with Vengeance,
With all the Miſeries a Mother ſuffers?
Rut. I was born to be hang'd, there's no avoiding it.
Gui. And dar'ſt thou with this Impudence appear here?
Walk like the winding Sheet my Son was put in,
Stand with thoſe Wounds.
Dua. I am happy now again;
Happy the Hour I fell, to find a Mother,
So pious, good, and excellent in Sorrows.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The Governor's come in.
Gui. O, let him enter. [tunes,
Rut. I have fool'd my ſelf a fair Thred of all my For-
This ſtrikes me moſt; not that I fear to periſh,
But that this unmannerly Boldneſs has brought me to it.

(51) Hatch'd *in the Life of him?*] Hatch'd, among *Cutlers*, is uſed to mean when the Hilts of a Sword are *gilt*: So ſhe would ſay that *Rutilio*'s bloody Sword was *hatch'd* or *gilt* in the Life of her Son *Duarte*.

(52) ——— *to* imp *thy Miſery*,
Did I not give thee Means?] *i. e.* Did I not furniſh thee with Money, to *aſſiſt thy Flight*? It is a Term in *Falconry*; to *imp* is ſaid, when a freſh Feather of a *Hawk* is put to an old broken Stump.

Enter

Enter Governor, Clodio, *and* Charino.

Gov. Are theſe fit Preparations for a Wedding, Lady?
I came prepar'd a Gueſt. *Gui.* O give me Juſtice;
As ever you will leave a virtuous Name,
Do Juſtice, Juſtice, Sir. *Gov.* You need not ask it,
I am bound to it. *Gui.* Juſtice upon this Man,
That kill'd my Son. *Gui.* Do you confeſs the Act?
Rut. Yes, Sir.
Clod. Rutilio?
Cha. 'Tis the ſame.
Clod. How fell he thus?
Here will be Sorrow for the good *Arnoldo.*
Gov. Take heed, Sir, what you ſay.
Rut. I have weigh'd it well,
I am the Man, nor is it Life I ſtart at;
Only I am unhappy, I am poor,
Poor in expence of Lives, there I am wretched;
(53) That I've not two Lives lent me for this Sacrifice;
One for her Son, another for her Sorrows.
Excellent Lady, now rejoice again,
For though I cannot think, you're pleas'd in Blood,
Nor with that greedy Thirſt purſue your Vengeance;
The Tenderneſs, even in thoſe Tears, denies that;
Yet let the World believe, you lov'd *Duarte*;
The unmatch'd Courteſies you have done my Miſeries,
Without this Forfeit to the Law, would charge me
To tender you this Life, and proud 'twou'd pleaſe you.
Gui. Shall I have Juſtice?
Gov. Yes.
Rut. I'll ask it for ye,
I'll follow it my ſelf, againſt my ſelf.
Sir, 'tis moſt fit I die; diſpatch it quickly,
The monſtrous Burthen of that Grief, ſhe labours with,
Will kill her elſe, then Blood on Blood lies on me;
Had I a thouſand Lives, I'd give 'em all,

(53) *That I have not two Lives lent me for* his *Sacrifice*;] For *whoſe* Sacrifice? Not for *Duarte*'s; that the Beginning of the ſubſequent Verſe contradicts. To make any Senſe, we muſt read, *this.* Mr. *Sympſon.*

Before

Before I'd draw one Tear more from that Virtue.
Gui. Be not too cruel, Sir, and yet his bold Sword——
But his Life cannot reſtore that, he's a Man too
Of a fair Promiſe, but, alas! my Son's dead;
If I have Juſtice, muſt it kill him? *Gov.* Yes.
Gui. If I have not, it kills me; ſtrong and goodly!
Why ſhould he periſh too?
Gov. 'T lies in your Pow'r,
You only may accuſe him, or may quit him.
Clod. Be there no other Witneſſes? *Gui.* Not any.
And, if I ſave him, will not the World proclaim,
I have forgot a Son, to ſave a Murderer?
And yet he looks not like one, he looks manly.
Clod. Pity, ſo brave a Gentleman ſhould periſh.
She cannot be ſo hard, ſo cruel-hearted.
Gui. Will you pronounce? yet ſtay a little, Sir.
Rut. Rid your ſelf, Lady, of this Miſery,
And let me go; I do but breed more Tempeſts,
With which you are already too much ſhaken.
Gui. Do, now pronounce; I will not hear.
Dua. You ſhall not, [*Diſcovering himſelf.*
Yet turn and ſee, good Madam.
Gov. Do not wonder.
'Tis he, reſtor'd again, thank the good Doctor;
Pray, do not ſtand amaz'd, it is *Duarte*,
He's well, is ſafe again.
Gui. O my ſweet Son,
I will not preſs my Wonder now with Queſtions——
Sir, I am ſorry for that Cruelty
I urg'd againſt you.
Rut. Madam, it was but Juſtice.
Dua. 'Tis true, the Doctor heal'd this Body again,
But this Man heal'd my Soul, made my Mind perfect;
The good ſharp Leſſons, his Sword read to me, ſav'd me;
For which, if you have e'er lov'd me, dear Mother,
Honour and love this Man.
Gui. You ſent this Letter?
Rut. My Boldneſs makes me bluſh now.
Gui. I'll wipe off that;
And with this Kiſs, I take you for my Husband;

Your

Your Wooing's done, Sir; I believe, you love me,
And that's the Wealth I look for now.
Rut. You have it.
Dua. You have ended my Deſire to all my Wiſhes.
Gov. Now, 'tis a Wedding again. And if *Hippolyta*
Make good, what with the Hazard of her Life
She undertook, the Evening will ſet clear,
After a ſtormy Day.

Enter Hippolyta, *and* Leopold *leading* Arnoldo, *and* Zenocia, *with* Zabulon, *and* Sulpitia.

Char. Here comes the Lady.
Clod. With fair *Zenocia*, Health with Life again
Reſtor'd unto her. *Zen.* The Gift of her Goodneſs.
Rut. Let us embrace, I am of your Order too,
And though I once deſpair'd of Women, now
I find, they reliſh much of Scorpions;
For both have Stings, and both can hurt, and cure too;
But what have been your Fortunes?
Arn. We'll defer
Our Story, and at time more fit, relate it.
Now all that reverence Virtue, and in that
Zenocia's Conſtancy, and perfect Love,
Or for her ſake *Arnoldo*'s, join with us
In th' Honour of this Lady. *Cha.* She deſerves it.
Hip. Hippolyta's Life ſhall make That good hereafter,
Nor will I alone better my ſelf, but others:
(54) For theſe, whoſe Wants, perhaps, have made their Actions
Not altogether innocent, ſhall from me
Be ſo ſupplied, that Need ſhall not compel them
To any Courſe of Life, but what the Law
Shall give Allowance to.
Zab. and *Sulp.* Your Ladyſhip's Creatures.
Rut. Be ſo, and no more your Man-huckſter.

(54) *For theſe, whoſe Wants, perhaps, have made their Actions Not altogether innocent,*] *Hippolyta* had Obligations to the Agency both of *Zabulon* and *Sulpitia*; and ſhe ſhews a Sort of Romantick Generoſity in requiting their Services; but, indeed, in poetical Juſtice, they Both ought to have been puniſh'd: *Zabulon* was a ſcoundrel Pimp to a Bawdy-houſe; and *Sulpitia* was not only a notorious Bawd, but a Dealer in Magick and a Poiſoner.

Hip.

Hip. And, worthy *Leopold*, you that with ſuch Fervour
So long have ſought me, and in that deſerv'd me,
Shall now find full Reward for all your Travels,
Which you have made more dear by patient Sufferance.
And though my violent Dotage did tranſport me,
Beyond thoſe Bounds, my Modeſty ſhould have kept in,
(55) Though my Deſires were looſe, from unchaſte Act
Heav'n knows, I am free.

Leop. The Thought of that's dead to me;
I gladly take your Offer.

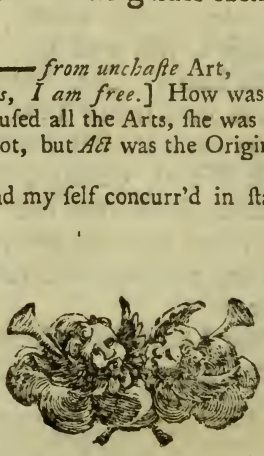
Rut. Do ſo, Sir;
A Piece of crack'd Gold ever will weigh down
Silver that's whole.

Gov. You ſhall be all my Gueſts,
I muſt not be deny'd.

Arn. Come, my *Zenocia*,
Our Bark at length has found a quiet Harbour;
And the unſpotted Progreſs of our Loves
Ends not alone in Safety, but Reward,
To inſtruct others by our fair Example;
That, though good Purpoſes are long withſtood,
The Hand of Heav'n ſtill guides ſuch as are good.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

(55) ——— ——— *from unchaſte* Art,
Heav'n knows, I am free.] How was ſhe free from unchaſte Art? When ſhe had uſed all the Arts, ſhe was Miſtreſs of, to corrupt *Arnoldo?* I doubt not, but *Act* was the Original Word.
Mr. *Seward.*
Both Mr. *Sympſon* and my ſelf concurr'd in ſtarting this Emendation.



EPILOGUE.

The EPILOGUE.

WHY there ſhould be an Epilogue to a Play,
I know no Cauſe: The old and uſual Way,
For which they were made, was t' entreat the Grace
Of ſuch as were Spectators: In this Place,
And Time, 'tis to no Purpoſe; for I know,
What you reſolve already to beſtow,
Will not be alter'd, whatſoe'er I ſay,
In the behalf of us, and of the Play;
Only to quit our Doubts, if you think fit,
You may, or cry it up, or ſilence it.

Another EPILOGUE.

I Spake much in the Prologue for the Play,
To its Deſert, I hope; yet you might ſay,
Should I change now from that, which then was meant,
Or in a Syllable grow leſs confident,
I were weak-hearted: I am ſtill the ſame
In my Opinion, and forbear to frame
Qualification, or Excuſe: If you
Concur with me, and hold my Judgment true,
Shew it with any Sign; and from this Place,
Or ſend me off exploded, or with Grace.

THE

ELDER BROTHER.

A

COMEDY.

THE

PROLOGUE.

BUT that it would take from our Modesty,
To praise the Writer, or the Comedy,
Till your fair Suffrage crown it; I should say,
You're all most welcome to no vulgar Play;
And, so far, we are confident: If he,
That made it, still lives in your Memory;
You will expect what we present to Night,
Should be judg'd worthy of your Ears and Sight.
You shall hear Fletcher *in it; his true Strain,*
And neat Expressions. Living, he did gain
Your good Opinions; but, now dead, commends
This Orphan to the Care of noble Friends:
And may it raise in you Content and Mirth,
And be receiv'd for a legitimate Birth!
Your Grace erects new Trophies to his Fame,
And shall to After-times preserve his Name.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Lewis, *a Lord.*
Miramont, *a Gentleman.*
Briſac, *a Juſtice, Brother to* Miramont.
Charles, *a Scholar,* } *Sons to* Briſac.
Euſtace, *a Courtier,* }
Egremont, } *two Courtiers, Dependants on* Euſtace.
Cowſy, }
Andrew, *Servant to* Charles.
Cook, } *Servants to* Briſac.
Butler, }
Prieſt.
Notary.
Servants.
Officers.

WOMEN.

Angellina, *Daughter to* Lewis.
Sylvia, *her Woman.*
Lilly, *Wife to* Andrew.
Ladies.

LECTORI.

Would'ſt thou all Wit, all Comick Art ſurvey?
Read here and wonder; Fletcher *writ the Play.*

THE

THE

ELDER BROTHER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Lewis, Angellina, *and* Sylvia.

LEWIS.

NAY, I muſt walk you farther.
Ang. I am tir'd, Sir,
And ne'er ſhall foot it home.
Lew. 'Tis for your Health; [ties,
The Want of Exerciſe takes from your Beau-
And Sloth dries up your Sweetneſs: That you are
My only Daughter, and my Heir, is granted;
And you in Thankfulneſs muſt needs acknowledge
You ever find me an indulgent Father,
And open-handed. *Ang.* Nor can you tax me, Sir,
I hope, for Want of Duty to deſerve
Theſe Favours from you. *Lew.* No, my *Angellina*,
I love and cheriſh thy Obedience to me,
Which my Care, to advance thee, ſhall confirm;
All, that I aim at, is to win thee from
The Practice of an idle fooliſh State
Us'd by great Women, who think any Labour
(Though in the Service of themſelves) a Blemiſh
To their fair Fortunes. *Ang.* Make me underſtand, Sir,
What 'tis you point at. *Lew.* At the Cuſtom, how

Virgins of wealthy Families waſte their Youth;
After a long Sleep, when you wake, your Woman
Preſents your Breakfaſt, then you ſleep again,
Then riſe, and being trimm'd up by others' Hands,
You're led to Dinner, and that ended, either
(1) To Cards or to your Couch (as if you were
Born without Motion) after this to Supper,
And then to Bed: And ſo your Life runs round
Without Variety, or Action, Daughter.

Syl. Here's a learn'd Lecture!

Lew. From this Idleneſs,
Diſeaſes, both in Body, and in Mind,
Grow ſtrong upon you; where a ſtirring Nature,
With wholeſome Exerciſe, guards Both from Danger;
I'd have thee riſe wi' th' Sun, walk, dance, or hunt,
Viſit the Groves and Springs, and learn the Virtues
Of Plants and Simples: Do this moderately,
And thou ſhalt not, with eating Chalk, or Coals,
Leather and Oatmeal, and ſuch other Traſh,
Fall into the Green-ſickneſs. *Syl.* With your Pardon,
(Were you but pleas'd to miniſter it) I cou'd
Preſcribe a Remedy for my Lady's Health,
And her Delight too, far tranſcending thoſe
Your Lordſhip but now mention'd.

Lew. What is it, *Sylvia?*

Syl. What is't? a noble Husband: In that Word,
A noble Husband, all Content of Woman
Is wholly comprehended; he will rouſe her,
As you ſay, with the Sun; and ſo pipe to her,
As ſhe will dance, ne'er doubt it; and hunt with her,
Upon Occaſion, until both be weary;
And then the Knowledge of your Plants and Simples,
As I take it, were ſuperfluous: A loving, and
But add to it, a gameſome Bedfellow,

(1) *To Cards, or to your* Couch;] The *Quarto* in 1655 has it *Coach*, which is moſt certainly a miſtaken Reading; for a Coach is very good Motion and Exerciſe for the Ladies: And *Lewis* is reproaching their Cuſtom of uſing none at all. The firſt *Quarto* in 1640 (and the eldeſt Editions, I obſerve, are generally to be the moſt depended on) gives it us rightly, *Couch*.

Being

Being the ſure Phyſician. *Lew.* Well ſaid, Wench.
Ang. And who gave you Commiſſion to deliver
Your Verdict, Minion? *Syl.* I deſerve a Fee,
And not a Frown, dear Madam: I but ſpeak
Her Thoughts, my Lord, and what her Modeſty
Refuſes to give Voice to. Shew no Mercy
To a Maidenhead of fourteen, but off with 't:
Let her loſe no Time, Sir; Fathers, that deny
Their Daughters lawful Pleaſures, when ripe for them,
In ſome kind edge their Appetites to taſte of
The Fruit that is forbidden. *Lew.* 'Tis well urg'd,
And I approve it: No more bluſhing, Girl,
Thy Woman hath ſpoke Truth, and ſo prevented
What I meant to move to thee. There dwells near us
A Gentleman of Blood, Monſieur *Briſac*,
Of a fair State, ſix thouſand Crowns *per Annum*,
The happy Father of two hopeful Sons,
Of different Breeding; the Elder, a meer Scholar;
The younger, a quaint Courtier.
Ang Sir, I know them
By publick Fame, though yet I never ſaw them;
And that oppos'd Antipathy, between
Their various Diſpoſitions, renders them
The general Diſcourſe and Argument;
One Part inclining to the Scholar *Charles*,
The other ſide preferring *Euſtace*, as
A Man compleat in Courtſhip. *Lew.* And which Way
(If of theſe two you were to chuſe a Husband)
Doth your Affection ſway you? *Ang.* To be plain, Sir,
(Since you will teach me Boldneſs) as they are
Simply themſelves, to neither: Let a Courtier
Be never ſo exact, let him be bleſs'd with
All Parts that yield him to a Virgin gracious;
If he depend on others, and ſtand not
On his own Bottoms, though he have the Means
To bring his Miſtreſs to a Maſque, or by
Conveyance from ſome Great one's Lips, to taſte
Such Favour from the King's: Or grant, he purchaſe,
Precedency in the Country, to be ſworn
A Servant Extraordinary to the Queen;

Nay, though he live in Expectation of
Some huge Preferment in Reversion; if
He want a present Fortune, at the best
Those are but glorious Dreams, and only yield him
A Happiness in *posse*, not in *esse*;
Nor can they fetch him Silks from th' Mercer; nor
Discharge a Tailor's Bill, nor in full Plenty,
Which still preserves a quiet Bed at home,
Maintain a Family. *Lew.* Aptly consider'd,
And to my Wish: But what's thy Censure of
The Scholar? *Ang.* Troth, if he be nothing else,
As of the Courtier; all his Songs, and Sonnets,
His Anagrams, Acrostichs, Epigrams,
His deep and philosophical Discourse
Of Nature's hidden Secrets, make not up
A perfect Husband; he can hardly borrow
The Stars of the cœlestial Crown to make me
A Tire for my Head; nor *Charles*'s Wane for a Coach,
Nor *Ganymede* for a Page, nor a rich Gown
From *Juno*'s Wardrobe; nor wou'd I lye-in,
For I despair not once to be a Mother,
Under Heav'ns spangled Canopy, or banquet
My Guests and Gossips with imagin'd Nectar;
Pure *Orleans* would do better; no, no, Father,
Though I cou'd be well pleas'd to have my Husband
A Courtier, and a Scholar, young, and valiant,
These are but gawdy Nothings, if there be not
Something to make a Substance. *Lew.* And what's that?
Ang. A full Estate; and, that said, I've said all;
And get me such a one with these Additions,
Farewel, Virginity! and welcome, Wedlock!
Lew. But where is such one to be met with, Daughter?
(2) A black Swan is more common, you may wear
Grey Tresses e'er we find him. *Ang.* I am not
So punctual in all Ceremonies, I will bate
Two or three of these good Parts, before I'll dwell
Too long upon the Choice.

(2) *A black Swan is more common,*] The Poets seem here to have had an Eye to this *Latin* Hexameter.

Rara avis in Terris, *nigroque* simillima *Cygno.*

Syl.

Syl. Only, my Lord, remember,
That he be rich and active; for, without these,
The others yield no Relish, but these perfect,
You must bear with small Faults, Madam.
Lew. Merry Wench,
And it becomes you well; I'll to *Brisac*,
And try what may be done; i'th' mean time, home,
And feast thy Thoughts with th' Pleasures of a Bride.
Syl. Thoughts are but airy Food, Sir; let her taste them.

SCENE II.

Enter Andrew, *Cook, and Butler.*

And. Unload part of the Library, and make room
For th' other dozen of Carts; I'll straight be with you.
Cook. Why, hath he more Books?
And. More than ten Marts send over.
But. And can he tell their Names?
And. Their Names! he has 'em
As perfect as his *Pater Noster*, but that's nothing;
H'as read them over Leaf by Leaf three thousand times;
But here's the Wonder, though their Weight wou'd sink
A *Spanish* Carrack, without other Ballast;
He carrieth them all in his Head, and yet
He walks upright. *But.* Surely, he has a strong Brain.
And. If all thy Pipes of Wine were fill'd with Books,
Made of the Barks of Trees, or Myst'ries writ in
Old Moth-eaten Vellom, he wou'd sip thy Cellar
Quite dry, and still be thirsty: Then for's Diet,
He eats and digests more Volumes at a Meal,
Than there would be Larks, (though the Sky should fall)
Devour'd in a Month in *Paris*; yet fear not, [mach
Sons o' th' Buttery, and Kitchin, though his learn'd Sto-
Cannot be appeas'd, he'll seldom trouble you,
His knowing Stomach contemns your Black-Jacks, Butler,
And your Flagons; and, Cook, thy Boil'd, thy Roast, thy
Cook. How liveth he? [Bak'd.
And. Not as other Men do,
Few Princes fare like him; he breaks his Fast
With *Aristotle*, dines with *Tully*, takes

His

His Watering with the *Muſes*, ſups with *Livy*,
Then walks a Turn or two in *Viâ Lactea*,
And, after ſix Hours' Conference with the Stars,
Sleeps with old *Erra Pater*. *But.* This is admirable.
And. I'll tell you more hereafter. Here's my old Maſter,
And another old ignorant Elder; I'll upon 'em.

Enter Briſac, *and* Lewis.

Bri. What, *Andrew?* welcome; where's my *Charles?* ſpeak, *Andrew*;
Where didſt thou leave thy Maſter? *And.* Contemplating
The Number of the Sands in the High-way;
And, from that, purpoſes to make a Judgment
Of the Remainder in the Sea: He is, Sir,
In ſerious Study, and will loſe no Minute,
Nor out of's Pace to Knowledge. *Lew.* This is ſtrange.
And. Yet he hath ſent his Duty, Sir, before him
In this fair Manuſcript. *Bri.* What have we here?
Pot-hooks and Andirons! *And.* I much pity you,
It is the *Syrian* Character, or the *Arabick*.
Wou'd you have it ſaid, ſo great and deep a Scholar,
As Maſter *Charles* is, ſhould ask Bleſſing
In any Chriſtian Language? Were it *Greek*,
I could interpret for you; but, indeed,
(3) I'm gone no farther. *Bri.* And in *Greek* you can
Lie with your ſmug Wife *Lilly*. *And.* If I keep her
From your *French* Dialect, (as I hope I ſhall, Sir;)
However ſhe is your Landreſs, ſhe ſhall put you
To the Charge of no more Soap than uſual
For th' waſhing of your Sheets. *Bri.* Take in the Knave,
And let him eat. *And.* And drink too, Sir.
Bri. And drink too,

(3) Bri. ——— *And in* Greek *you can*
Lie with your ſmug Wife Lilly.] *Briſac* is here ſtrangely out of Character. He is repreſented as an old ſtupid Juſtice of the Peace, one of no polite Literature, and read only in the Old Statutes, and in them no better learned than his Clerk: Yet here, 'tis manifeſt, he is making an Alluſion to a Paſſage in JUVENAL's *Satires*.

Hoc cuncta effundunt animi Secreta. Quid ultrà?
Concumbunt Græcè.

And

And ſee your Maſter's Chamber ready for him.
But. Come, Doctor *Andrew*, without Diſputation
Thou ſhalt commence i'the Cellar. *And.* I had rather
Commence on a cold bak'd Meat.
Cook. Thou ſhalt ha't, Boy. [*Exeunt.*
Bri. Good Monſieur *Lewis*, I eſteem my ſelf
Much honour'd in your clear Intent to join
Our antient Families, and make them one;
And 'twill take from my Age and Cares, to live
And ſee what you have purpos'd put in Act,
Of which your Viſit at this preſent is
A hopeful Omen; I each Minute expecting
Th' Arrival of my Sons; I have not wrong'd
Their Birth for Want of Means and Education,
To ſhape them to that Courſe each was addicted;
And therefore that we may proceed diſcreetly,
Since what's concluded raſhly ſeldom proſpers,
You firſt ſhall take a ſtrict Peruſal of them,
And then, from your Allowance, your fair Daughter
May faſhion her Affection. *Lew.* Monſieur *Briſac*,
You offer fair and nobly, and I'll meet you
In the ſame Line of Honour; and, I hope,
Being bleſt but with one Daughter, I ſhall not
Appear impertinently curious,
Though, with my utmoſt Vigilance and Study,
I labour to beſtow her to her Worth:
Let others ſpeak her Form, and future Fortune
From me deſcending to her; I in that
Sit down with Silence. *Bri.* You may, my Lord, ſecurely;
Since Fame aloud proclaimeth her Perfections,
Commanding all Mens Tongues to ſing her Praiſes;
Should I ſay more, you well might cenſure me
(What yet I never was) a Flatterer.
What trampling's that without of Horſes?

Enter Butler.

But. Sir, my young Maſters are newly alighted.
Bri. Sir, now obſerve their ſeveral Diſpoſitions.

Enter

Enter Charles.

Char. Bid my Subfizer carry my Hackney to
The Butt'ry, and give him his Bever; it is a civil
And ſober Beaſt, and will drink moderately;
And, that done, turn him into the Quadrangle.
Bri. He cannot out of his Univerſity Tone.

Enter Euſtace, Egremont, *and* Cowſy.

Euſt. Lackey, take Care our Courſers be well rub'd,
And cloath'd, they have outſtrip'd the Wind in Speed.
Lew. Ay, marry, Sir, there's Metal in this young Fellow!
What a Sheep's Look his elder Brother has!
Char. Your Bleſſing, Sir? *Bri.* Riſe, *Charles*, thou haſt it.
Euſt. Sir, though it be unuſual in the Court,
(Since 'tis the Country's Garb) I bend my Knee,
And do expect what follows. *Bri.* Courtly beg'd,
My Bleſſing;——take it.
Euſt. (*to Lew.*) Your Lordſhip's vow'd Adorer.
What a Thing this Brother is! Yet I'll vouchſafe him
The new *Italian* Shrug——How clowniſhly
The Book-worm does return it.
Char. I'm glad, ye are well. [*Reads.*
Euſt. Pray you, be happy in the Knowledge of
This Pair of moſt accompliſhed Monſieurs,
They are Gallants that have ſeen both Tropicks.
Bri. I embrace their Love.
Egre. Which we'll repay with Service.
Cow. And will report your Bounty in the Court.
Bri. I pray you, make deſerving Uſe on't firſt.
Euſtace, give Entertainment to your Friends;
What's in my Houſe is theirs.
Euſt. Which we'll make Uſe of;
Let's warm our Brains with half a dozen Healths,
And then, hang cold Diſcourſe; for we'll ſpeak Fire-works.
[*Exeunt.*
Lew. What, at his Book already?
Bri. Fie, fie, *Charles*,
No Hour of Interruption? *Char. Plato* differs
From *Socrates* in this. *Bri.* Come, lay them by;

Let

(4) Let them agree at Leiſure. *Char.* Man's Life, Sir, being
So ſhort, and then the Way that leads unto
The Knowledge of our ſelves, ſo long and tedious,
Each Minute ſhould be precious. *Bri.* In our Care
To manage worldly Buſineſs, you muſt part with
This Bookiſh Contemplation, and prepare
Your ſelf for Action; to thrive in this Age,
Is held the Palm of Learning. You muſt ſtudy
To know what Part of my Land's good for th' Plough,
And what for Paſture; how to buy and ſell
(5) To the beſt Vantage; how to cure my Oxen,
When they're o'er-done with Labour.
Char. I may do this
From what I've read, Sir; for what concerns Tillage,
Who better can deliver it than *Virgil*
In his *Georgicks?* and to cure your Herds,
His *Bucolicks* is a Maſter-piece; but when
He does deſcribe the Common-wealth of Bees,
Their Induſtry and Knowledge of the Herbs,
From which they gather Honey, with their Care
To place it with *Decorum* in the Hive,
Their Government among themſelves, their Order
In going forth and coming loaden home,
Their Obedience to their King, and his Rewards
(6) To ſuch as labour, with his Puniſhments

(4) *Man's* Life, *Sir, being*
So ſhort, &c.] *Charles* is here immediately ſhewing his Learning; for if I am not very much miſtaken, the Poets have given him this Sentiment from the firſt *Aphoriſm* of HIPPOCRATES. Ὁ βίος βραχὺς, ἡ δὲ τέχνη μακρὴ, ὁ δὲ καιρὸς ὀξὺς, ἡ δὲ πεῖρα σφαλερὴ, ἡ δὲ κρίσις χαλεπή.

(5) ——————*how to cure my Oxen,*
When they're o'er-grown *with Labour.*] To be *o'er-grown* with Labour ſhould ſeem to ſignify the Oxen which are paſt their Labour, being worn out with Age and Toil; when Phyſick can have little Effect on them. The Idea, required here, is that of Oxen flung into Surfeits and Diſtempers by Over-fatigue. I take the Authors' Word therefore to have been *o'er-done* with Labour, which conveys this Idea. Mr. *Seward.*

Mr. *Sympſon* likewiſe ſtarted the ſame Emendation.

(6) ——————*with his Puniſhments*
Only inflicted on the ſlothful Drone.
Ignavum Fucos *pecus à præſepibus* arcent: ſays VIRGIL.

Only

Only inflicted on the slothful Drone,
I'm ravish'd with it, and there reap my Harvest;
And there receive the Gain my Cattle bring me,
And there find Wax and Honey. *Bri.* And grow rich
In your Imagination; Heyday, heyday,
Georgicks, and *Bucolicks*, and Bees! Art mad?

Char. No, Sir, the Knowledge of these guard me from it.

Bri. But can you find among your Bundle of Books,
(And put in all your Dictionaries that speak all Tongues)
What Pleasures they enjoy, that do embrace
A well-shap'd wealthy Bride? Answer me that.

Char. 'Tis frequent, Sir, in Story; there I read of
All kind of virtuous and vicious Women,
The antient *Spartan* Dames, and *Roman* Ladies,
Their Beauties, and Deformities; and when
I light upon a *Portia* or *Cornelia*,
Crown'd with still-flourishing Leaves of Truth and Goodness,
With such a Feeling I peruse their Fortunes,
As if I then had liv'd, and freely tasted
Their ravishing Sweetness; at the present, loving
The whole Sex for their Goodness and Example.
But, on the contrary, when I look on
A *Clytemnestra* or a *Tullia*,
The first bath'd in her Husband's Blood; the latter,
Without a Touch of Piety, driving on
Her Chariot o'er her Father's breathless Trunk;
Horror invades my Faculties; and comparing
The Multitudes o' th' Guilty, with the few
That did die Innocents, I detest, and loath 'em,
As Ignorance or Atheism. *Bri.* You resolve then
Ne'er to make Payment of the Debt you owe me.

Char. What Debt, good Sir?

Bri. A Debt I paid my Father
When I begat thee, and made him a Grandsire;
Which I expect from you. *Char.* The Children, Sir,
Which I will leave to all Posterity,
Begot and brought up by my painful Studies,
Shall be my living Issue. *Bri.* Very well,
And I shall have a general Collection
Of all the Quiddits from *Adam* to this Time

To

To be my Grandchild. *Char.* And ſuch a one, I hope, Sir,
As ſhall not ſhame the Family. *Bri.* Nor will you
Take Care of my Eſtate. *Char.* But in my Wiſhes;
For know, Sir, that the Wings on which my Soul
Is mounted, have long ſince borne her too high
To ſtoop to any Prey, that ſoars not upwards.
Sordid and dunghil Minds, compos'd of Earth,
In that groſs Element fix all their Happineſs;
But purer Spirits, purg'd and refin'd, ſhake off
That Clog of human Frailty; give me Leave
T'enjoy my ſelf; that Place, that does contain
My Books, the beſt Companions, is to me
A glorious Court, where hourly I converſe
With the old Sages and Philoſophers;
And ſometimes, for Variety, I confer
With Kings and Emperors, and weigh their Counſels;
Calling their Victories, if unjuſtly got,
Unto a ſtrict Accompt, and, in my Fancy,
Deface their ill-plac'd Statues. Can I then
Part with ſuch conſtant Pleaſures, to imbrace
Uncertain Vanities? No, be it your Care
T'augment your Heap of Wealth; it ſhall be mine,
T'encreaſe in Knowledge—Lights there for my Study!
[*Exit.*

Bri. Was ever Man, that had Reaſon, thus tranſported;
From all Senſe and Feeling of his proper Good?
It vexes me, and if I found not Comfort
In my young *Euſtace*, I might well conclude
My Name were at a Period! *Lew.* He's, indeed, Sir,
The ſurer Baſe to build on.

Enter Euſtace, Egremont, Cowſey, *and* Andrew.

Bri. Euſtace, —
Euſt. Sir. —
(7) *Bri.* Your Ear in private. *And.* I ſuſpect, my Maſter

(7) You are *in private.*] This is not true, for there are ſeveral Perſons preſent. A Whiſper immediately follows; which fully ſhews the true Reading.

Your Ear *in private.* Mr. *Seward.*

The *Quarto*'s in 1640, 1651, 1661, and the *Folio* in 1679 all concur to confirm Mr. *Seward*'s Conjecture.

Has

Has found harſh Welcome, he's gone ſupperleſs
Into his Study; cou'd I find out the Cauſe,
It may be borrowing of his Books, or ſo;
I ſhall be ſatisfy'd. *Euſt.* My Duty ſhall, Sir,
Take any Form you pleaſe, and in your Motion
To have me married, you cut off all Dangers
The violent Heats of Youth might bear me to.
Lew. It is well anſwer'd. *Euſt.* Nor ſhall you, my Lord,
Nor your fair Daughter, ever find juſt Cauſe
To mourn your Choice of me: the Name of Husband,
Nor the Authority it carries in it,
Shall ever teach me to forget to be,
As I am now, her Servant, and your Lordſhip's;
And but that Modeſty forbids, that I
Should ſound the Trumpet of my own Deſerts,
I cou'd ſay, my choice Manners have been ſuch,
As render me lov'd and remarkable
To th' Princes of the Blood.
Cow. Nay, to the King.
Egre. Nay, to the King and Council.
And. Theſe are Court-Admirers,
And ever echo him that bears the Bag:
Though I be dull-ey'd, I ſee through this Juggling.
Euſt. Then for my Hopes,—
Cow Nay, Certainties. *Euſt.* They ſtand
As fair as any Man's. What can there fall
In Compaſs of her Wiſhes, which ſhe ſhall not
Be ſuddenly poſſeſs'd of? Loves ſhe Titles?
By th' Grace and Favour of my princely Friends,
I am what ſhe would have me. *Bri.* He ſpeaks well,
And I believe him. *Lew.* I cou'd wiſh, I did ſo.
Pray you, a Word, Sir; He's a proper Gentleman,
And promiſes nothing but what is poſſible.
So far I will go with you: Nay, I add,
He hath won much upon me, and were he
But one Thing that his Brother is, the Bargain
Were ſoon ſtruck up. *Bri.* What's that, my Lord?
Lew. The Heir.
And. Which he is not, and, I truſt, never ſhall be.
Bri. Come, that ſhall breed no Difference; you ſee,

Charles

Charles has giv'n o'er the World; I'll undertake,
And with much Eaſe, to buy his Birthright of him
For a dry-fat of new Books; nor ſhall my State
Alone make Way for him, but my Elder Brother's;
Who, being Iſſueleſs, t'advance our Name,
I doubt not, will add his. Your Reſolution? [ings;
Lew. I'll firſt acquaint my Daughter with the Proceed-
On theſe Terms I am yours, as ſhe ſhall be;
Make you no Scruple, get the Writings ready,
She ſhall be tractable; to morrow we will hold
A ſecond Conference. Farewel, noble *Euſtace*,
And you brave Gallants. *Euſt.* Full Increaſe of Honour
Wait ever on your Lordſhip! *And.* The Gout rather,
And a perpetual Megrim! *Bri.* You ſee, *Euſtace*,
How I travel to poſſeſs you of a Fortune
You were not born to; be you worthy of it,
I'll furniſh you for a Suitor; viſit her,
And proſper in't. *Euſt.* She's mine, Sir, fear it not:
In all my Travels, I ne'er met a Virgin
That could reſiſt my Courtſhip.
(8) *Cow.* If this take now,
W'are made for ever, and will revel it. [*Exeunt.*
And. In tough *Welch* Parſly, which in our vulgar Tongue
Strong hempen Halters; my poor Maſter cozen'd, [is
And I a Looker on! If we have ſtudied
Our Majors, and our Minors, Antecedents,
And Conſequents, to be concluded Coxcombs,
W've made a fair Hand on't; I'm glad I've found
Out all their Plots, and their Conſpiracies;
This ſhall t'old Monſieur *Miramont*, one, that though

(8) ——————— *If this take now,*
We're made for ever.] Several of the Editions old and modern continue This to *Euſtace*'s Speech; others have nonſenſically aſſign'd it to *Briſac.* The oldeſt *Quarto* of all has it thus.
Euſt. *If this take now,* &c.
But *Euſtace* was the laſt Speaker, and no body had interrupted him: therefore 'tis abſurd, that his Name ſhould be put here only becauſe he continues to ſpeak. It muſt certainly be placed to one of his Hangers-on, who hugs himſelf with the Thought, that if this Match takes place, they ſhall have it in their Power to revel it with a Vengeance.

He cannot read a Proclamation,
Yet dotes on Learning, and loves my Maſter *Charles*
For being a Scholar; I hear, he's coming hither,
I ſhall meet with him; and if he be that old
Rough teſty Blade he always us'd to be,
(9) He'll ring 'em ſuch a Peal as ſhall go near
To ſhake their Bell-room; peradventure, beat 'em,
For he is Fire and Flax; and ſo have at him. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Miramont, *and* Briſac.

Mir. NAY, Brother, Brother, —
Bri. Pray, Sir, be not moved,
I meddle with no Buſineſs but my own;
And, in mine own, 'tis Reaſon I ſhould govern.
(10) *Mir.* But know to govern then, and underſtand,
And be as wiſe as haſty; though you be [Sir,
My Brother and from one Blood ſprung, I muſt tell ye,
Heartily and home too, —
Bri. What, Sir? *Mir.* What I grieve to find,
You are a Fool, and an old Fool, and that's two.
Bri. We'll part 'em, if you pleaſe.
Mir. No, they're entail'd to you;
Seek to deprive an honeſt noble Spirit,
Your eldeſt Son, Sir, and your very Image,
(But he's ſo like you, that he fares the worſe for't)
Becauſe he loves his Book, and dotes on that,
And only ſtudies how to know things excellent,

(9) *I'll* ring *him ſuch a* Peal, ——] *To ring a Peal* is a Metaphor for Scolding, which *Andrew* would certainly not uſe: No more than he would beat *Briſac* and *Euſtace*: It is plain, *Miramont* was to do both; we muſt read therefore;

He'll ring 'em ſuch a *Peal* ——

This will reſtore both the Senſe and Grammar. Mr. *Seward.*

(10) *But* how *to govern then, and underſtand, Sir,*] This Speech is quite Nonſenſe from the Want of a Verb. The *Quarto* in 1651 retrieves it for us; and thence I have ſubſtituted it into the Text.

Above

Above the Reach of ſuch coarſe Brains as yours,
Such muddy Fancies, that never will know farther
Than when to cut your Vines, and cozen Merchants,
And choke your hide-bound Tenants with muſty Harveſts?
Bri. You go too faſt. *Mir.* I'm not come to my Pace yet;
Becauſe h' has made his Study all his Pleaſure,
And is retir'd into his Contemplation,
Not meddling with the Dirt and Chaff of Nature,
That makes the Spirit of the Mind Mud too,
Therefore muſt he be flung from his Inheritance?
(11) Muſt he be diſpoſſeſs'd, and Monſieur jingle-boy
His younger Brother — *Bri.* You forget your ſelf.
Mir. Becauſe h' has been at Court, and learn'd new
And how to ſpeak a tedious piece of Nothing, [Tongues,
To vary his Face as Seamen do their Compaſs,
To worſhip Images of Gold and Silver,
And fall before the She-Calves of the Seaſon,
Therefore muſt he jump into his Brother's Land?
Bri. Have you done yet, and have you ſpake enough
In Praiſe of Learning, Sir? *Mir.* Never enough.
Bri. But, Brother, do you know what Learning is?
Mir. 'Tis not to be a Juſtice of Peace as you are,
And palter out your Time i'th' penal Statutes,
To hear the curious Tenets controverted
Between a Proteſtant Conſtable, and a Jeſuit Cobler,
To pick natural Philoſophy out of Bawdry,
When your Worſhip's pleas'd to correctify a Lady;
Nor 'tis not the main Moral of blind Juſtice,
(Which is deep Learning) when your Worſhip's Tenants
Bring a light Cauſe, and heavy Hens before ye,
Both fat and feaſible, a Gooſe or Pig;
And then you ſit, like Equity, with both Hands
Weighing indifferently the State o'th' Queſtion.

(11) ——— ——— *and Monſieur* gingle-Boy,
His younger Brother ——] We muſt read, *jingle-boy.*) *i. e.* A Fop, that fell into every upſtart Faſhion. It was the Cuſtom in the latter Part of Queen *Elizabeth*'s Reign, and alſo in That of King *James* the Firſt, for the Men to wear Boots; as we may ſee by the Pictures of thoſe Times, and their Spurs were equipp'd with a Sort of Bells, or looſe Rowels, which *jingled* whenever they mov'd.

Theſe are your *quodlibets*, but no Learning, Brother.
Bri. You are ſo parlouſly in love with Learning,
That I'd be glad to know what you underſtand, Brother,
I'm ſure, you have read all *Ariſtotle*. *Mir.* Faith, no;
But I believe, I have a learned Faith, Sir,
And that's it makes a Gentleman of my Sort;
Though I can ſpeak no *Greek*, I love the Sound on't,
It goes ſo thundering as it conjur'd Devils;
Charles ſpeaks it loftily, and if thou wert a Man,
Or hadſt but ever heard of *Homer*'s *Iliads*,
Heſiod, and the *Greek* Poets, thou wouldſt run mad,
And hang thy ſelf for Joy thou'dſt ſuch a Gentleman
To be thy Son; O he has read ſuch things
To me! *Bri.* And do you underſtand 'em, Brother?
Mir. I tell thee, no, that's not material; the Sound's
Sufficient to confirm an honeſt Man:
Good Brother *Briſac*, does your young Courtier,
That wears the fine Cloaths, and is the excellent Gentle-
(The Traveller, the Soldier, as you think too) [man,
Underſtand any other Pow'r than his Taylor?
Or knows what Motion is, more than an Horſe-race?
What the Moon means, but to light him home from
Taverns?
Or th' Comfort of the Sun is, but to wear ſlaſh'd Cloaths in?
And muſt this piece of Ignorance be pop'd up,
Becauſe it can kiſs the Hand, and cry, *Sweet Lady*?
Say, *it had been at* Rome, *and ſeen the Relicks*,
(12) Drunk your *Verdea*-Wine, and rid at *Naples*,
Brought home a Box of *Venice* Treacle with it,
To cure young Wenches that have eaten Aſhes:
Muſt this Thing therefore?—*Bri.* Yes, Sir, this Thing muſt,
I will not truſt my Land to one ſo ſotted,
So grown like a Diſeaſe unto his Study,
He that will fling off all Occaſions
And Cares, to make him underſtand what State is,

(12) *Drunk your* Verdea *Wine.*] There is a River in *Italy*, that runs thro' the Territory of *Præneſte*, which of old was call'd *Vereſis*: The more modern Geographers tell us that now its Name is *Verdé*. I doubt not, but our Authors allude to the Wines made in that Neighbourhood.

And how to govern it; muſt by that Reaſon,
Be flung himſelf aſide from managing:
My younger Boy is a fine Gentleman.
Mir. He is an Aſs, a Piece of Ginger-bread,
Gilt over to pleaſe fooliſh Girls and Puppets.
Bri. You are my elder Brother. *Mir.* So I had need,
And have an elder Wit, thou'dſt ſhame us all elſe;
Go to, I ſay, *Charles* ſhall inherit. *Bri.* I ſay, no;
Unleſs *Charles* had a Soul to underſtand it:
Why, can he manage ſix thouſand Crowns a Year
Out of the Metaphyſicks? Or can all
His learn'd Aſtronomy look to my Vineyards?
Or can the drunken old Poets make up my Vines?
(I know, they can drink 'em) or your excellent Humaniſts
Sell 'em the Merchants for my beſt Advantage?
Can Hiſtory cut my Hay, or get my Corn in?
And can Geometry vent it in the Market?
Shall I have my Sheep kept with a *Jacob*'s Staff now?
I wonder, you will magnify this Mad-man,
You that are old and ſhou'd underſtand.
Mir. Shou'd, ſay'ſt thou,
Thou monſtrous Piece of Ignorance in Office! [fuſes,
Thou that haſt no more Knowledge than thy Clerk in-
Thy dapper Clerk larded with Ends of *Latin*,
(13) And he no more than Cuſtom of his Office;
Thou unreprievable Dunce! (that thy formal Bandſtrings,
Thy Ring, nor Pomander, cannot expiate for)
Doſt thou tell me, I ſhou'd? I'll poze thy Worſhip
In thine own Library, an Almanack;
Which thou art daily poring on, to pick out

(13) *And he no more than Cuſtom of* Offences.] There is great Humour in this Paſſage, and 'tis Pity that it ſhould be hurt by ſo obſcure an Expreſſion at the Cloſe. I can affix no Idea to it, but that the Juſtice's Clerk's whole Literature conſiſts in the Forms of Commitment for common Offences; and therefore thought that the Original might have been,——*cuſtomary Offences:* Which conveys this Idea more clearly than the preſent Reading, which is too obſcure to be genuine. But by as ſmall a Change of the Letters, I have, I think, hit upon a much clearer one, and which for that Reaſon is moſt likely to have been the Original one.

And he no more than Cuſtom of his Office.

Mr. *Seward.*

Days of Iniquity to cozen Fools in,
And full Moons to cut Cattle; doſt thou taint me,
That have run over Story, Poetry,
Humanity? *Bri.* As a cold nipping Shadow
Does o'er the Ears of Corn, and leave 'em blaſted.
Put up your Anger, what I'll do, I'll do.
Mir. Thou ſhalt not do. *Bri.* I will.
Mir. Thou art an Aſs then,
A dull old tedious Aſs; thou'rt ten times worſe
And of leſs Credit than Dunce *Hollingſhead*
(14) The *Engliſhman*, that writes of Shows and Sheriffs.

Enter Lewis.

Bri. Well, take your Pleaſure, here's one I muſt talk with.
Lew. Good Day, Sir. *Bri.* Fair to you, Sir.
Lew. May I ſpeak w' ye? [neſs.
Bri. With all my Heart, I was waiting on your Good-
Lew. Good-morrow, Monſieur *Miramont*.
Mir. O ſweet Sir,
Keep your Good-morrow to cool your Worſhip's Pottage.
A Couple of the World's Fools met together
To raiſe up Dirt and Dunghills! *Lew.* Are they drawn?
Bri. They ſhall be ready, Sir, within theſe two Hours,
And *Charles*, to ſet his Hand. *Lew.* 'Tis neceſſary;
For he being a joint Purchaſer, though your State
Was got by your own Induſtry, unleſs
He ſeal to the Conveyance, it can be
Of no Validity. *Bri.* He ſhall be ready,
And do it willingly. *Mir.* He ſhall be hang'd firſt.
Bri. I hope, your Daughter likes.
Lew. She loves him well, Sir;
Young *Euſtace* is a Bait to catch a Woman,
A budding ſpritely Fellow; you're reſolv'd then,
That all ſhall paſs from *Charles*. *Bri.* All, all, he's nothing,
A Bunch of Books ſhall be his Patrimony,

(14) *That writes of* Snows *and Sheriffs.*] The *Quarto* in 1651, and the *Folio* in 1679, have it *Shows*; which I take to be the genuine Word: Becauſe *Holingſhead* is very prolix in deſcribing Tilts and Tournaments, publick Entries, Maſques, and other Pieces of Pageantry.

And

And more than he can manage too. *Lew.* Will your Brother
Paſs over his Land too, to your Son *Euſtace?*
You know, he has no Heir. *Mir.* He will be flead firſt,
And Horſe-collars made of's Skin! *Bri.* Let him alone,
A willful Man; my State ſhall ſerve the Turn, Sir.
And how does your Daughter? *Lew.* Ready for the Hour;
And, like a bluſhing Roſe, that ſtays the pulling.
Bri. To-morrow then's the Day.
Lew. Why, then To-morrow
I'll bring the Girl, get you the Writings ready.
Mar. But hark you, Monſieur, have you the virtuous
To help to rob an Heir, an elder Brother, [Conſcience
Of that which Nature and the Law flings on him?
You were your Father's eldeſt Son, I take it,
And had his Land; 'Would, you had had his Wit too,
Or his Diſcretion to conſider nobly,
What 'tis to deal unworthily in theſe Things!
You'll ſay, he's none of yours, he is his Son;
And he will ſay, he is no Son to inherit
Above a Shelf of Books; Why did he get him? [Things?
Why was he brought up to write and read, and know
Why was he not like his Father, a dumb Juſtice?
A flat dull Piece of Flegm, ſhap'd like a Man,
A reverend Idol in a Piece of Arras?
Can you lay Diſobedience, Want of Manners,
Or any capital Crime to his Charge? *Lew.* I do not,
Nor do not weigh your Words; they bite not me, Sir,
This Man muſt anſwer. *Bri.* I have don't already,
And given ſufficient Reaſon to ſecure me.
And ſo Good-morrow, Brother, to your Patience.
Lew. Good-morrow, Monſieur *Miramont.*
Mir. Good Night-caps!——
Keep your Brains warm, or Maggots will breed in 'em.
Well, *Charles*, thou ſhalt not want to buy thee Books yet,
The faireſt in thy Study are my Gift,
And the *Lovaine* Univerſity for thy ſake
Hath taſted of my Bounty; and to vex
Th' old doting Fool thy Father, and thy Brother,
They ſhall not ſhare a Solz of mine between them;

Nay more, I'll give thee eight thouſand Crowns a Year,
In ſome high Strain to write my Epitaph. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Euſtace, Egremont, *and* Cowſy.

Euſt. How do I look now to my elder Brother?
Nay, 'tis a handſome Suit.

Cow. All courtly, courtly.

Euſt. I'll aſſure ye, Gentlemen, my Tailor has travel'd,
And ſpeaks as lofty Language in his Bills too,
The Cover of an old Book wou'd not ſhew thus.
Fie, fie, what Things theſe Academicks are,
Theſe Book-worms, how they look!

Egre. They're meer Images,
No genteel Motion nor Behaviour in 'em,
They'll prattle ye of *primum mobile*,
And tell a Story of the State of Heav'n,
What Lords and Ladies govern in ſuch Houſes,
And what Wonders they do when they meet together,
And how they ſpit Snow, Fire, and Hail like a Jugler,
And make a Noiſe, when drunk, which we call Thunder.

Cow. They are the ſneaking'ſt Things, and the contemptibleſt;
Such Small-beer Brains; but ask 'em any thing
Out of the Element of their Underſtanding,
And they ſtand gaping like a roaſted Pig;
Do they know what a Court is, or a Council,
Or how th' Affairs of Chriſtendom are manag'd?
Do they know any thing but a tir'd Hackney?
(15) And then they cry abſurd as the Horſe underſtood 'em.
They have made a fair Youth of your elder Brother,
A pretty Piece of Fleſh. *Euſt.* I thank 'em for it;

(15) *And then they cry* abſurd *as the Horſe underſtood 'em.*] There is moſt certainly ſome Corruption here thro' all the Copies, which has debaſed the Text to ſtark Nonſenſe. I have not been able, by revolving it many times in my Mind, to retrieve the true Reading; or to conceive what it points at. I muſt leave it, as it is, to ſome more happy Conjecturers.

Long

Long may he ſtudy to give me his State!
Saw you my Miſtreſs?
Egre. Yes, ſhe's a ſweet young Woman,
But, be ſure, you keep her from Learning. *Euſt.* Songs ſhe
May have, and read a little unbak'd Poetry,
Such as the Dablers of our Time contrive;
That has no Weight nor Wheel to move the Mind,
Nor, indeed, nothing but an empty Sound;
She ſhall have Cloaths, but not made by Geometry;
Horſes and Coach, but of no immortal Race;
I will not have a Scholar in mine Houſe
Above a gentle Reader; they corrupt
The fooliſh Women with their ſubtle Problems:
I'll have my Houſe call'd Ignorance, to fright
Prating Philoſophers from Entertainment.
Cow. It will do well, love thoſe that love good Faſhions,
Good Cloaths and rich, they invite Men to admire 'em,
That ſpeak the Liſp of Court, Oh 'tis great Learning!
To ride well, dance well, ſing well, or whiſtle courtly,
They're rare Endowments; that they have ſeen far Countries, [Truths,
And can ſpeak ſtrange Things, though they ſpeak no
For then they make things common. When are you married?
Euſt. To morow, I think; we muſt have a Maſque, Boys,
And of our own Making.
Egre. 'Tis not half an Hour's Work,
A *Cupid* and a Fiddle, and the Thing's done;
But let's be handſome, ſhall's be Gods or Nymphs?
Euſt. What, Nymphs with Beards?
Cow. That's true, we will be Knights then,
Some wandring Knights, that light here on a ſudden.
Euſt. Let's go, let's go; I muſt go viſit, Gentlemen,
And mark what ſweet Lips I muſt kiſs to morrow. [*Exe.*

SCENE III.

Enter Cook, Andrew, *and Butler.*

Cook. And how does my Maſter?
And. Is at's Book; peace, Coxcomb,

That

That such an unlearn'd Tongue as thine should ask for him!

Cook. Does he not study conjuring too? *And.* Have you
Lost any Plate, Butler? *But.* No, but I know,
I shall to morrow at Dinner. *And.* Then to morrow
You shall be turn'd out o' Place for't; we meddle with
No Spirits o'th' Buttry, they taste too small for us;
Keep me a Pye in *Folio*, I beseech thee,
And thou shalt see how learn'dly I'll translate him;
Shall's have good Cheer to morrow?

Cook. Excellent good Cheer, *Andrew.*

And. The spite on't is, that, much about that Time,
I shall be arguing, or deciding rather,
Which are the Males and Females of red Herrings;
And whether they be taken in the Red Sea only,
A Question found out by *Copernicus*,
The learned Motion-maker. *Cook.* Ay, marry, Butler,
Here are rare things; a Man, that look'd upon him,
Would swear he understood no more than we do.

But. Certain, a learned *Andrew*. *And.* I've so much on't,
And am so loaden with strong Understanding,
I fear, they'll run me mad; here's a new Instrument,
A mathematical Glister to purge the Moon with,
When she is laden with cold flegmatick Humours;
And here's another to remove the Stars,
When they grow too thick in the Firmament.

Cook. O Heav'ns! why do I labour out my Life
In a Beef-pot? And only search the Secrets
Of a Sallad; and know no further! *And.* They are not
Reveal'd to all Heads; these are far above
Your Element of Fire, Cook; I cou'd tell you
Of *Archimedes'* Glass to fire your Coals with;
And of the Philosopher's Turf, that ne'er goes out;
And *Gilbert* Butler, I cou'd ravish thee,
With two most rare Inventions.

But. What are they, *Andrew?* [base,

And. The one to blanch your Bread from Chippings
And, in a moment, as thou wou'dst an Almond;
The Sect of the *Epicureans* invented that;
The other for thy Trenchers, that's a strong one,

To

To cleanſe you twenty Dozen in a Minute,
And no Noiſe heard; which is the Wonder, *Gilbert*,
And this was out of *Plato*'s new Ideas. [*drew?*
But. Why, what a learned Maſter doſt thou ſerve, *An-*
And. Theſe are but the Scrapings of his Underſtanding, *Gilbert.*
With Gods and Goddeſſes, and ſuch ſtrange People
He deals, and treats with, in ſo plain a Faſhion,
As thou doſt with thy Boy that draws thy Drink;
Or *Ralph* there, with his Kitchen-Boys and Scalders.
Cook. But why ſhou'd he not be familiar and talk ſome-
As other Chriſtians do, of hearty Matters, [times,
And come into the Kitchen, and there cut his Breakfaſt?
But. And then retire to the Buttry, and there eat it,
And drink a luſty Bowl? my younger Maſter,
That muſt now be the Heir, will do all theſe,
Ay, and be drunk too; theſe are mortal things.
And. My Maſter ſtudies Immortality.
Cook. Now that thou talk'ſt of Immortality,
How does thy Wife, good *Andrew?* My old Maſter
Did you no ſmall Pleaſure when he procur'd her,
And ſtock'd you in a Farm. If he ſhou'd love her now,
As he hath a Colt's Tooth yet, what ſays your Learning
And your ſtrange Inſtruments to that, my *Andrew?*
Can any of your learned Clerks avoid it?
Can ye put by his mathematical Engine?
And. Yes, or I'll break it; thou awaken'ſt me,
And I'll peep i'th' Moon this Month, but I'll watch for him.
My Maſter rings, I muſt go make him a Fire,
And conjure o'er his Books. *Cook.* Adieu, good *Andrew*;
And ſend thee manly Patience with thy Learning.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Charles.

Char. I have forgot to eat and ſleep with Reading,
And all my Faculties turn into Study,
'Tis Meat and Sleep; what need I outward Garments,
When I can cloath my ſelf with Underſtanding?

The

The Stars and glorious Planets have no Tailors,
Yet ever new they are, and ſhine like Courtiers,
The Seaſons of the Year find no fond Parents,
Yet ſome are arm'd in ſilver Ice that gliſters,
And ſome in gawdy Green come in like Maſquers;
The Silk-worm ſpins her own Suit and her Lodging,
And has no Aid nor Partner in her Labours;
Why ſhou'd we care for any thing but Knowledge,
Or look upon the World but to contemn it?

Enter Andrew.

And. Wou'd you have any thing? *Char. Andrew*, I find,
(16) There is a Stie grown o'er the Eye o'th' Bull,
Which will go near to blind the Conſtellation.
And. Put a Gold-ring in's Noſe, and that will cure him.
Char. Ariadne's Crown's awry too, two main Stars,
That held it faſt, are ſlip'd out. *And.* Send it preſently
(17) To *Gallilæo* the *Italian* Star-wright,
He'll ſet it right again with little Labour.
Char. Thou art a pretty Scholar. *And.* I hope, I ſhall be;
Have I ſwept your Books ſo often to know nothing?
Char. I hear, thou'rt married.
And. It hath pleas'd your Father
(18) To match me to a Mate of his own chooſing:
(I doubt, her Conſtellation's looſe too, and wants nailing,)
And a ſweet Farm he has giv'n us a Mile off, Sir.
Char. Marry thy ſelf to Underſtanding, *Andrew*,
Theſe Women are *Errata* in all Authors;

(16) *There is a* Flie *grown o'er the Eye o'th' Bull,*] *Charles* is ſpeaking of the Bull, or Sign *Taurus*, upon the Cœleſtial Globe. But, a *Fly growing over the Eye*, is an odd Expreſſion. If the Globe were wet with any glutinous Matter, a Fly might ſtick to it. But I have retriev'd the true Reading from ſeveral of the old *Quarto*'s. A Piece of Dirt was fall'n on the Bull's Eye, which look'd like that Inflammation which is call'd a *Stye*.

(17) *To* Gallatteo, *the* Italian *Star-wright.*] But *Gallilæo* was his true Name, as I had ſeveral Years ago mark'd in the Margin of my Book; and as Mr. *Sympſon* likewiſe lately obſerv'd to me.

(18) *To match me to a* Maid *of his own chooſing*;] Mr. *Sympſon* thinks *Mate* to have been the Original and more proper Reading; and ſo I have reform'd the Text.

They're

They're fair to see too, and bound up in Vellom,
Smooth, white and clear; but their Contents are monstrous
They treat of nothing but dull Age and Diseases.
Thou hast not so much Wit in thy Head, as there is
On these Shelves, *Andrew.*

And. I think, I have not, Sir. *Char.* No, if thou hadst
(19) Thou'dst ne'er have warm'd a Woman in thy Bosom;
They're Cataplasms made o'th' deadly Sins.
I never saw any yet but mine own Mother,
Or if I did, I did regard them but
As Shadows that pass by of under Creatures. [Wife;

And. Shall I bring you one? I'll trust you with my own
I wou'd not have your Brother go beyond ye,
They're the prettiest natural Philosophers to play with.

Char. No, no, they're Opticks to delude Mens Eyes with.
Does my younger Brother speak any *Greek* yet, *Andrew?*

And. No, but he speaks *High Dutch*; and that goes as daintily.

Char. Reach me the Books down I read yesterday,
And make a little Fire, and get a Manchet;
Make clean those Instruments of Brass I shew'd you,
And set the great Sphere by, then take the Fox-Tail
And purge the Books from Dust; last, take your *Lilly*,
And get your Part ready. *And.* Shall I go home, Sir?
My Wife's Name is *Lilly*, there my best Part lies, Sir.

Char. I mean, your Grammar; O thou Dunderhead!
Wou'dst thou be ever in thy Wife's *Syntaxis?*
Let me have no Noise, nor nothing to disturb me,
I am to find a Secret. *And.* So am I too;
Which, if I do find, I shall make some smart for't.
[*Exeunt.*

(19) *Thou'dst ne'er have* married *a Woman in thy Bosom*;] To *take* a Woman *into* one's Bosom is a very common and sensible Expression; but to *marry* one *in* one's Bosom is a Form of speaking that I have never met with. In short, the *Quarto* in 1651 has it rightly, *warm'd*; and the Allusion, I take it, is to to the silly Countryman, in the *Fable*, who cherish'd a frozen Snake in his Bosom, till it recover'd and stung him.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Lewis, Angellina, Sylvia, *and Notary.*

Lew. THIS is the Day, my Daughter *Angellina*,
The happy Day, that must make you a Fortune,
A large and full one; my great Care has wrought it,
And yours must be as great to entertain it.
Young *Eustace* is a Gentleman at all Points,
And his Behaviour affable and courtly,
His Person excellent; I know, you find that,
I read it in your Eyes, you like his Youth.
Young handsome People should be match'd together,
Then follow handsome Children, handsome Fortunes;
The most part of his Father's State, my Wench,
Is ty'd in Jointure, that makes up the Harmony;
And, when ye are marry'd, he's of that soft Temper,
And so far will be chain'd to your Observance,
That you may rule and turn him as you please.
What are the Writings drawn on our side, Sir?

Not. They are, and here I have so fetter'd him,
That if the Elder Brother set his Hand to,
Not all the Pow'r of Law shall e'er release him.

Lew. These Notaries are notable confident Knaves,
And able to do more Mischief than an Army.
Are all your Clauses sure? *Not.* Sure as Proportion;
They may turn Rivers sooner than these Writings.
Why did you not put all the Lands in, Sir?

Lew. 'Twas not condition'd. *Not.* If it had been found,
It had been but a Fault made in the Writing;
If not found all the Land. *Lew.* These are small Devils,
That care not who has Mischief, so they make it;
They live upon the meer Scent of Dissention.
'Tis well, 'tis well; are you contented, Girl?
For your Will must be known.

Ang. A Husband's welcome,
And, as an humble Wife, I'll entertain him;
No Sovereignty I aim at, 'tis the Man's, Sir;
For she, that seeks it, kill her Husband's Honour:

The

The Gentleman I have ſeen, and well obſerv'd him,
Yet find not that grac'd Excellence you promiſe;
A pretty Gentleman, and he may pleaſe too;
And ſome few Flaſhes I have heard come from him,
But not to Admiration, as from others; [ſo,
(20) He's young, and may be good, yet he muſt make him
And I may help, and for Help thank him alſo.
It is your Pleaſure I ſhould make him mine,
And 't has been ſtill my Duty to obſerve you.
Lew. Why then let's go, and I ſhall love your Modeſty.
To Horſe, and bring the Coach out. *Angellina*,
To morrow you will look more Womanly.
Ang. So I look honeſtly, I fear no Eyes, Sir. [*Exe.*

SCENE II.

Enter Briſac, Andrew, Cook, *and* Lilly.

Bri. Wait on your Maſter, he ſhall have that befits [him.
And. No Inheritance, Sir?
Bri. You ſpeak like a Fool, a Coxcomb,
He ſhall have annual Means to buy him Books,
And find him Cloaths and Meat, what would he more?
Trouble him with Land? 'tis flat againſt his Nature.
I love him too, and honour thoſe Gifts in him.
And. Shall Maſter *Euſtace* have all?
Bri. All, all; he knows how
To uſe it, he's a Man bred in the World,
Th'other i'th' Heav'ns. My Maſters, pray be wary
And ſerviceable; and, Cook, ſee all your Sawces
Be ſharp and poynant in the Palate, that they may

(20) *He's young and may be good, yet he muſt make it,*
And I may help, and help to *thank him alſo.*] I can make no ſort of Senſe of the latter part of the laſt Line; but as the foregoing Lines point out the Intention of the Author, ſo That will direct us to the true Reading. The Senſe I take to be this. He's yet too young to be fix'd to either Good or Evil, but he may hereafter make himſelf good, and I may help to make him ſo: And, as I am young, he, in return, may help to fix me in Goodneſs. The ſlight Reformation, that I have offer'd, entirely gives this Senſe.
Mr. *Seward.*

Com-

Commend you, look to your Roaſt and Bak'd Meats handſomely,
And what new Kickſhaws and delicate made Things—
Is th' Muſick come?
But. Yes, Sir, they're here at Breakfaſt.
Bri. There will be a Maſque too, you muſt ſee this Room clean,
And, Butler, your Door open to all good Fellows;
(21) But have an Eye to your Plate, for there be Furies.
My *Lilly*, welcome, you are for the Linnen,
Sort it, and ſee it ready for the Table;
And ſee the Bride-bed made, and look the Cords be
Not cut aſunder by the Gallants too;
There be ſuch Knacks abroad; hark hither, *Lilly*,
To Morrow night at twelve o'Clock, I'll ſup w'ye:
Your Husband ſhall be ſafe, I'll ſend ye Meat too;
Before, I cannot well ſlip from my Company.
And. Will ye ſo, will ye ſo, Sir? I'll make one to eat it,
I may chance make you ſtagger too.
Bri. No Anſwer, *Lilly?*
Lil. One word about the Linnen; I'll be ready,
And reſt your Worſhip's ſtill. *And.* And I'll reſt w'ye,
You ſhall ſee what Reſt 'twill be. Are ye ſo nimble?
A Man had need have ten pair of Ears to watch you.
Bri. Wait on your Maſter, for, I know, he wants ye;
And keep him in his Study, that the Noiſe
Do not moleſt him: I will not fail, my *Lilly*—
Come in, Sweet-hearts, all to their ſeveral Duties. [*Exe.*
And. Are you Kiſſing-ripe, Sir? Double but my Farm,
And kiſs her 'till thy Heart ake. Theſe Smock-vermine,
How eagerly they leap at old Mens Kiſſes;
They lick their Lips at Profit, not at Pleaſure;
And if 'twere not for the ſcurvy name of Cuckold,
He ſhould lie with her; I know, ſhe'll labour at length
With a good Lordſhip. If he had a Wife now?

(21) *But have an Eye to your Plate, for there be* Furies] i. e. Pilferers, Perſons with rapacious Talons: The Alluſion may be to the *Harpies*, mention'd by VIRGIL, whom he calls *Furies*.

——— *Vobis* Furiarum *maxima pando.*

And *Heſychius* calls them ἁρπακτικὰς κύνας. Mr. *Sympſon.*

But

But that's all one, I'll fit him : I muſt up
Unto my Maſter, he'll be mad with Study. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Charles.

(22) *Char.* What Noiſe is in this Houſe, (my Head is
With ſeveral Noiſes ; and in every Corner ; [broken!)
As if the Earth were ſhaken with ſome ſtrange Cholick,
There are Stirs and Motions. What Planet rules this Houſe ?

Enter Andrew.

Who's there ? *And.* 'Tis I, Sir, faithfull *Andrew.*
Char. Come near,
And lay thine Ear down ; hear'ſt no Noiſe ?
And. The Cooks
Are chopping Herbs and Mince-meat to make Pies,
And breaking Marrow-Bones—
Char. Can they ſet them again ? [ſtronger,
And. Yes, yes, in Broths and Puddings ; and they grow

(22) *What Noiſe is in this Houſe, my Head is broken,*] The old Editions have handed down to us as ridiculous a Blunder upon this Paſſage, as ever paſs'd the Preſs. They read ;

——— ——— *my Head is broken,*
Within a Parentheſis *in ev'ry Corner :*

Our Learned and Ingenious Mr. CIBBER, who jumbled the *Cuſtom of the Country* and this *Play* into one Comedy, ſagaciouſly ſaw, that *within a Parentheſis* did not ſo harmoniouſly begin a Verſe ; he has therefore alter'd it thus.

My Head is broken
With a Parentheſis *in ev'ry Corner* ;

This Gentleman, I ſuppoſe, might have met with this Scrap of *Latin*, which is ſaid to thoſe who make falſe Grammar, *Diminuis* Priſciani *Caput :* You break *Priſcian*'s Head. Now if a little falſe Grammar would break *Priſcian*'s Head, he naturally concluded, a common Man's Head might be broken with a *Parentheſis :* and ſo he very judiciouſly adopted the Expreſſion.——— But may it not be asked, how did this Nonſenſe ſlip at firſt into the old Books ? I believe, I can give a Solution for That. Some careful Reader had written in the Margin of his Book at the Words,

——— *My Head is broken*
Within a *Parentheſis.*

But forgetting to make the two half Moons, which form a *Parentheſis*, it was miſtook at Preſs for a part of the Text, and thence we derive this wonderfull Interpolation.

For th' Uſe of any Man. *Char.* What Squeaking's that?
Sure, there is a Maſſacre. *And.* Of Pigs and Geeſe, Sir,
And Turkeys, for the Spit. The Cooks are angry Sirs,
And that makes up the Medly. *Char.* Do they thus
At every Dinner? I ne'er mark'd them yet,
Nor know, who is a Cook. *And.* They're ſometimes ſober,
And then they beat as gently as a Tabor.
Char. What Loads are theſe?
And. Meat, Meat, Sir, for the Kitchen.
And ſtinking Fowls the Tenants have ſent in;
They'll ne'er be found out at a general Eating,
And there's fat Veniſon, Sir.
Char. What's that? *And.* Why, Deer,
Thoſe that Men fatten for their private Pleaſures;
And let their Tenants ſtarve upon the Commons.
Char. I've read of Deer, but, yet I ne'er eat any.
And. There's a Fiſhmonger's Boy with Caviar, Sir;
Anchoves, and Potargo, to make ye drink.
Char. Sure, theſe are modern, very modern Meats,
For I underſtand 'em not. *And.* No more does any Man,
From Caca-merda, or a Subſtance worſe,
'Till they be greas'd with Oil, and rubb'd with Onions,
And then flung out of Doors, they are rare Sallads.
Char. And why is all this, prithee, tell me, *Andrew?*
Are there any Princes to dine here to Day?
By this Abundance, ſure, there ſhou'd be Princes;
I've read of Entertainment for the Gods
At half this Charge; will not ſix Diſhes ſerve 'em?
I never had but one, and that a ſmall one.
And. Your Brother's married this Day, he's marry'd,
Your younger Brother *Euſtace.* *Char.* What of that?
And. And all the Friends about are bidden hither;
There's not a Dog, that knows the Houſe, but comes too.
Char. Marry'd! to whom?
And. Why, to a dainty Gentlewoman,
Young, ſweet, and modeſt.
Char. Are there modeſt Women?
How do they look?
And. O, you'd bleſs your ſelf to ſee them.
He parts with's Books, he ne'er did ſo before yet——

Char.

Char. What does my Father for 'em?
And. Gives all his Land,
And makes your Brother Heir. *Char.* Muſt I have nothing?
And. Yes, you muſt ſtudy ſtill, and he'll maintain you.
Char. I am his eldeſt Brother. *And.* True, you were ſo,
But he has leap'd o'er your Shoulders, Sir.
Char. 'Tis well,
He'll not inherit my Underſtanding too?
And. I think not, he'll ſcarce find Tenants to let it
Out to. *Char.* Hark, hark.
And. The Coach that brings the Fair Lady.

Enter Lewis, Angellina, *Ladies*, *Notary*, *&c.*

And. Now you may ſee her.
Char. Sure, this ſhould be modeſt;
But I do not truly know what Women make of it,
(23) *Andrew*; ſhe has a Face looks like a Story,
The Story of the Heav'ns looks very like her.
And. She has a wide Face then.
Char. She has a Cherubin's,
Cover'd and veil'd with modeſt Bluſhes.
Euſtace, be happy, whilſt poor *Charles* is patient.
Get me my Book again, and come in with me.——
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Briſac, Euſtace, Egremont, Cowſy, Miramont, *and Ladies.*

Bri. Welcome, ſweet Daughter; welcome, noble Brother;
And you are welcome, Sir, with all your Writings;
Ladies, moſt welcome: What, my angry Brother!

(23) ——*She has a Face looks like a* Story,
The Story *of the Heav'ns looks very like her.*] I have not ventured to diſturb the Text, but I ought to ſubjoin Mr. *Seward*'s ingenious Conjecture upon this Paſſage. "As I can fix no Idea to "the Word *Story* here, what if it ſhould be alter'd to *Glory* in both "Places? *Charles* ſpeaks in a ſcholaſtick Stile; but, of all Perſons "in the Play, ſhould not talk Nonſenſe. Mr. *Seward.*
I have preſerv'd the Word *Story*, becauſe our Authors have uſed the ſame Image in their *Philaſter*.
——*How that fooliſh Man,*
That reads the Story *of a Woman's* Face,
And dies believing it, is loſt for ever!

You muſt be welcome too, the Feaſt is flat elſe.
Mir. I come not for your Welcome, I expect none;
I bring no Joys to bleſs the Bed withal;
Nor Songs, nor Maſques to glorify the Nuptials;
I bring an angry Mind to ſee your Folly,
A ſharp one too, to reprehend you for it.
Bri. You'll ſtay and dine though?
Mir. All your Meat ſmells muſty,
Your Table will ſhew nothing to content me.
Bri. I'll aſſure you, here's good Meat.
Mir. But your Sawce is ſcurvy.
It is not ſeaſon'd with the Sharpneſs of Diſcretion.
Euſt. It ſeems, your Anger is at me, dear Uncle.
Mir. Thou art not worth my Anger, th'art a Boy,
A Lump o'thy Father's Likeneſs, made of nothing
But antick Cloaths and Cringes; look in thy Head,
And 'twill appear a Foot-ball full of Fumes
And rotten Smoke. Lady, I pity you,
You are a handſome and a ſweet young Lady,
And ought to have a handſome Man yok'd t'ye,
An underſtanding too; this is a Gincrack,
That can get nothing but new Faſhions on you;
For ſay, he have a Thing ſhap'd like a Child,
'Twill either prove a Tumbler or a Tailor.
Euſt. Theſe are but harſh Words, Uncle.
Mir. So I mean 'em.
Sir, you play harſher Play w'your elder Brother.
Euſt. I would be loth to give you——
Mir. Do not venture,
I'll make your Wedding-cloaths ſit cloſer t'ye then;
I but diſturb you, I'll go ſee my Nephew.
Lew. Pray, take a Piece of Roſemary.
Mir. I'll wear it,
But, for the Lady's ſake; and none of yours;
May be, I'll ſee your Table too. *Bri.* Pray, do, Sir.
Ang. A mad old Gentleman.
Bri. Yes, faith, ſweet Daughter,
He has been thus his whole Age to my Knowledge;
He has made *Charles* his Heir, I know that certainly;
Then why ſhould he grudge *Euſtace* any thing?

Ang.

Aug. I would not have a light Head, nor one laden
With too much Learning, as, they ſay, this *Charles* is,
That makes his Book his Miſtreſs. Sure, there's ſomething
Hid in this old Man's Anger, that declares him
Not a meer Sot.

Bri. Come, ſhall we go and ſeal, Brother?
All Things are ready, and the Prieſt is here,
When *Charles* has ſet his Hand unto the Writings,
As he ſhall inſtantly, then to the Wedding,
And ſo to Dinner.

Lew. Come, let's ſeal the Book firſt,
For my Daughter's Jointure.

Bri. Let's be private in't, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Charles, Miramont, *and* Andrew.

Mir. Nay, y'are undone. *Char.* Hum!

Mir. Ha'ye no greater Feeling?

And. You were moſt ſenſible of the great Book, Sir,
When it fell on your Head, and, now the Houſe
Is ready to fall, do you feel nothing? *Char.* Will
He have my Books too? *Mir.* No, he has a Book,
A fair one too to read on, and read Wonders;
I wou'd, thou had'ſt her in thy Study, Nephew;
An 'twere but to new-ſtring her.

Char. Yes, I ſaw her;
Methought, it was a curious Piece of Learning,
Handſomly bound, and of a dainty Letter.

And. He flung away his Book.———

Mir. I like that in him;
'Wou'd, he had flung away his Dullneſs too,
And ſpake to her. *Char.* And muſt my Brother have all?

Mir. All that your Father has.

Char. And that fair Woman too?

Mir. That Woman alſo. *Char.* He has enough then.
May I not ſee her ſometimes, and call her Siſter?
I will do him no Wrong. *Mir.* This makes me mad,
I cou'd now cry for Anger; theſe old Fools

Are the moſt ſtubborn and the wilfulleſt Coxcombs.
Farewell, and fall to your Book, forget your Brother,
You are my Heir, and I'll provide y'a Wife:
I'll look upon this Marriage, though I hate it. [*Exit.*

Enter Briſac.

Bri. Where is my Son?

And. There, Sir, caſting a Figure
What chopping Children his Brother ſhall have.

Bri. He does well. How do'ſt, *Charles?* ſtill at thy Book?

And. He's ſtudying now, Sir, who ſhall be his Father.

Bri. Peace, you rude Knave—Come hither, *Charles*, be merry.

Char. I thank you, I am buſy at my Book, Sir. [merry.

Bri. You muſt put your Hand, my *Charles*, as I wou'd
Unto a little Piece of Parchment here, [have you,
Only your Name, you write a reaſonable Hand.

Char. But I may do unreaſonably to write it.
What is it, Sir? *Bri.* To paſs the Land I have, Sir,
Unto your younger Brother. *Char.* Is't no more?

Bri. No, no, 'tis nothing, you ſhall be provided for,
And new Books you ſhall have ſtill, and new Studies,
And have your Means brought in without thy Care, Boy;
And one ſtill to attend you.

Char. This ſhews your Love, Father.

Bri. I'm tender to you. *And.* Like a Stone, I take it.

Char. Why, Father, I'll go down, an't pleaſe you let me,
Becauſe I'd ſee the Thing they call the Gentlewoman;
I ſee no Women but through Contemplation,
And there I'll do't before the Company,
And wiſh my Brother Fortune. *Bri.* Do, I prithee.

Char. I muſt not ſtay, for I have Things above
Require my Study. *Bri.* No, thou ſhalt not ſtay;
Thou ſhalt have a brave Dinner too. *And.* Now has he
O'erthrown himſelf for ever; I will down
Into the Cellar, and be ſtark drunk for Anger. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Lewis, Angellina, Euſtace, *Prieſt*, *Ladies*, Cowſy, *Notary*, *and* Miramont.

Not. Come, let him bring his Son's Hand, and all's done.

Is

Is yours ready? *Prieſt.* Yes, I'll diſpatch ye preſently,
Immediately, for, in Truth, I am hungry.
Euſt. Do, ſpeak apace, for we believe exactly:
Do not we ſtay long, Miſtreſs? *Ang.* I find no Fault,
Better Things well done than want Time to do them.
Uncle, why are you ſad? *Mir.* Sweet-ſmelling Bloſſom,
'Wou'd, I were thine Uncle to thine own Content,
I'd make thy Husband's State a thouſand better,
A yearly thouſand; thou haſt miſs'd a Man,
(But that he is addicted to his Study,
And knows no other Miſtreſs than his Mind)
Wou'd weigh down Bundles of theſe empty Kexes.
Ang. Can he ſpeak, Sir?
Mir. 'Faith, yes, but not to Women:
His Language is to Heav'n, and heav'nly Wonders;
To Nature, and her dark and ſecret Cauſes.
Ang. And does he ſpeak well there?
Mir. O, admirably;
But he's too baſhful to behold a Woman,
There's none that ſees him, nor he troubles none.
Ang. He is a Man.
Mir. Yes, and a clear ſweet Spirit.
Ang. Then Converſation, methinks———
Mir. So think I too,
But 'tis his rugged Fate, and ſo I leave you.
Ang. I like thy Nobleneſs. *Euſt.* See, my mad Uncle
Is courting my fair Miſtreſs. *Lew.* Let him alone;
There's nothing that allays an angry Mind
So ſoon as a ſweet Beauty; he'll come to us.

Enter Briſac, *and* Charles.

Euſt. My Father's here, my Brother too! that's a Wonder;
Broke like a Spirit from his Cell. *Bri.* Come hither,
Come nearer, *Charles*; 'twas your Deſire to ſee
My noble Daughter, and the Company,
And give your Brother Joy, and to ſeal, Boy.
You do like a good Brother. *Lew.* Marry, does he,
And he ſhall have my Love for ever for't.
Put to your Hand now. *Not.* Here's the Deed, Sir, ready.

Char. No, you must pardon me a while; I tell ye,
I am in Contemplation, do not trouble me.
Bri. Come, leave thy Study, *Charles.*
Char. I'll leave my Life first;
I study now to be a Man, I've found it.
Before, what Man was, was but my Argument.
Mir. I like this best of all, he has taken Fire,
His dull Mist flies away. *Eust.* Will you write, Brother?
Char. No, Brother, no; I have no Time for poor Things;
I'm taking the Height of that bright Constellation.
Bri. I say, you trifle Time, Son.
Char. I will not seal, Sir;
I am your Eldest, and I'll keep my Birth-right;
For, Heav'n forbid, I should become Example;
Had y'only shew'd me Land, I had deliver'd it,
And been a proud Man to have parted with it;
'Tis Dirt, and Labour. Do I speak right, Uncle?
Mir. Bravely, my Boy; and bless thy Tongue!
Char. I'll forward;
But you have open'd to me such a Treasure,
I find my Mind free; Heav'n direct my Fortune!
Mir. Can he speak now? Is this a Son to sacrifice?
Char. Such an inimitable Piece of Beauty,
That I have studied long, and now found only,
That I'll part sooner with my Soul of Reason,
And be a Plant, a Beast, a Fish, a Fly,
And only make the Number of Things up,
Than yield one Foot of Land, if she be ty'd to 't.
Lew. He speaks unhappily.
Ang. And, methinks, bravely;
This the meer Scholar?
Eust. You but vex your self, Brother,
And vex your Study too. *Char.* Go you and study,
'Tis Time, young *Eustace*; you want both Man and Man-
I've study'd Both, although I made no Shew on't. [ners:
Go turn the Volumes over I have read,
Eat and digest them, that they may grow in thee;
Wear out the tedious Night with thy dim Lamps,
And sooner lose the Day than leave a Doubt;
Distill the Sweetness from the Poets' Spring,

And

And learn to love; thou know'ſt not what Fair is:
Traverſe the Stories of the greateſt Heroes,
The wiſe and civil Lives of good Men walk through;
Thou haſt ſeen nothing but the Face of Countries,
And brought home nothing but their empty Words:
Why ſhou'dſt thou wear a Jewel of this Worth?
That haſt no Worth within thee to preſerve her.

Beauty clear and fair,
Where the Air
Rather like a Perfume dwells;
Where the Violet and the Roſe
Their blue Veins in Bluſh diſcloſe,
And come to honour nothing elſe.

Where to live but near,
Planted there,
Is ſtill to live, and ſtill live new;
Where to gain a Favour is
More than Light, perpetual Bliſs,
O! Make me live by ſerving you.

Dear, again recall,
To this Light,
A Stranger to himſelf and all;
Both the Wonder and the Story
Shall be yours, and eke the Glory:
I am your Servant, and your Thrall.

Mir. Speak ſuch another Ode, and take all yet. What ſay ye to the Scholar now? *Ang.* I wonder; Is he your Brother, Sir?

Euſt. Yes; 'wou'd, he were buried!
(24) I fear, he'll make an Aſs of me; a Younker.

(24) *I fear, he'll make an Aſs of me; a* Younger.] A *Younger* what? He was already his *younger* Brother. I hope, I may venture to ſay, that I have retriev'd the Original Word. A *Younker*, among the *Sailors*, is a Lad employ'd in the moſt ſervile Offices belonging to the Ship; ſuch as ſwabbing the Deck, taking in the Topſails, ſlinging the Yards, taking their Turns at the Helm, *&c.*

Ang.

Ang. Speak not so softly, Sir; 'tis very likely.——
Bri. Come, leave your finical Talk, and let's dispatch,
Char. Dispatch? What? [*Charles.*
Bri. Why, the Land. *Char.* You are deceiv'd, Sir;
Now I perceive what 'tis that wooes a Woman, [here.
And what maintains her when she's woo'd: I'll stop
A willfull Poverty ne'er made a Beauty,
Nor Want of Means maintain'd it virtuously:
Though Land and Monies be no Happiness,
Yet they are counted good Additions.
That Use I'll make, he that neglects a Blessing,
Though he want present Knowledge how to use it,
Neglects himself. May be, I have done you Wrong, Lady,
Whose Love and Hope went Hand in Hand together;
May be, my Brother, that has long expected
The happy Hour, and bless'd my Ignorance———
(Pray, give me Leave, Sir, I shall clear all Doubts.)
Why did they shew me you? Pray, tell me that.
(*Mir.* He'll talk thee into a Pension for thy Knavery.)
Char. You, happy you, why did you break unto me?
(25) The rosie-finger'd Morn ne'er broke so sweetly:
I am a Man and have Desires within me,
Affections too, though they were drown'd a while,
And lay dead, till the Spring of Beauty rais'd them;
Till I saw those Eyes, I was but a Lump,
A Chaos of Confusedness dwelt in me;
Then from those Eyes shot Love, and he distinguish'd,
And into Form he drew my Faculties;
And now I know my Land, and now I love too.
Bri. We had best remove the Maid.
Char. It is too late, Sir,
I have her Figure here. Nay, frown not, *Eustace*,
There are less worthy Souls for younger Brothers;
This is no Form of Silk but Sanctity,
Which wild lascivious Hearts can never dignify.
Remove her where you will, I walk along still,

(25) *The* rosie-finger'd *Morn.*] Several of the old *Quarto*'s read *rosie fugred* Morn; a Corruption, that, I presume, was occasioned by the Word, *sweetly*, following. But our Poets deriv'd their compound Epithet from HOMER, ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἠώς.

For,

For, like the Light, we make no Separation;
You may ſooner part the Billows of the Sea,
And put a Bar betwixt their Fellowſhips,
Than blot out my Remembrance; ſooner ſhut
Old Time into a Den, and ſtay his Motion;
Waſh off the ſwift Hours from his downy Wings,
Or ſteal Eternity to ſtop his Glaſs,
Than ſhut the ſweet Idea I have in me.
Room for an elder Brother!——pray, give place, Sir.

Mir. H'as ſtudied Duel too, take heed, he'll beat thee.
H'as frighted the old Juſtice into a Fever;
I hope, he'll diſinherit him too for an Aſs;
For, though he be grave with Years, he's a great Baby.

Char. Do not you think me mad?

Ang. No, certain, Sir.
I have heard nothing from you but Things excellent.

Char. You look upon my Cloaths and laugh at me,
My ſcurvy Cloaths! *Ang.* They have rich Linings, Sir;
I wou'd, your Brother——*Char.* His are Gold and gawdy.

Ang. But touch 'em inwardly, they ſmell of Copper.

Char. Can ye love me? I am an Heir, ſweet Lady,
However I appear a poor Dependant;
Love you with Honour, I ſhall love ſo ever:
Is your Eye ambitious? I may be a great Man.
Is't Wealth or Land you covet? My Father muſt die.

Mir. That was well put in; I hope, he'll take it deeply.

Char. Old Men are not immortal, as I take it;
What is't, you look for, Youth and Handſomeneſs?
I do confeſs, my Brother's a handſome Gentleman,
But he ſhall give me Leave to lead the Way, Lady.
Can you love for Love, and make that the Reward?
The old Man ſhall not love his Heaps of Gold
With a more doting Superſtition,
Than I love you; the young Man, his Delights;
The Merchant, when he ploughs the angry Sea up,
And ſees the Mountain-Billows falling on him,
As if all Elements, and all their Angers,
Were turn'd into one vow'd Deſtruction,
Shall not with greater Joy embrace his Safety.
We'll live together like two wanton Vines,

Circling

Circling our Souls and Loves in one another;
We'll ſpring together, and we'll bear one Fruit,
One Joy ſhall make us ſmile, and one Grief mourn,
One Age go with us, and one Hour of Death
Shall ſhut our Eyes, and one Grave make us happy.
Ang. And one Hand ſeal the Match; I'm yours for ever.
Lew. Nay, ſtay, ſtay, ſtay.
Ang. Nay, certainly, 'tis done, Sir.
(26) *Bri.* There was a Contract,—*Ang.* Only conditional,
That if he had the Land, he had my Love too;
This Gentleman's the Heir, and he'll maintain it.
Pray, be not angry, Sir, at what I ſay;
Or if you be, 'tis at your own Adventure.
You have the Outſide of a pretty Gentleman,
But, by my Troth, your Inſide is but barren;
'Tis not a Face I only am in Love with,
Nor will I ſay, your Face is excellent;
A reaſonable hunting Face, to court the Wind with;
Nor th'are not Words, unleſs they be well plac'd too,
Nor your ſweet *Damnee's*, nor your hired Verſes,
Nor telling me of Cloaths, nor Coach and Horſes,
No, nor your Viſits each Day in new Suits,
Nor your black Patches you wear variouſly,
(27) Some cut like Stars, ſome in half Moons, ſome Lozenges.
(All which but ſhew you ſtill a younger Brother)——
Mir. Gra'mercy, Wench, thou haſt a noble Soul too.
Ang. Nor your long Travels, nor your little Knowledge,
Can make me dote upon you. Faith, go ſtudy,
And glean ſome Goodneſs, that you may ſhew manly;
(Your Brother at my Suit, I'm ſure, will teach you,)
Or only ſtudy how to get a Wife, Sir,

(26) Bri. *There was a Contract.*] Mr. *Sympſon* is inclined to think, from the Tenor of *Angellina*'s ſubſequent Speech, that theſe Words ſhould be placed to *Euſtace*, not to *Briſac*. But as ſhe addreſſes her ſelf firſt to the Father, and then to *Euſtace*, I think, *Briſac* might ſay theſe Words as properly as the other.

(27) *Some cut like* Stars, *ſome in half* Moons, *ſome* Lozenges.] *Stars*, half *Moons*, and *Mullets*, are uſed in Coats of Arms, either as Bearings, or Differences in the younger Branches of Families; *Lozenges*, as I take it, are only appropriated to unmarried Women, and Widows.

You're

You're caſt behind, 'tis good you ſhould be melancholy,
It ſhews like a Gameſter that has loſt his Money,
And 'tis the Faſhion to wear your Arm in a Scarf, Sir,
For you have had a ſhrewd Cut o'er the Fingers.
Lew. But are you in earneſt? *Ang.* Yes, believe me, Father,
You ſhall ne'er chuſe for me; you're old and dim, Sir,
And th' Shadow of the Earth eclips'd your Judgment.
You've had your Time without Controul, dear Father,
And you muſt give me Leave to take mine now, Sir. [to ?
Bri. This is the laſt Time of asking, will you ſet your Hand
Char. This is the laſt Time of anſwering, I will never.
Bri. Out of my Doors! *Char.* Moſt willingly.
Mir. He ſhall, Jew,
Thou of the Tribe of *Man-y-aſſes*, Coxcomb,
And never trouble thee more till thy Chops be cold, Fool.
Ang. Muſt I be gone too? *Lew.* I will never know thee.
Ang. Then this Man will, what Fortune he ſhall run, Fa-
Be't good or bad, I muſt partake it with him. [ther,

Enter Egremont.

Egre. When ſhall the Maſque begin? *Euſt.* 'Tis done
All, all, is broken off; I am undone, Friend; [already,
My Brother's wife again, and has ſpoil'd all,
Will not releaſe the Land, has won the Wench too.
Egre. Cou'd he not ſtay till th' Maſque was paſt? w'are
ready.
What a ſcurvy Trick is this? *Mir.* O you may vaniſh,
Perform it at ſome Hall, where the Citizens Wives
May ſee't for ſix Pence a Piece, and a cold Supper.
Come, let's go, *Charles*; and now, my noble Daughter,
I'll ſell the Titles of my Houſe e'er thou ſhalt want, Wench.
Rate up your Dinner, Sir, and ſell it cheap.
Some younger Brother will take't up in Commodities.
Send you Joy, Nephew *Euſtace*; if ye ſtudy the Law,
Keep your great Pippin-pies, they'll go far with ye.
Char. I'd have your Bleſſing.
Bri. No, no, meet me no more,
Farewel, thou wilt blaſt mine Eyes elſe. *Char.* I will not.
Lew. Nor ſend not you for Gowns.
Ang. I'll wear coarſe Flannel firſt.

Bri.

Bri. Come, let's go take ſome Counſel.
Lew. 'Tis too late.
Bri. Then ſtay and dine; it may be, we ſhall vex 'em.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Briſac, Euſtace, Egremont, *and* Cowſy.

Bri. NE'er talk to me, you are no Men but Maſquers,
Shapes, Shadows, and the Signs of Men, Court-
That every Breath, or breaks, or blows away; [bubbles,
You have no Souls, no Mettle in your Bloods,
No Heat to ſtir ye when ye have Occaſion;
Frozen dull Things that muſt be turn'd with Leavers,
Are you the Courtiers and the travell'd Gallants?
The ſpritely Fellows, that the People talk of?
(28) You've no more Spirit than three ſleepy Sots.
Euſt. What would ye have me do, Sir?
Bri. Follow your Brother,
And get ye out of Doors, and ſeek your Fortune;
Stand ſtill becalm'd, and let an aged Dotard,
A hair-brain'd Puppy and a bookiſh Boy,
That never knew a Blade above a Penknife,
And how to cut his Meat in Characters,
Croſs my Deſign, and take thy own Wench from thee,
In mine own Houſe too? Thou deſpis'd, poor, Fellow!
Euſt. The Reverence that I ever bare to you, Sir,
Then to my Uncle, with whom 't had been but Sawcineſs
T' have been ſo rough — *Egre.* And we not ſeeing him
Strive in his own Cauſe, that was Principal,
And ſhou'd have led us on, thought it ill Manners
To 'gin a Quarrel here. *Bri.* You dare do nothing.

(28) *You've no more Spirit than three ſleepy* Sops.] Tho' ſeveral of the old *Quarto*'s agree in this Reading, as the Impreſſion in 1651 has it *Sots*, i. e. Fellows beſotted by Drink, or Dullneſs, I have adopted that Reading; the other, I think, conveys too remote an Idea.

Do

Do you make your Care th' Excuſe of your Cowardlineſs?
Three Boys on Hobby-horſes, with three penny Halberts,
Would beat you all.

Cow. You muſt not ſay ſo. *Bri.* Yes,
And ſing it too. *Cow.* You are a Man of Peace,
Therefore we muſt give Way. *Bri.* I'll make my Way,
And therefore quickly leave me, or I'll force you;
And, having firſt torn off your flaunting Feathers,
I'll trample on 'em; and if that cannot teach you
To quit my Houſe, I'll kick ye out of my Gates;
(29) You gawdy Glow-worms, carrying ſeeming Fire,
Yet have no Heat within ye! *Cow.* O bleſt Travell!
How much we owe thee for our Pow'r to ſuffer?

Egre. Some ſpleenative Youths now, that had never ſeen
More than their Country Smoke, wou'd grow in Choler;
It would ſhew fine in us. *Euſt.* Yes, marry, wou'd it,
That are prime Courtiers, and muſt know no Angers;
But give Thanks for our Injuries, if we purpoſe
To hold our Places. *Bri.* Will you find the Door,
And find it ſuddenly? You ſhall lead the Way, Sir,
With your perfum'd Retinue, and recover
The now loſt *Angellina*; or, build on it,
I will adopt ſome Beggar's doubtful Iſſue,
Before thou ſhalt inherit. *Euſt.* We'll to Counſel,
And what may be done by Man's Wit or Valour
We'll put in Execution. *Bri.* Do, or never
Hope I ſhall know thee. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lewis.

Lew. O Sir, have I found you?

Bri. I never hid my ſelf: Whence flows this Fury,
With which, as it appears, you come to fright me?

Lew. I ſmell a Plot, a meer Conſpiracy,
Among ye all, to defeat me of my Daughter;
And if ſhe be not ſuddenly deliver'd,

(29) *You gawdy* Glow-worms, *carrying* ſeeming Fire,
Yet have no Heat *within you!*] How finely has SHAKESPEARE expreſs'd this Thought in his *Hamlet!*
The Glow-worm *ſhews the Matin to be near,*
And 'gins to pale *his* ineffectual Fire.

Untainted

Untainted in her Reputation too,
The beſt of *France* ſhall know how I am juggled with.
She is my Heir, and if ſhe may be raviſh'd
Thus from my Care, farewel, Nobility!
Honour and Blood are meer neglected Nothings.

Bri. Nay, then, my Lord, you go too far, and tax him,
Whoſe Innocence underſtands not what Fear is,
If your unconſtant Daughter will not dwell
On Certainties, muſt you thenceforth conclude
That I am fickle? what have I omitted,
To make good my Integrity and Truth?
Nor can her Lightneſs, nor your Suppoſition,
Caſt an Aſperſion on me. *Lew.* I am wounded
In Fact, nor can Words cure it: Do not trifle
But ſpeedily, once more I do repeat it,
Reſtore my Daughter as I brought her hither,
Or you ſhall hear from me in ſuch a Kind,
As you will bluſh to anſwer. — [*Exit* Lewis.

Bri. All the World,
I think, conſpires to vex me, yet I will not
Torment my ſelf; ſome ſprightful Mirth muſt baniſh
The Rage and Melancholy which hath almoſt choak'd me;
T'a knowing Man 'tis Phyſick, and 'tis thought one;
One merry Hour I'll have, in Spite of Fortune,
To chear my Heart, and this is that appointed;
This Night I'll hug my *Lilly* in my Arms,
Provocatives are ſent before to chear me;
We old Men need 'em, and, though we pay dear
For our ſtoln Pleaſures, ſo it be done ſecurely,
The Charge, much like a ſharp Sauce, gives 'em Reliſh.
Well, honeſt *Andrew*, I gave you a Farm,
And it ſhall have a Beacon, to give Warning
To my other Tenants when the Foe approaches;
And preſently, you being beſtow'd elſewhere,
I'll graff it with Dexterity on your Forehead;
Indeed, I will; *Lilly*, I come; poor *Andrew!* *Ex.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Miramont, *and* Andrew.

Mir. Do they chafe roundly?
And. As they were rub'd with Soap, Sir.
And now they ſwear aloud, now calm again,
Like a Ring of Bells, whoſe Sound the Wind ſtill alters;
And then they ſit in Council what to do,
And then they jar again, what ſhall be done;
They talk of Warrants from the Parliament,
Complaints to th' King, and Forces from the Province,
They have a thouſand Heads in a thouſand Minutes,
Yet ne'er a one Head worth a Head of Garlick. ['em,
Mir. Long may they chafe, and long may we laugh at
A couple of pure Puppies yoak'd together!
But what ſays the young Courtier, Maſter *Euſtace*,
And his two warlike Friends? *And.* They ſay but little,
How much they think, I know not; they look ruefully,
As if they had newly come from a Vaulting-Houſe,
And had been quite ſhot through 'tween Wind and Water
By a ſhe *Dunkirk*, and had ſprung a Leak, Sir.
Certain, my Maſter was to blame. *Mir.* Why, *Andrew?*
And. To take away the Wench o'th' ſudden from him,
And give him no lawful Warning; he is tender,
And of a young Girl's Conſtitution, Sir,
Ready to get the Green-ſickneſs with Conceit;
Had he but ta'en his Leave in travelling Language,
(30) Or brought an Elegy of his Condolement,
That th' World might have ta'en Notice he had been
An Aſs, it had been ſome Savour. *Mir.* Thou ſay'ſt true,
Wiſe *Andrew*, but theſe Scholars are ſuch Things
When they can prattle.

(30) *Or* bought *an Elegy of his Condolement*
That th' World might have ta'en Notice had he been
An Aſs, it had been ſome Favour.] But why muſt *Charles*, who was a Scholar, and perhaps, a Poet, *buy* an Elegy? He might have compos'd one; and then there had been ſome Reliſh in the Affair. The two Words, which I have alter'd, are from the Authority of the old *Quarto*'s.

And. Very parlous Things, Sir.

Mir. And when they gain the Liberty to diſtinguiſh
The Difference 'twixt a Father and a Fool,
To look below and ſpy a younger Brother,
Pruning and dreſſing up his Expectations
In a rare Glaſs of Beauty, too good for him;
Theſe dreaming Scholars then turn Tyrants, *Andrew*,
And ſhew no Mercy. *And.* The more the pity, Sir.

Mir. Thou told'ſt me of a Trick to catch my Brother,
And anger him a little farther, *Andrew*.
It ſhall be only Anger, I aſſure thee,
And a little Shame. *And.* And I can fit you, Sir;
Hark in your Ear. *Mir.* Thy Wife?

And. So I aſſure ye:
This Night at Twelve o' Clock.

Mir. 'Tis neat and handſome;
There are twenty Crowns due to thy Project, *Andrew*.
I've time to viſit *Charles*, and ſee what Lecture
He reads to his Miſtreſs. That done, I'll not fail
To be with you.

And. Nor I to watch my Maſter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Angellina, *and* Sylvia *with a Taper.*

Ang. I'm worſe than e'er I was, for now I fear
That that I love, That that I only dote on;
He follows me through every Room I paſs,
And with a ſtrong-ſet Eye he gazes on me,
As if his Spark of Innocence were blown
Into a Flame of Luſt; Virtue defend me!
His Uncle too is abſent, and 'tis Night;
And what theſe Opportunities may teach him —
What Fear and endleſs Care 'tis, to be honeſt!
To be a Maid, what Miſery, what Miſchief!
'Wou'd, I were rid of it, ſo it were fairly!

Syl. You need not fear that, will you be a Child ſtill?
He follows you, but ſtill to look upon you;
Or if he did deſire to lye with ye,

'Tis

'Tis but your own Desire, you love for that End;
I'll lay my Life, if he were now a-bed w'ye,
He is so modest, he would fall asleep straight.
Ang. Dare you venture that?
Syl. Let him consent, and have at ye,
I fear him not, he knows not what a Woman is;
Nor how to find the Mystery Men aim at.
Are you afraid of your own Shadow, Madam?
Ang. He follows still, yet with a sober Face;
'Wou'd, I might know the worst, and then I were satisfied.
Syl. You may know Both, let him but go with ye.

Enter Charles.

Char. Why do you fly me? What have I so ill
About me, or within me, to deserve it?
Ang. I am going to Bed, Sir.
Char. And I am come to light ye;
I am a Maid, and 'tis a Maiden's Office;
You may have me to Bed without a Scruple,
And yet I am chary too who comes about me.
Two Innocents should not fear one another. [Madam.
Syl. The Gentleman says true. Pluck up your Heart,
Char. The glorious Sun, both rising and declining,
We boldly look upon; even then, sweet Lady,
When, like a modest Bride, he draws Night's Curtains;
Even then he blushes, that Men shou'd behold him.
Ang. I fear, he will persuade me to mistake him.
Syl. 'Tis easily done, if you will give your mind to't.
Ang. Pray ye, to your Bed.
Char. Why not to yours, dear Mistress?
One Heart and one Bed.
Ang. True, Sir, when 'tis lawfull:
But yet you know——
Char. I wou'd not know, forget it;
Those are but sickly Loves that hang on Ceremony,
Nurst up with Doubts and Fears, ours high and healthfull;
Full of Belief, and fit to teach the Priest;
Love should seal first, then Hands confirm the Bargain.
Ang. I shall be an Heretick, if this continue.
What wou'd you do a-bed? You make me blush, Sir.

Char. I'd ſee you ſleep, for, ſure, your Sleeps are excellent:
You, that are waking ſuch a noted Wonder,
Muſt in your Slumbers prove an Admiration:
I wou'd behold your Dreams too, if 'twere poſſible;
Thoſe were rich Shows. *Ang.* I am becoming Traitor.

Char. Then, like blue *Neptune*, courting of an Iſland,
Where all the Perfumes and the precious Things
That wait upon great Nature are laid up,
I'd clip it in mine Arms, and chaſtly kiſs it;
Dwell in your Boſom like your deareſt Thoughts,
And ſigh and weep.

Ang. I've too much Woman in me.

Char. And thoſe true Tears, falling on your pure Cryſtals,
(31) Should turn to Armlets for great Queens to wear.

Ang. I muſt be gone.

Char. Do not, I will not hurt ye;
This is to let you know, my worthieſt Lady,
You've clear'd my Mind, and I can ſpeak of Love too;
Fear not my Manners, though I never knew
Before theſe few Hours what a Beauty was,
And ſuch a one that fires all Hearts that feel it;
Yet I have read of virtuous Temperance,
And ſtudied it among my other Secrets;
And ſooner would I force a Separation
Betwixt this Spirit and the Caſe of Fleſh,
Than but conceive one Rudeneſs againſt Chaſtity.

Ang. Then, we may walk.

Char. And talk of any thing,
Any thing fit for your Ears, and my Language;
Though I was bred up dull, I was ever civil;
'Tis true, I have found it hard to look on you,
And not deſire; 'twill prove a wiſe Man's Task;
Yet thoſe Deſires I have ſo mingled ſtill,
And temper'd with the Quality of Honour,

(31) *Should turn to Armlets for great Queens* t' adore,] But why ſhould a Queen, or Lady of any other Rank, *adore* her Bracelets? They might be very rich and finely made, and ſo far to be admired and eſteem'd: But to make them the Subject of Devotion, is a Rapture a little above the Pitch of common Senſe. *For great Queens* to wear, is, I think, a ſufficient Compliment; and ſo I have ventur'd to reform the Text.

That

That if you ſhou'd yield, I ſhou'd hate you for't.
I am no Courtier of a light Condition,
Apt to take Fire at every beauteous Face,
(32) That only ſerves his Will and Wantonneſs;
And lets the ſerious Part of Life run by,
As thin neglected Sand, Whiteneſs of Name.
You muſt be mine; why ſhou'd I rob my ſelf
Of that, that lawfully muſt make me happy?
Why ſhou'd I ſeek to cuckold my Delights?
And widow all thoſe Sweets, I aim at in you?
We'll loſe our ſelves in *Venus'* Groves of Mirtle,
Where every little Bird ſhall be a *Cupid*,
And ſing of Love and Youth; each Wind that blows,
And curls the Velvet Leaves, ſhall breed Delights;
The wanton Springs ſhall call us to their Banks,
And on the perfum'd Flow'rs we'll feaſt our Senſes,
Yet we'll walk by, untainted of their Pleaſures,
And, as they were pure Temples, we'll talk in them.

Ang. To Bed, and pray then, we may have a fair End

(32) *That only ſerves his Will and Wantonneſs,*
And lets the ſerious Part of Life run by
As thin neglected Sand. Whiteneſs of Name,
You muſt be mine;] Thus has the corrupted Pointing thro' all the Editions tranſmitted down Nonſenſe to us. In the firſt Place, what Lover ever call'd his Miſtreſs, *Whiteneſs of Name?* We may ſay, *Charles* was grown ecſtatick, but he was not run mad. Then again, he talks of the *ſerious Part of Life*; but does not inform us what he means by it. It is this that he would underſtand by *Whiteneſs of Name: i. e.* Purity and Chaſtity of Manners and Characters. This good Senſe my Reformation of the Pointing has reſtored to the Authors: And if I am miſtaken in this, I'll never venture again at underſtanding any Writer's Meaning.

So, again, in *Women pleas'd*;

——— *Her* Honour *too?*
What ſhe may ſuffer in this raſh Adventure,
The Beauty *of her* Name?

——— *Can you believe this?*
And know with what a Modeſty and Whiteneſs
Her Life was ever rank'd.

——— *Do not wrong that* Honour,
Caſt not upon that Purity *theſe Aſperſions*, &c.

Bel. *He's clear.*
Syl. *She is as* white *in this as* Infants.

Of our fair Loves; 'wou'd, I were worthy of you,
Or of such Parents that might give you Thanks!
But I am poor in all but in your Love.
Once more, good Night.

Char. A good Night t'ye, and may
The Dew of Sleep fall gently on you, sweet One,
And lock up those fair Lights in pleasing Slumbers;
No Dreams but chaste and clear attempt your Fancy,
And break betimes, sweet Morn, I've lost my Light else.

Ang. Let it be ever Night when I lose you.

Syl. This Scholar never went to a Free-School, he's so simple.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Your Brother with two Gallants is at Door, Sir,
And they're so violent, they'll take no Denial.

Ang. This is no Time of Night.

Char. Let 'em in, Mistress.

Ser. They stay no Leave: Shall I raise the House on 'em.

Char. Not a Man, nor make no Murmur of 't, I charge ye.

Enter Eustace, Egremont, *and* Cowsy.

Eust. They're here, my Uncle absent, stand close to me.
How do you, Brother, with your curious Story?
Have you not read her yet sufficiently?

Char. No, Brother, no, I stay yet in the Preface;
The Stile's too hard for you. *Eust.* I must entreat her,
She's Parcel of my Goods.

Char. She's all, when you have her.

Ang. Hold off your Hands, unmannerly, rude, Sir;
Nor I, nor what I have, depend on you.

Char. Do, let her alone, she gives good Counsel; do not
Trouble your self with Ladies, they are too light;
Let out your Land, and get a provident Steward.

Ang. I cannot love ye, let that satisfy you;
Such Vanities as you are to be laugh'd at.

Eust. Nay, then you must go, I must claim mine own.

Both. Away, away with her. *Char.* Let her alone,
[*She strikes off* Eustace's *Hat.*
Pray, let her alone, and take your Coxcomb up:

Let

Let me talk civilly a while with you, Brother,
It may be, on ſome Terms I may part with her.
Euſt. O, is your Heart come down?
What are your Terms, Sir?
Put up, put up. *Char.* This is the firſt and chiefeſt,
Let's walk a Turn; [*Snatches away his Sword.*
Now ſtand off, Fools, I adviſe ye,
Stand as far off as you would hope for Mercy:
This is the firſt Sword yet I ever handled,
And a Sword's a beauteous Thing to look upon,
And, if it hold, I ſhall ſo hunt your Inſolence:
'Tis ſharp, I'm ſure, and if I put it home,
'Tis ten to one I ſhall new pink your Sattins:
I find, I have Spirit enough to diſpoſe of it,
And Will enough to make ye all Examples;
Let me toſs it round, I have the full Command on't:
Fetch me a native Fencer, I defy him;
I feel the Fire of ten ſtrong Spirits in me.
What, do you watch me when my Uncle is abſent?
This is my Grief, I ſhall be fleſh'd on Cowards;
Teach me to fight, I willing am to learn.
Are ye all gilded Flies, nothing but Shew in ye;
Why ſtand ye gaping? Who now touches her?
Who calls her his, or who dares name her to me,
But name her as his own? who dares look on her?
That ſhall be mortal too; but think, 'tis dangerous.
Art thou a fit Man to inherit Land,
And haſt no Wit, nor Spirit, to maintain it?
Stand ſtill, thou Sign of Man, and pray for thy Friends,
Pray heartily, good Prayers may reſtore ye.
Ang. Do not kill 'em, Sir.
Char. You ſpeak too late, Dear;
It is my firſt Fight, and I muſt do bravely;
I muſt not look with partial Eyes on any;
I cannot ſpare a Button of theſe Gentlemen;
Did Life lie in their Heel, *Achilles*-like,
I'd ſhoot my Anger at thoſe Parts, and kill 'em.
Who waits within? *Ser.* Sir,——
Char. View all theſe, view 'em well,
Go round about 'em, and ſtill view their Faces,

Round about yet; see how Death waits upon 'em,
For thou shalt never view 'em more.

Eust. Pray hold, Sir.

Char. I cannot hold, you stand so fair before me,
I must not hold, 'twill darken all my Glories.
Go to my Uncle, bid him post to the King,
And get my Pardon instantly, I have Need on't.

Eust. Are you so unnatural? *Char.* You shall die last, Sir,
I'll talk thee dead, thou art no Man to fight with.
Come, will ye come? Methinks, I've fought whole Battles.

Cow. We have no Quarrel to you, that we know on, Sir.

Egre. We'll quit the House, and ask ye Mercy too:
Good Lady, let no Murther be done here;
We came here but to parly. *Char.* How my Sword
Thirsts after them? Stand away, Sweet. *Eust.* Pray, Sir,
Take my Submission, and I disclaim for ever.

Char. Away, ye poor Things, ye despicable Creatures!
Do you come post to fetch a Lady from me,
From a poor School-boy that ye scorn'd of late?
And grow lame in your Hearts, when you should execute?
Pray, take her, take her, I am weary of her;
What did ye bring to carry her?

Egre. A Coach and four Horses.

Char. But are they good?

Egre. As good as *France* can shew, Sir. [Safeties?

Char. Are you willing to leave those, and take your
Speak quickly. *Eust.* Yes, with all our Hearts.

Char. 'Tis done then:
Many have got one Horse, I've got four by th' Bargain.

Enter Miramont.

Mir. How now, who's here?

Ser. Nay, now you're gone without Bail. [Sword;

Mir. What, drawn, my Friends? Fetch me my two-hand
I will not leave a Head on your Shoulders, Wretches.

Eust. In Truth, Sir, I came but to do my Duty.

Both. And we to renew our Loves.

Mir. Bring me a Blanket.
What came they for? *Ang.* To borrow me a while, Sir;
But one, that never fought yet, has so curried,

So

So baſtinado'd them with manly Carriage,
They ſtand like Things *Gorgon* had turn'd to Stone:
They watch'd your being abſent, and then thought
They might do Wonders here, and they have done ſo;
For, by my Troth, I wonder at their Coldneſs;
The nipping North, or Froſts, never came near them,
St. *George* upon a Sign wou'd grow more ſenſible:
If the Name of Honour were for ever to be loſt,
Theſe were the moſt ſufficient Men to do it
In all the World, and yet they are but young;
What will they riſe to? They're as full of Fire
As a frozen Glow-worm's Tail, and ſhine as goodly;
Nobility and Patience are match'd rarely
In theſe three Gentlemen, thy have right Uſe on't;
They'll ſtand ſtill for an Hour, and be beaten.
Theſe are the Anagrams of three great Worthies.

Mir. They will infect my Houſe with Cowardice,
If they breathe longer in it; my Roof covers
No baffled Monſieurs, walk and air your ſelves;
As I live, they ſtay not here, white-liver'd Wretches!
Without one Word to ask a Reaſon why,
Vaniſh, 'tis the laſt Warning, and with Speed;
For if I take ye in Hand, I ſhall diſſect you,
And read upon your flegmatick dull Carcaſſes.

[*Exeunt* Euſtace, Egremont, *and* Cowſy.

My Horſe again there: I have other Buſineſs,
Which you ſhall hear hereafter, and laugh at it.
Good Night, *Charles*; fair Goodneſs to you, dear Lady.
'Tis late, 'tis late. *Ang.* Pray, Sir, be careful of us.

Mir. It is enough, my beſt Care ſhall attend ye. [*Exe.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Andrew.

And. Are you come, old Maſter? Very good, your Horſe
Is well ſet up; but e'er ye part, I'll ride you,
(33) And ſpur your reverend Juſticeſhip ſuch a Queſt on't,
As

(33) *And ſpur your rev'rend Juſticeſhip ſuch a* Queſtion,] To ſpur ſuch a *Queſtion*, I think, is downright Nonſenſe: The Word, that

As I ſhall make the Sides o' your Reputation bleed,
Truly, I will. Now muſt I play at Bo-peep———
A Banquet——well, Potatoes and Eringoes,
And, as I take it, Cantharides,———Excellent!
A Priapiſme follows; and, as I'll handle it,
It ſhall, old lecherous Goat in Authority.
Now they begin to bill; how he ſlavers her!
Gra'mercy, *Lilly!* ſhe ſpits his Kiſſes out;
And, now he offers to fumble, ſhe falls off,
(That's a good Wench) and cries, *fair Play, above Board.*
Who are they in the Corner? As I live,
A Covey of Fidlers; I ſhall have ſome Muſick yet at
(34) My making Free o'th' Company of Horn'd Ones;
There's the Comfort; and a Song too! He beckons for one—
Sure, 'tis no Anthem, nor no borrowed Rhymes
Out of the *School of Virtue*; I will liſten— [*A Song.*
This was never pen'd at *Geneva*, the Note's too ſpritely.
So, ſo, the Muſick's paid for; and now what follows?
O, that Monſieur *Miramont* would but keep his Word,
Here were a Feaſt to make him fat with Laughter,
At the moſt 'tis not ſix Minutes riding from his Houſe,
Nor will he break, I hope——O, are you come, Sir?

Enter Miramont.

(35) The Prey is in the Net; and we'll break in
Upon Occaſion. *Mir.* Thou ſhalt rule me, *Andrew.*
O, th' infinite Fright that will aſſail this Gentleman!
The Quartans, Tertians, and Quotidians
That will hang, like Serjeants, on his Worſhip's Shoulders!

that I have ventured to ſubſtitute, gives a Meaning and Humour into the Bargain. *i. e.* ſuch an *Inqueſt*, ſuch an *Enquiry* into what you are about; and the Term is the more peculiarly proper, as connected with *Juſticeſhip*.

(34) *My making Free o'th' Company of* Horners;] This Word muſt ſignify *Planters* of *Horns, Cuckold-makers*; but this was not *Andrew*'s Caſe, he was to be dubb'd a *Cuckold*; and therefore, conſequently, to be made Free of the Company of *horn'd ones*.

(35) *The Prey is in the Net, and* will *break in Upon Occaſion.*] If the Prey was already in the Net, where was it to break into? *Andrew* means, that he and *Miramont* would break in, and ſurprize it. Mr. *Seward* ſaw with me, that the ſlight Alteration, made, was quite neceſſary to the Senſe.

The

The Humiliation of the Fleſh of this Man,
This grave auſtere Man, will be wondred at.
How will thoſe ſolemn Looks appear to me,
And that ſevere Face, that ſpake Chains and Shackles?
Now I take him in the Nick, e'er I have done with him,
He'd better have ſtood between two Panes of Wainſcot,
And made his Recantation in the Market,
Than hear me conjure him.

And. He muſt paſs this Way,
To th' only Bed I have; he comes, ſtand cloſe.

Enter Briſac, *and* Lilly.

Bri. Well done, well done, give me my Night-cap. So.
Quick, quick, untruſs me; I will truſs and trounce thee;
Come, Wench, a Kiſs between each Point; kiſs cloſe;
It is a ſweet Parentheſis. *Lil.* You're merry, Sir.

Bri. Merry I will be anon, and thou ſhalt feel it,
Thou ſhalt, my *Lilly*. *Lil.* Shall I air your Bed, Sir?

Bri. No, no, I'll uſe no Warming-pan but thine, Girl;
That's all. Come kiſs me again. *Lil.* Ha'ye done yet?

Bri. No; but I will do, and do Wonders, *Lilly*.
Shew me the Way. *Lil.* You cannot miſs it, Sir;
You ſhall have a Caudle in the Morning, for
Your Worſhip's Breakfaſt. *Bri.* How, i'th' Morning, *Lilly?*
Th'art ſuch a witty Thing to draw me on.
Leave Fooling, *Lilly*, I am hungry now,
And th'haſt another Kickſhaw, I muſt taſte it.

Lil. 'Twill make you ſurfeit, I am tender of you,
Y'have all y'are like to have. *And.* Can this be in earneſt?

Mir. It ſeems ſo, and ſhe honeſt. *Bri.* Have I not
Thy Promiſe, *Lilly?* *Lil.* Yes, and I've perform'd
Enough to a Man of your Years; this is Truth,
And you ſhall find, Sir; you have kiſs'd and tous'd me,
Handled my Leg and Foot; what wou'd you more, Sir?
As for the reſt, it requires Youth and Strength,
(36) And the Labour in an old Man would breed Aches,
Sciatica's,

(36) *And the Labour in an old Man would breed* Agues,] But will Labour in any Caſe breed *Agues*, unleſs a Man gets a violent Cold after it? *Aches*, which I have ſubſtituted, correſponds with the attendant

Sciatica's, and Cramps; you ſhall not curſe me,
For taking from you what you cannot ſpare, Sir.
Be good unto your ſelf, y'have ta'en already
All you can take with Eaſe; you are paſt Threſhing,
It is a Work too boiſterous for you, leave
Such Drudgery to *Andrew*. *Mir.* How ſhe jeers him?
Lil. Let *Andrew* alone with his own Tillage,
He's tough, and can manure it. *Bri.* Y'are a Quean,
A ſcoffing jeering Quean. *Lil.* It may be ſo, but,
I'm ſure, I'll ne'er be yours. *Bri.* Do not provoke me,
If thou doſt, I'll have my Farm again, and turn
Thee out a begging. *Lil.* Though you have the Will,
And Want of Honeſty to deny your Deed, Sir,
Yet, I hope, *Andrew* has got ſo much Learning
From my young Maſter, as to keep his own;
At the worſt, I'll tell a ſhort Tale to the Judges,
For what grave Ends you ſign'd your Leaſe, and on
What Terms you wou'd revoke it.
Bri. Whore, thou dar'ſt not.
Yield, or I'll have thee whip'd; how my Blood boils,
As if 'twere o'er a Furnace! *Mir.* I ſhall cool it.
Bri. Yet, gentle *Lilly*, pity and forgive me;
I'll be a Friend to ye, ſuch a loving bountifull Friend——
Lil. To avoid Suits in Law, I wou'd grant a little,
But ſhould fierce *Andrew* know it, what wou'd become
Of me? *And.* A Whore, a Whore.
Bri. Nothing but well, Wench,
I will put ſuch a ſtrong Bit in his Mouth,
As thou ſhalt ride him how thou wilt, my *Lilly*:
Nay, he ſhall hold the Door, as I will work him,
And thank thee for the Office. *Mir.* Take heed, *Andrew*,
Theſe are ſhrewd Temptations. *And.* Pray you, know
Your Cue, and ſecond me, Sir; By your Worſhip's Fa-
Bri. Andrew! [vour——
And. I come in Time to take Poſſeſſion
Of th' Office you aſſign me! hold the Door!

attendant Words, *Sciatica*'s, and *Cramps*. So, in *The Knight of* Malta;

——————*Share her among ye*;
And may ſhe give you as many Hurts as I have,
And twice as many Aches!

Alas,

Alas, 'tis nothing for a ſimple Man
To ſtay without, when a deep Underſtanding
Holds Conference within; ſay, with his Wife:
A Trifle, Sir; I know, I hold my Farm
In Cuckold's Tenure; you are Lord o'th' Soil, Sir;
Lilly is a Weſt, a Stray, ſhe's yours to uſe, Sir,
I claim no Intereſt in her. *Bri.* Art thou ſerious?
Speak, honeſt *Andrew*, ſince thou haſt o'erheard us,
And wink at ſmall Faults, Man; I'm but a Pidler,
A little will ſerve my Turn; thou'lt find enough,
When I've my Belly full: Wilt thou be private
And ſilent? *And.* By all Means; I'll only have
A Ballad made of't, ſung to ſome lewd Tune,
And the Name of it ſhall be the *Juſtice-Trap:*
It will ſell rarely with your Worſhip's Name,
And *Lilly*'s, on the Top. *Bri.* Seek not the Ruin
O' my Reputation, *Andrew.* *And.* 'Tis for your Credit;
Monſieur *Briſac*, printed in Capital Letters,
Then paſted upon all the Poſts in *Paris.*
Bri. No Mercy, *Andrew?*
And. O, it will proclaim you
From th' City to the Court, and prove Sport Royal.
Bri. Thou ſhalt keep thy Farm.
Mir. He does afflict him rarely.
And. You trouble me. Then his Intent arriving,
The Vizard of his Hypocriſy pull'd off
To the Judge Criminal. *Bri.* O, I am undone.
And. He's put out of Commiſſion with Diſgrace,
And held uncapable of bearing Office
Ever hereafter. This is my Revenge,
And this I'll put in Practice. *Bri.* Do but hear me.
And. To bring me back from my Grammar to my Horn-book,
It is unpardonable. *Bri.* Do not play the Tyrant;
Accept of Compoſition. *Lil.* Hear him, *Andrew.*
And. What Compoſition? *Bri.* I'll confirm thy Farm,
And add unto't an hundred Acres more
Adjoining to it. *And.* Umph! this mollifies;
But you're ſo fickle, and will again deny this,
There being no Witneſs by. *Bri.* Call any Witneſs,

I'll

I'll presently assure it. *And.* Say you so?
Troth, there's a Friend of mine, Sir, within Hearing,
That is familiar with all that's past,
His Testimony will be authentical.
Bri. Will he be secret?
And. You may tie his Tongue up,
As you would do your Purse-strings.
Bri. Miramont! *Mir.* Ha, ha, ha.
And. This is my Witness. Lord, how you are troubled?
Sure, you've an Ague, you shake so with Choler;
He's your loving Brother, Sir, and will tell no body,
But all he meets; that you have eat a Snake,
And are grown young, gamesome, and rampant.
Bri. Caught thus?
And. If he were one that would make Jests of you,
Or plague ye with making your religious Gravity
Ridiculous to your Neighbours, then you had
Some Cause to be perplex'd. *Bri.* I shall become
Discourse for Clowns and Tapsters.
And. Quick, *Lilly*, quick.
He's now past Kissing, between Point and Point.
He swoons, fetch him some Cordial—Now put in, Sir.
Mir. Who may this be? Sure, this is some Mistake:
Let me see his Face, wears he not a false Beard?
It cannot be *Brisac*, that worthy Gentleman,
The Pillar, and the Patron, of his Country;
He is too prudent, and too cautelous,
Experience has taught him to avoid these Fooleries;
He is the Punisher and not the Doer,
Besides he's old and cold, unfit for Women;
This is some Counterfeit, he shall be whip'd for't,
Some base Abuser of my worthy Brother. [Judges?
Bri. Open the Doors, will ye imprison me? Are ye my
Mir. The Man raves! This is not judicious *Brisac:*
Yet now I think on't, a' has a kind of Dog-look
Like to my Brother, a guilty hanging Face.
Bri. I'll suffer bravely, do your worst, do, do.
Mir. Why, it's manly in you.
Bri. Nor will I rail, nor curse;
You Slave, you Whore, I will not meddle with you,

But

But all the Torments that e'er fell on Men,
That feed on Miſchief, fall heavily on you all! [*Exit.*

Lil. You have giv'n him a Heat, Sir.

Mir. He will ride you the better, *Lilly.*

And. We'll teach him to meddle with Scholars.

Mir. He ſhall make good his Promiſe to encreaſe thy Farm, *Andrew*,
Or I'll jeer him to Death; fear nothing, *Lilly*;
I am thy Champion. This Jeaſt goes to *Charles*,
And then I'll hunt him out, and Monſieur *Euſtace*
The gallant Courtier, and laugh heartily
To ſee 'em mourn together. *And.* 'Twill be rare, Sir.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Euſtace, Egremont, *and* Cowſy.

Euſt. TUrn'd out of Doors, and baffled!

Egre. We ſhare with you
In the Affront. *Cow.* Yet bear it not like you,
With ſuch Dejection. *Euſt.* My Coach and Horſes
The Ranſom of our Cowardice!

Cow. Piſh, that's nothing,
'Tis *Damnum reparabile*, and ſoon recover'd.

Egre. It is but feeding a Suitor with falſe Hopes,
And after ſqueeze him with a dozen of Oaths.
You are new rigg'd, and this no more remembred.

Euſt. And does the Court, that ſhould be the Example
And Oracle of the Kingdom, read to us
No other Doctrine? *Egre.* None that thrives ſo well
(37) As that, within my Knowledge. *Cow.* Flatt'ry rubs on;
But ſince great Men learn to admire themſelves,

(37) ——— *Flatt'ry rubs* out;] This is a ſlight typographical Error, which turns into Obſcurity a Paſſage of great Wit and Humour. We muſt read, *on*; Flattery makes a Shift to rub on at Court; tho' it is ſome what Creſt-fal'n, ſince great Men have learn'd to admire themſelves. Mr. *Seward*,

'Tis

'Tis something Creſt-fallen. *Egre.* To be of no Religion,
Argues a ſubtle moral Underſtanding,
And it is often cheriſh'd. *Euſt.* Piety then,
And Valour, nor to do nor ſuffer Wrong,
Are there no Virtues. *Egre.* Rather Vices, *Euſtace*;
Fighting! What's Fighting? It may be in Faſhion
Among Provant Swords, and Buff-jerkin Men:
But w'us, that ſwim in choice of Silks and Tiſſues,
Though in Defence of that Word Reputation,
Which is, indeed, a kind of glorious Nothing,
To loſe a Dram of Blood muſt needs appear
As coarſe as to be honeſt. *Euſt.* And all this
You ſeriouſly believe. *Cow.* It is a Faith,
That we will die in; ſince from the black Guard
To the grim *Sir* in Office, there are few
Hold other Tenets. *Euſt.* Now my Eyes are open,
And I behold a ſtrong Neceſſity,
That keeps me Knave and Coward.
Cow. Y'are the wiſer.
Euſt. Nor can I change my Copy, if I purpoſe
To be of your Society. *Egre.* By no means.
Euſt. Honour is nothing with you?
Cow. A meer Bubble;
For what's grown common, is no more regarded.
Euſt. My Sword forc'd from me too, and ſtill detain'd,
You think, 's no Blemiſh. *Egre.* Get me a Battoon,
'Tis twenty times more Court-like, and leſs Trouble.
Euſt. And yet you wear a Sword.
Cow. Yes, and a good one,
A *Milan* Hilt, and a *Damaſco* Blade,
For Ornament, not Uſe; the Court allows it.
Euſt. Will't not fight of it ſelf?
Cow. I ne'er try'd this.
Yet I have worn as fair as any Man;
I'm ſure, I've made my Cutler rich, and paid
For ſeveral Weapons, *Turkiſh* and *Toledo*'s,
Two thouſand Crowns, and yet could never light
Upon a fighting one. *Euſt.* I'll borrow this,
I like it well. *Cow.* 'Tis at your Service, Sir,
A Lath in a velvet Scabbard will ſerve my Turn.

Euſt.

Euſt. And now I have it, leave me; y'are infectious;
The Plague and Leproſy of your Baſeneſs ſpreading
On all that do come near you; ſuch as you
Render the Throne of Majeſty, the Court,
(38) Suſpected and contemptible; you are Scarabs,
That batten in her Dung, and have no Palates
To taſte her curious Viands; and, like Owls,
Can only ſee her night Deformities,
But with the glorious Splendor of her Beauties
You are ſtruck blind as Moles, that undermine
The ſumptuous Building that allow'd you Shelter:
You ſtick, like running Ulcers, on her Face,
And taint the Pureneſs of her native Candor,
And, being bad Servants, cauſe your Maſter's Goodneſs
To be diſputed of; you make the Court,
That is the Abſtract of all Academies,
To teach and practice noble Undertakings
(Where Courage ſits triumphant crown'd with Lawrel,
And Wiſdom loaded with the Weight of Honour)
A School of Vices. *Egre.* What ſudden Rapture's this?
Euſt. A Heav'nly one,
That, raiſing me from Sloth and Ignorance,
(In which your Converſation long hath charm'd me)
Carries me up into the Air of Action,
And Knowledge of my ſelf; even now I feel,
But pleading only in the Court's Defence,
Though far ſhort of her Merits and bright Luſtre,
A happy Alteration, and full Strength
To ſtand her Champion againſt all the World,
That throw Aſperſions on her.
Cow. Sure, he'll beat us,
I ſee it in his Eyes. *Egre.* A ſecond *Charles*;
Pray, look not, Sir, ſo furiouſly. *Euſt.* Recant
What you have ſaid, ye Mungrils, and lick up
The Vomit you have caſt upon the Court,
Where you unworthily have had Warmth and Breeding,
And ſwear that you, like Spiders, have made Poiſon
Of that which was a ſaving Antidote.

(38) —— *You are* Scarabs] A Species of *Beetles.*

Egre. We will ſwear any thing.
Cow. We honour the Court
As a moſt ſacred Place. *Egre.* And will make Oath,
If you enjoin us to't, nor Knave, nor Fool,
Nor Coward living in it. *Euſt.* Except you two,
You Raſcals! *Cow.* Yes, we are all theſe, and more,
If you will have it ſo. *Euſt.* And that until
You are again reform'd and grown new Men,
You ne'er preſume to name the Court, or preſs
Into the Porter's Lodge but for a Penance,
To be diſciplin'd for your Roguery, and, this done,
With true Contrition — *Both.* Yes, Sir. *Euſt.* You again,
May eat Scraps, and be thankful,
Cow. Here's a cold Breakfaſt
After a ſharp Night's Walking. *Euſt.* Keep your Oaths,
And without Grumbling vaniſh.
Both. We are gone, Sir. [*Exeunt.*
Euſt. May all the Poorneſs of my Spirit go with you!
The Fetters of my Thraldom are fil'd off,
And I at Liberty to right my ſelf;
And though my Hope in *Angellina*'s little,
My Honour, unto which compar'd ſhe's nothing,
Shall, like the Sun, diſperſe thoſe lowring Clouds,
That yet obſcure and dim it; not the Name
Of Brother ſhall divert me, but from him,
That in the World's Opinion ruin'd me,
I will ſeek Reparation, and call him
Unto a ſtrict Accompt. Ha! 'tis near Day,
And if the Muſe's Friend, Roſe-cheek'd *Aurora*,
Invite him to this ſolitary Grove,
As, I much hope, ſhe will, he ſeldom miſſing
To pay his Vows here to her, I ſhall hazard
To hinder his Devotions—The Door opens.——

Enter Charles.

'Tis he, moſt certain, and by's ſide my Sword:
Bleſt Opportunity! *Char.* I have o'erſlept my ſelf,
And loſt part of the Morn, but I'll recover it.
Before I went to Bed, I wrote ſome Notes
Within my Table-book, which I'll now conſider.

Ha!

Ha! what means this? What do I with a Sword?
Learn'd *Mercury* needs not th' Aid of *Mars*, and Innocence
Is to it self a Guard, yet since Arms ever
Protect Arts, I may justly wear and use it;
For since 'twas made my Prize, I know not how,
I'm grown in Love with't, and cannot eat, nor study,
And much less walk, without it. But I trifle,
Matters of more Weight ask my Judgment.
Eust. None, Sir;
Treat of no other Theme, I'll keep you to it,
And see, y'expound it well. *Char. Eustace!*
Eust. The same, Sir,
Your younger Brother, who, as Duty binds him,
Hath all this Night, turn'd out of Doors, attended,
To bid Good-morrow t'ye. *Char.* This, not in Scorn,
Commands me to return it. Wou'd you aught else?
Eust. O much, Sir, here I end not, but begin;
I must speak to you in another Strain
Than yet I ever us'd, and if the Language
Appear in the Delivery rough and harsh,
You, being my Tutor, must condemn your self,
From whom I learn'd it. *Char.* When I understand,
Be't in what Stile you please, what's your Demand,
I shall endeavour in the self-same Phrase
To make an Answer to the Point. *Eust.* I come not
To lay Claim to your Birth-right, 'tis your own,
And 'tis fit you enjoy it; nor ask I from you
Your Learning and deep Knowledge; though I am not
A Scholar as you are, I know them Diamonds
By your sole Industry, Patience, and Labour,
Forc'd from steep Rocks, and with much Toil attain'd,
And but to few, that prize their Value, granted;
And therefore without Rival freely wear them.
Char. These not repin'd at, as you seem t'inform me,
The Motion must be of a strange Condition,
If I refuse to yield to't; therefore, *Eustace*,
Without this Tempest in your Looks, propound it,
And fear not a Denial. *Eust.* I require then,
As from an Enemy, and not a Brother,
The Reputation of a Man, the Honour,

Not by a fair War won when I was waking,
But in my Sleep of Folly raviſh'd from me;
With theſe, the Reſtitution of my Sword,
With large Acknowledgment of Satisfaction,
My Coach, my Horſes; I will part with Life,
E'er loſe one Hair of them; and what concludes all,
My Miſtreſs *Angellina*, as ſhe was
Before the muſical Magick of thy Tongue
Inchanted and ſeduc'd her. Theſe perform'd,
And with Submiſſion, and done publickly,
At my Father's and my Uncle's Interceſſion,
(That I put in too) I, perhaps, may liſten
To Terms of Reconcilement; but if theſe
In every Circumſtance are not ſubſcrib'd to,
To th' laſt Gaſp I defy thee. *Char.* Theſe are ſtrict
Conditions to a Brother. *Euſt.* My Reſt is up,
Nor will I go leſs. *Char.* I'm no Gameſter, *Euſtace*;
Yet I can gueſs, your Reſolution ſtands
To win or loſe all; I rejoice to find ye
Thus tender of your Honour, and that at length
You underſtand what a wretched Thing you were;
How deeply wounded by your ſelf, and made
Almoſt incurable, in your own Hopes;
The dead Fleſh of pale Cowardiſe growing over
Your feſter'd Reputation, which no Balm
Or gentle Unguent ever cou'd make Way to.
And I am happy, that I was the Surgeon,
That did apply thoſe burning Corroſives,
That render you already ſenſible
O'th' Danger you were plung'd in; teaching you,
And by a fair Gradation, how far,
And with what curious Reſpect and Care
The Peace and Credit of a Man within
(Which you ne'er thought 'till now) ſhould be preferr'd
Before a gawdy Outſide; pray you, fix here,
For ſo far I go with you. *Euſt.* This Diſcourſe
Is from the Subject. *Char.* I'll come to it, Brother,
But if you think to build upon my Ruins,
You'll find a falſe Foundation: Your high Offers,

Taught

(39) Taught by the Maſters of Dependencies,
That by compounding Differences 'tween others
Supply their own Neceſſities, with me
Will never carry't: As you are my Brother,
I would diſpence a little, but no more
Than Honour can give Way to; nor muſt I
Deſtroy that in my ſelf I love in you;
And therefore let not Hopes nor Threats perſuade you,
I will deſcend to any Compoſition,
For which I may be cenſur'd. *Euſt.* You ſhall fight then.
Char. With much Unwillingneſs with you, but if
There's no Evaſion—— *Euſt.* None.
Char. Hear yet a Word,
As for the Sword and other Fripperies,
In a fair Way ſend for them, you ſhall have 'em,
But rather than ſurrender *Angellina*,
Or hear it again mention'd, I oppoſe
My Breaſt unto loud Thunder, caſt behind me
All Ties of Nature. *Euſt.* She detain'd, I'm deaf
To all Perſuaſion. *Char.* Guard thy ſelf then, *Euſtace:*
I'll uſe no other Rhetorick.

Enter Miramont.

Mir. Claſhing of Swords
So near my Houſe! Brother oppos'd to Brother!
Here is no fencing at half Sword; hold, hold,
Charles, *Euſtace*,—*Euſt.* Second him, or call in more Help.
Come not between us, I'll not know, nor ſpare you;
D'ye fight by th' Book?
Char. 'Tis you that wrong me; off, Sir,
And ſuddenly I'll conjure down the Spirit
That I have raiſed in him. *Euſt.* Never, *Charles*,
'Till thine, and in thy Death, be doubled in me.
Mir. I'm out of Breath, yet truſt not too much to't, Boys;
For if you pauſe not ſuddenly, and hear Reaſon,——
Do, kill your Uncle, do, but that I'm patient,

(39) *Taught by the Maſters of Dependencies,*] This is a Term uſed in the Science of *Fencing*. We meet with it frequently both in SHAKESPEARE, and BEN JONSON: And is fully explain'd by CARANZA in his Treatiſe of *Duelling*.

And not a cholerick old teasty Fool,
(40) Like to your Father, I'd dance a *Mattachin* with you,
Shou'd make you sweat your best Blood for't; I wou'd,
And it may be I will. *Charles*, I command thee,
And, *Eustace*, I intreat thee; th'art a brave Spark,
A true tough-metal'd Blade, and I begin
To love thee heartily, give me a fighting Courtier,
I'll cherish him for Example; in our Age
They're not born every Day. *Char.* You of late, Sir,
In me lov'd Learning. *Mir.* True, but take me w'ye, *Charles*;
'Twas when young *Eustace* wore his Heart in's Breeches,
And fought his Battles in Compliments and Cringes;
When's Understanding wav'd in a flanting Feather,
And his best Contemplation look'd no further
Than a new-fashion'd Doublet; I confess, then,
The lofty Noise, your *Greek* made, only pleas'd me;
But now he's turn'd an *Oliver* and a *Rowland*,
(Nay, the whole dozen of Peers are bound up in him;)
Let me remember, when I was of his Years,
I did look very like him; and did you see
My Picture as I was then, you would swear
That gallant *Eustace*, (I mean, now he dares fight)
Was the true Substance and the perfect Figure.
Nay, nay, no Anger, you shall have enough, *Charles*.
Char. Sure, Sir, I shall not need Addition from him.
Eust. Nor I from any, this shall decide my Interest;
Though I am lost to all deserving Men,
To all that Men call good, for suff'ring tamely
Insufferable Wrongs, and justly slighted,
By yielding to a Minute of Delay
In my Revenge, and from that made a Stranger
Unto my Father's House and Favour, o'erwhelm'd
With all Disgraces, yet I will mount upward,
And force my self a Fortune, though my Birth
And Breeding do deny it. *Char.* Seek not, *Eustace*,

(40) ——— *I'd dance a* Mattachin *with you,*] This was a Dance, as SKINNER tells us in his *Etymologicum*, of great Rapidity, so call'd from the *Italian* Word *Matto*, a Fool or Madman; because the Performers of it used many frantick Gesticulations: And FERRARIUS, in his *Origines Linguæ Italicæ*, gives us much the same Description of it.

By

By Violence what will be offer'd to you,
On eaſier Compoſition; though I was not
Ally'd unto your Weakneſs, you ſhall find me
A Brother to your Bravery of Spirit;
And one that, not compell'd to't by your Sword,
(Which I muſt never fear) will ſhare with you
In all but *Angellina*. *Mir.* Nobly ſaid, *Charles*,
And learn from my Experience, you may hear Reaſon
And never maim your Fighting; for your Credit,
(41) Which you think you have loſt, ſpare *Charles*; and ſwinge me,
And ſoundly, three or four walking Velvet Cloaks,
That wear Swords not to guard 'em; yet, deſerve it,
Thou art made up again. *Euſt.* All this is Lip-ſalve.
Mir, It ſhall be Heart's-eaſe, *Euſtace*, e'er I have done;
As for thy Father's Anger, now thou dar'ſt fight,
Ne'er fear't, for I've the Dowcets of his Gravity
Faſt in a String, and will ſo pinch and wring him,
That, ſpite of his Authority, thou ſhalt make
Thine own Conditions with him.
Euſt. I'll take Leave.
A little to conſider. *Char.* Here comes *Andrew*.
Mir. But without his Comical and learned Face.
What ſad Diſaſter, *Andrew?* *And.* You may read, Sir,
A Tragedy in my Face. *Mir.* Art thou in Earneſt?
And. Yes, by my Life, Sir; and if now you help not,
And ſpeedily by Force or by Perſuaſion,
My good old Maſter (for now I pity him)
Is ruin'd for ever. *Char.* Ha, my Father! *And.* He, Sir.
Mir. By what means? Speak.
And. At the Suit of Monſieur *Lewis*,

(41) ——— *Spare* Charles, *and ſwinge me,*
And ſoundly, three or four walking velvet Cloaks,
That wear no *Swords to guard 'em.*] How would *Euſtace* give Proof of his Valour, by beating three or four Beaux who had no Swords to defend themſelves with? The Meaning undoubtedly is, who wear Swords for Ornament, and not for Uſe, as *Cowſy* above ſays, he does; and that the Court allows it. Put *not* for *no*, and it will give this Senſe: only it will ſtill remain capable of the former. I would therefore read,
That wear Swords not *to guard them*, &c. Mr. *Seward.*

His Houſe is ſeiz'd upon, and he in Perſon
Is under Guard, (I ſaw it with theſe Eyes, Sir,)
To be convey'd to *Paris*, and there ſentenc'd.
Mir. Nay, then there is no Jeſting. *Char.* Do I live,
And know my Father injur'd?
And. And what's worſe, Sir,
My Lady *Angellina*— *Euſt.* What of her?
And. She's carried away too. *Mir.* How?
And. While you were abſent,
A Crew of Monſieur *Lewis*'s Friends and Kinſmen
By force brake in at th' back part of the Houſe,
And took her away by Violence; faithful *Andrew*,
(As this can witneſs for him,) did his beſt
In her Defence, but 'twould not do. *Mir.* Away,
And ſee our Horſes ſaddled; 'tis no Time
To talk, but do: *Euſtace*, you now are offer'd
A ſpacious Field, and in a pious War
To exerciſe your Valour; here's a Cauſe,
And ſuch a one, in which to fall is honourable,
Your Duty and Reverence due to a Father's Name
Commanding it; but theſe unnatural Jars,
Ariſing between Brothers, ſhould you proſper,
Wou'd ſhame your Victory. *Euſt.* I wou'd do much, Sir;
But ſtill my Reputation— *Mir.* *Charles* ſhall give you
All decent Satisfaction; nay, join Hands,
And heartily; why, this is done like Brothers;
And old as I am, in this Cauſe that concerns
The Honour of our Family, Monſieur *Lewis*,
If Reaſon cannot work, ſhall find and feel
There's hot Blood in this Arm, I'll lead you bravely.
Euſt. And if I follow not, a Coward's Name
Be branded on my Forehead! *Char.* This Spirit makes you
A Sharer in my Fortunes. *Mir.* And in mine,
Of which (*Briſac* once freed, and *Angellina*
Again in our Poſſeſſion) you ſhall know,
My Heart ſpeaks in my Tongue.
Euſt. I dare not doubt it, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Lewis, Briſac, Angellina, Sylvia, *and Officers.*

Lew. I'm deaf to all Perſuaſion. *Bri.* I uſe none,
Nor doubt I, though a while my Innocence ſuffers,
But when the King ſhall underſtand how falſely
Your Malice hath inform'd him, he in Juſtice
(42) Muſt ſet me right again. *Ang.* Sir, let not Paſſion
So far tranſport you as to think in Reaſon,
This violent Courſe repairs, but rather ruins
That Honour, you wou'd build up: You deſtroy,
What you would ſeem to nouriſh. If Reſpect
Of my Preferment, or my Reputation,
May challenge your paternal Love and Care,
Why do you, now good Fortune has provided
A better Husband for me than your Hopes
Could ever fancy, ſtrive to rob me of him?
In what is my Lord *Charles* defective, Sir?
Unleſs deep Learning be a Blemiſh in him,
Or well-proportion'd Limbs be Mulcts in Nature,
Or, what you only aim'd at, large Revenues
Are on the ſudden grown diſtaſtfull to you?
Of what can you accuſe him? *Lew.* Of a Rape
Done to my Honour, which thy rav'nous Luſt
Made thee conſent to.

Syl. Her Luſt! You are her Father.

Lew. And you her Bawd.

Syl. Were you ten Lords, 'tis falſe;
The Pureneſs of her chaſt Thoughts entertains not
Such ſpotted Inſtruments. *Ang.* As I have a Soul, Sir,—

Lew. I am not to be alter'd; to ſit down

(43) ——————— *Sir, let not Paſſion*
So far tranſport you as to think in Reaſon,
This violent Courſe repairs, but ruins it;
That Honour you would build up you deſtroy,
What you would ſeem to nouriſh,] This Paſſage from wrong Pointing, is all Obſcurity and Nonſenſe. In the third Verſe, there is a Relative (*it*) without any antecedent Subſtantive. I have, by the Aſſiſtance of the old *Quarto*'s retriev'd the true Reading: and my Adjuſtment of the Stops makes all clear.

With

With this Disgrace would argue me a Peasant,
And not born Noble: All Rigour that the Law
And that Encrease of Pow'r by Favour yields,
Shall be with all Severity inflicted;
You have the King's Hand for't; no Bail will serve,
And therefore at your Perils, Officers, away with 'em.
Bri. This is Madness. *Lew.* Tell me so in open Court,
And there I'll answer you.

Enter Miramont, Charles, Eustace, *and* Andrew.

Mir. Well overtaken.
Char. Ill, if they dare resist. *Eust.* He that advances
But one Step forward, dies. *Lew.* Shew the King's Writ.
Mir. Shew your Discretion, 'twill become you better.
Char. You're once more in my Power, and if again
I part with you, let me for ever lose thee! [*To* Angel.
Eust. Force will not do't, nor Threats, accept this Service
From your despair'd of *Eustace*. *And.* And beware,
Your reverend Worship never more attempt
To search my *Lilly-pot*; you see, what follows.
Lew. Is the King's Pow'r contemn'd?
Mir. No, but the Torrent
O' your wilful Folly stopp'd. And for you, good Sir,
If you wou'd but be sensible, what can you wish
But the Satisfaction of an obstinate Will,
That is not tender'd to you; rather than
Be cross'd in what you purpos'd, you'll undo
Your Daughter's Fame, the Credit of your Judgment,
And your old foolish Neighbour; make your States,
(43) And in a Suit not worth a Cardecue,
A Prey to Advocates, and their buckram Scribes;
And after they have plum'd ye, return home
Like a couple of naked Fowls without a Feather.
Char. This is a most strong Truth, Sir.
Mir. No, no, Monsieur,
Let us be right *Frenchmen*, violent to charge;
But when our Follies are repell'd by Reason,

(34) ——— *not worth a* Cardecue,] We have made an *English* Word of This from a Corruption of the *French*, *un Quart d'écu*, i. e. the fourth Part of a *French* Crown.

This

'Tis fit that we retreat, and ne'er come on more:
Obſerve my learned *Charles*, he'll get thee a Nephew,
On *Angellina*, ſhall diſpute in her Belly,
And ſuck the Nurſe by Logick. And here's *Euſtace*,
He was an Aſs, but now is grown an *Amadis*;
Nor ſhall he want a Wife, if all my Land
For a Jointure can effect it: You're a good Lord,
And of a gentle Nature, in your Looks
I ſee a kind Conſent, and it ſhews lovely.
And do you hear, old Fool? but I'll not chide;
Hereafter, like me, ever doat on Learning,
The meer Belief is excellent, twill ſave you;
And next love Valour, though you dare not fight
Your ſelf, or fright a fooliſh Officer; young *Euſtace*
Can do it to a Hair. And to conclude,
Let *Andrew*'s Farm b'increas'd, that is your Penance,
You know for what; and, ſee, you rut no more,
You underſtand me. So embrace on all Sides.
I'll pay thoſe Billmen, and make large Amends;
Provided we preſerve you ſtill our Friends.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

EPILOGUE.

'TIS not the Hands, or Smiles, or common Way
Of Approbation to a well-lik'd Play,
We only hope; But that you freely would,
To th' Author's Memory, ſo far unfold,
And ſhew your Loves and Liking to his Wit,
Not in your Praiſe, but often ſeeing it;
That being the grand Aſſurance, that can give
The Poet and the Player Means to live.

THE

SPANISH CURATE.

A

COMEDY.

THE

PROLOGUE.

TO tell ye, Gentlemen, we have a Play,
A new one too, and that 'tis launch'd to Day,
The Name ye know, that's nothing to my Story;
To tell ye, 'tis familiar, void of Glory,
Of State, of Bitterneſs; of Wit, you'll ſay,
For that is now held Wit, that tends that way,
Which we avoid: To tell ye too, 'tis merry,
And meant to make you pleaſant, and not weary:
The Stream that guides ye, eaſy to attend:
To tell ye, that 'tis good, is to no End,
If you believe not. Nay, to go thus far,
To ſwear it, if you ſwear againſt, is War.
To aſſure you any thing, unleſs you ſee,
And ſo conceive, is Vanity in me;
Therefore I leave it to it ſelf; and pray,
Like a good Bark, it may work out to day,
And ſtem all Doubts; 'twas built for ſuch a Proof,
And we hope highly: If ſhe lie aloof
For her own Vantage, to give Wind at Will,
Why, let her work, only be you but ſtill,
And, ſweet-opinion'd; and we are bound to ſay,
You're worthy Judges, and you crown the Play.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Don Henrique, *an uxorious Lord, cruel to his Brother.*
Don Jamie, *younger Brother to Don* Henrique.
Bartolus, *a covetous Lawyer, Husband to* Amaranta.
Leandro, *a Gentleman who wantonly loves the Lawyer's Wife.*

Milanes, Arsenio, } *Two Gentlemen, Friends to* Leandro.
Ascanio, *Son to Don* Henrique.
Octavio, *supposed Husband to* Jacintha.
Lopez, *the* Spanish *Curate.*
Diego, *his Sexton.*
Assistant, *which we call a Judge.*
Algaziers, *whom we call Serjeants.*

Four Parishioners, Apparitor, Singers, Servants.

WOMEN.

Violante, *supposed Wife to Don* Henrique.
Jacintha, *formerly contracted to Don* Henrique.
Amaranta, *Wife to* Bartolus.
A Woman Moor, *Servant to* Amaranta.

SCENE, *SPAIN.*

THE

THE
(1) *SPANISH* CURATE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Angelo, Milanes, *and* Arſenio.

ARSENIO.

LEANDRO paid all.

Mil. 'Tis his uſual Cuſtom, [off

(2) And requiſite he ſhould: He has now put
The funeral Black, your rich Heir wears with Joy,
When he pretends to weep for his dead Father.
Your gathering Sires ſo long heap Muck together,

(1) We are now come to the *Spaniſh Curate*, a moſt excellent Play; and from whence two of our firſt Rate Modern Plays, the *Spaniſh Fryar* and *Old Batchellor*, have taken their moſt comick Scenes. It is as full of Humour, Sprightlineſs and Pleaſantry, as any one Comedy in the whole Set of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER's Works: And were it not that an Adulterer is rather ſet in too amiable a Light, I know ſcarce any Play I could wiſh to ſee oftener upon the Stage.

Mr. *Seward.*

(2) ——————*He has now put off*
The funeral Black (your rich Heir wears with Joy,
When he pretends to weep for his dead Father;] This Sentiment is ſhadow'd out from one of the ſelect Sentences of SENECA, and PUBL. SYRUS.

Heredis fletus *ſub* Perſonâ Riſus *eſt.*

Which BEN JONSON has thus very cloſely tranſlated, in his *Fox.*

——————*Tut! forget, Sir.*
The Weeping *of an* Heir *ſhould ſtill be* Laughter,
Under a Viſor.

That their kind Sons, to rid them of their Care,
Wiſh them in Heav'n; or if they take a Taſte
Of Purgatory by the way, it matters not,
Provided they remove hence; what is befaln
To his Father, in the other World, I ask not;
I am ſure, his Prayer is heard: 'Would, I could uſe one
For mine, in the ſame Method. *Arſ.* Fie upon thee!
This is prophane.

Mil. Good Doctor, do not ſchool me
For a Fault you are not free from: On my Life,
Were all Heirs in *Corduba* put to their Oaths,
They would confeſs with me, 'tis a ſound Tenet:
I'm ſure, *Leandro* does.

Arſ. He is th' Owner of
A fair Eſtate.

Mil. And fairly he deſerves it,
He's a Royal Fellow; yet obſerves a Mean
In all his Courſes, carefull too on whom
He ſhowers his Bounties: He, that's liberal
To all alike, may do a Good by Chance,
But never out of Judgment: This invites
The prime Men of the City to frequent
All Places he reſorts to, and are happy
In his ſweet Converſe.

Arſ. Don *Jamie*, the Brother
To the Grandee Don *Henrique*, appears much taken
With his Behaviour.

Mil. There is ſomething more in't:
He needs his Purſe, and knows how to make Uſe on't.
'Tis now in Faſhion for your Don, that's poor,
To vow all Leagues of Friendſhip with a Merchant
That can ſupply his Wants; and howſoe'er
Don *Jamie*'s noble born, his elder Brother
Don *Henrique*'s rich, and his Revenues long ſince
Encreas'd by marrying with a wealthy Heir,
Call'd Madam *Violante*, he yet holds
A hard Hand o'er *Jamie*, allowing him
A bare Annuity only.

Arſ. Yet, 'tis ſaid,
He hath no Child; and by the Laws of *Spain*,

If

If he die without Iſſue, Don *Jamie*
Inherits his Eſtate.

Mil. Why, that's the Reaſon
Of their ſo many Jars: Though the young Lord
Be ſick of th' elder Brother, and in Reaſon
Shou'd flatter, and obſerve him; he's of a Nature
Too bold and fierce to ſtoop ſo, but bears up,
Preſuming on his Hopes.

Arſ. What's the young Lad
That all of 'em make ſo much of?

Mil. 'Tis a ſweet One,
And the beſt-condition'd Youth I ever ſaw yet;
So humble, and ſo affable, that he wins
The Love of all that know him; and ſo modeſt,
That, in deſpite of Poverty, he wou'd ſtarve
Rather than ask a Courteſy. He's the Son of
A poor caſt Captain, one *Octavio*;
And She, that once was call'd the fair *Jacintha*,
Is happy in being his Mother: For his ſake,

Enter Jamie, Leandro, *and* Aſcanio.

Though in their Fortunes faln, they are eſteem'd of,
And cheriſh'd by the beſt. O, here they come.
I now may ſpare his Character, but obſerve him,
He'll juſtify my Report.

Jam. My good *Aſcanio*,
Repair more often to me; above Women
Thou ever ſhalt be welcome.

Aſc. My Lord, your Favours
May quickly teach a raw untutor'd Youth
To be both rude and ſawcy.

Lean. You cannot be
Too frequent, where you are ſo much deſir'd:
And give me Leave, dear Friend, to be your Rival
In part of his Affection; I will buy it
At any Rate.

Jam. Stood I but now poſſeſs'd
Of what my future Hope preſages to me,
I then would make it clear thou hadſt a Patron,
That wou'd not ſay, but do: Yet as I am,

Be mine, I'll not receive thee as a Servant;
But as my Son; and though I want my ſelf,
No Page attending in the Court of *Spain*
Shall find a kinder Maſter.

Aſc. I beſeech you,
That my Refuſal of ſo great an Offer
May make no ill Conſtruction; 'tis not Pride
(That common Vice is far from my Condition)
That makes you a Denial to receive
A Favour I ſhou'd ſue for: Nor the Faſhion,
Which the Country follows, in which to be a Servant
In thoſe that groan beneath the heavy Weight
Of Poverty, is held an Argument
Of a baſe abject Mind. I wiſh, my Years
Were fit to do you Service in a nature
That might become a Gentleman: (give me Leave
To think my ſelf one.) My Father ſerv'd the King
As a Captain in the Field; and though his Fortune
Return'd him home a poor Man, he was rich
In Reputation, and Wounds fairly taken;
Nor am I by his ill Succeſs deterr'd;
I rather feel a ſtrong Deſire that ſways me
To follow his Profeſſion; and if Heav'n
Hath mark'd me out to be a Man, how proud,
I'th' Service of my Country, ſhou'd I be,
To trail a Pike under your brave Command!
There, I wou'd follow you as a Guide to Honour,
Though all the Horrors of the War made up
To ſtop my Paſſage.

Jam. Thou'rt a hopeful Boy,
And it was bravely ſpoken: For this Anſwer,
I love thee more than ever.

Mil. Pity, ſuch Seeds
Of promiſing Courage ſhou'd not grow and proſper!

Ang. Whatever his reputed Parents be,
He hath a Mind that ſpeaks him right and noble.

Lean. You make him bluſh: It needs not, ſweet *Aſcanio*;
We may hear Praiſes when they are deſerv'd,
Our Modeſty unwounded. By my Life,
I wou'd add ſomething to the building up

So

So fair a Mind; and if till you are fit
To bear Arms in the Field, you'll ſpend ſome Years
In *Salamanca*, I'll ſupply your Studies
With all Conveniences.
Aſc. Your Goodneſs, Signiors,
And charitable Favours overwhelm me.
If I were of your Blood, you cou'd not be
More tender of me: What then can I pay,
A poor Boy and a Stranger, but a Heart
Bound to your Service? With what Willingneſs
I wou'd receive, good Sir, your noble Offer,
Heav'n can bear witneſs for me: But, alas,
Shou'd I embrace the Means to raiſe my Fortunes,
I muſt deſtroy the Lives of my poor Parents,
To whom I owe my Being, they in me
Place all their Comforts; and, as if I were
The Light of their dim Eyes, are ſo indulgent,
They cannot brook one ſhort Day's Abſence from me;
And, what will hardly win Belief, though young,
I am their Steward and their Nurſe: The Bounties,
Which others beſtow on me, ſerve to ſuſtain 'em;
And, to forſake them in their Age, in me
Were more than Murther.

Enter Henrique.

Ang. This is a kind of Begging,
Wou'd make a Broker charitable.
Mil. Here.
Sweet-heart, I wiſh it were more.
Lean. When this is ſpent,
Seek for Supply to me.
Jam. Thy Piety
For ever be remembred! Nay, take all;
Though 'twere my Exhibition to a Ryal
For one whole Year.
Aſc. High Heav'ns reward your Goodneſs!
Hen. So, Sir, is this a Slip of your own Grafting;
You are ſo prodigal?
Jam. A Slip, Sir? *Hen.* Yes,
A Slip; or call it by the proper Name,

Your Baſtard.

Jam. You're foul-mouth'd; do not provoke me,
I ſhall forget your Birth if you proceed,
And uſe you, as your Manners do deſerve,
Uncivilly.

Hen. So brave! Pray you, give me Hearing;
Who am I, Sir?

Jam. My Elder Brother: One,
That might have been born a Fool, and ſo reputed,
But that you had the Luck to creep into
The World a Year before me. *Lean.* Be more temperate.

Jam. I neither can nor will, unleſs I learn it
By his Example: Let him uſe his harſh
Unſavoury Reprehenſions upon thoſe
That are his Hinds, and not on me. The Land
Our Father left to him alone, rewards him,
For being twelve Months elder; let that be
Forgotten, and let his Paraſites remember
One Quality of Worth or Virtue in him,
That may authorize him to be a Cenſurer
Of me, or my Manners, and I will
Acknowledge him for a Tutor; till then, never.

Hen. From whom have you your Means, Sir?

Jam. From the Will
Of my dead Father; I am ſure, I ſpend not,
Nor give't upon your Purſe.

Hen. But will it hold out
Without my Help? *Jam.* I am ſure, it ſhall, I'll ſink elſe;
For ſooner I will ſeek Aid from a Whore,
Than a Courteſy from you.

Hen. 'Tis well; you are proud of
Your new Exchequer, when you have cheated him,
And worn him to the Quick, I may be found
In the Liſt of your Acquaintance.

Lean. Pray you, hold,
And give me Leave, my Lord, to ſay thus much,
And in mine own Defence, I am no Gull
To be wrought on by Perſuaſion; nor no Coward
To be beaten out of my Means, but know to whom

And

And why I give or lend, and will do nothing
But what my Reaſon warrants; you may be
As ſparing as you pleaſe, I muſt be bold
To make Uſe of my own, without your Licence.
Jam. 'Pray thee, let him alone, he is not worth thy
All that he do's, *Leandro*, is for my Good; [Anger.
I think, there's not a Gentleman of *Spain*
That has a better Steward, than I have of him.
Hen. Your Steward, Sir?
Jam. Yes, and a provident one,
Why, he knows, I am giv'n to large Expence,
And therefore lays up for me: Could you believe elſe
That he, that ſixteen Years hath worn the Yoke
Of barren Wedlock, without Hope of Iſſue,
His Coffers full, his Lands and Vineyards fruitfull,
Cou'd be ſo ſold to baſe and ſordid Thrift,
As almoſt to deny himſelf the Means
And Neceſſaries of Life? Alas, he knows,
The Laws of *Spain* appoint me for his Heir,
That all muſt come to me, if I out-live him;
Which ſure, I muſt do, by the Courſe of Nature,
And the Aſſiſtance of good Mirth, and Sack,
How ever you prove melancholy.
Hen. If I live,
Thou dearly ſhalt repent this. *Jam.* When thou'rt dead,
I am ſure, I ſhall not. *Mil.* Now they begin to burn
Like oppos'd Meteors. *Arſ.* Give them Line, and Way,
My Life for Don *Jamie*.
Jam. Continue ſtill
The excellent Husband, and join Farm to Farm,
Suffer no Lordſhip, that in a clear Day
Falls in the Proſpect of your covetous Eye
To be another's; forget, you are a Grandee;
Take Uſe upon Uſe, and cut the Throats of Heirs
With coz'ning Mortgages: Rack your poor Tenants,
Till they look like ſo many Skeletons
For Want of Food; and when that Widows' Curſes,
The Ruins of ancient Families, Tears of Orphans,
Have hurried you to the Devil; ever remember,
All was rak'd up for me, your thankfull Brother;

That will dance merrily upon your Grave,
And, perhaps, give a double Piſtolet
To ſome poor needy Friar, to ſay a Maſs
To keep your Ghoſt from walking.
Hen. That the Law
Should force me to endure this!
Jam. Verily,
When this ſhall come to paſs, as ſure, it will,
If you can find a Loop-hole, though in Hell,
To look on my Behaviour, you ſhall ſee me
Ranſack your Iron Cheſts; and once again
Pluto's flame-colour'd Daughter ſhall be free
To domineer in Taverns, Maſques, and Revels,
As ſhe was us'd, before ſhe was your Captive.
Methinks, the meer Conceit of it ſhould make you
Go home ſick, and diſtemper'd: if it do's,
I'll ſend you a Doctor of mine own, and after
Take Order for your Funeral.
Hen. You have ſaid, Sir;
I will not fight with Words, but Deeds to tame you;
Reſt confident, I will; and thou ſhalt wiſh,
This Day thou hadſt been dumb. [*Exit.*
Mil. You have giv'n him a Heat,
But with your own Diſtemper.
Jam. Not a whit,
Now he is from mine Eye, I can be merry,
Forget the Cauſe and him: All Plagues go with him!
Let's talk of ſomething elſe: What News is ſtirring?
Nothing to paſs the Time?
Mil. 'Faith, it is ſaid,
That the next Summer will determine much
Of that we long have talk'd of, touching the Wars.
Lean. What have we to do with them? Let us diſcourſe
Of what concerns our ſelves. 'Tis now in Faſhion,
To have your Gallants ſet down in a Tavern, [what
What the Arch-Duke's Purpoſe is the next Spring, and
Defence my Lords, the States, prepare; what Courſe
The Emperor takes againſt the encroaching *Turk*;
And whether his Moony-ſtandards are deſign'd
For *Perſia*, or *Polonia*; and all this

The

The wiſer Sort of State-Worms ſeem to know
Better than their own Affairs: This is Diſcourſe
Fit for the Council it concerns; we are young,
And if that I might give the Theme, 'twere better
To talk of handſome Women. *Mil.* And that's one,
Almoſt as general. *Arſ.* Yet none agree
Who are the faireſt.

Lean. Some prefer the *French*,
For their conceited Dreſſings: Some the plump
Italian Bona-Roba's, ſome the State
That ours obſerve; and I have heard one ſwear,
A merry Friend of mine, that once in *London*
He did enjoy the Company of a Gameſter,
A common Gameſter too, that in one Night
Met him th' *Italian*, *French*, and *Spaniſh* Ways,
And ended in the *Dutch*; for, to cool her ſelf,
She kiſs'd him drunk i'th' Morning.

Jam. We may ſpare
The Travell of our Tongues in foreign Nations,
When in *Corduba*, if you dare give Credit
To my Report, (for I have ſeen her, Gallants,)
There lives a Woman, of a mean Birth too,
And meanly match'd, whoſe all-excelling Form
Diſdains Compariſon with any She,
(3) That puts in for a Fair One; and though you borrow From

(3) ——— ——— *and tho' you borrow*
From ev'ry Country of the Earth the beſt
Of thoſe Perfections, which the Climate yields
To help to make her up, if put in Balance,
This will weigh down the Scale.] This Deſcription comes in very ſtrongly in Support of a Parallel one of SHAKESPEARE in his *Cymbeline*, which has been unneceſſarily tamper'd with.

And that She hath all courtly Parts more exquiſite.
Than Lady, Ladies, Woman; *from each One*
The beſt She hath, and She, of all compounded,
Outſells *them all.*

I cannot ſee any impenetrable Nonſenſe in this, unleſs o'er-weaning Criticks will labour to expound it into ſuch. The Poet's Text is a juſt *Climax*; *ſcil.* "She hath all courtly Parts more exquiſite than "any ſingle Lady whoever; ay, than many Ladies; nay, than "the whole Sex put together." *Ferdinand* ſpeaking of his Miſtreſs *Miranda*, ſays almoſt the ſame Thing in the *Tempeſt*.

But

From every Country of the Earth the beſt
Of thoſe Perfections, which the Climate yields
To help to make her up, if put in Balance,
This will weigh down the Scale.

Lean. You talk of Wonders.

Jam. She is, indeed, a Wonder, and ſo kept;
And, as the World deſerv'd not to behold
What curious Nature made without a Pattern,
Whoſe Copy ſhe hath loſt too, ſhe's ſhut up,
Sequeſtred from the World.

Lean. Who is the Owner
Of ſuch a Jem? I am fir'd. *Jam.* One *Bartolus*,
A wrangling Advocate. *Arſ.* A Knave on Record.

Mil. I am ſure, he cheated me of the beſt Part
Of my Eſtate. *Jam.* Some Buſineſs calls me hence,
And of Importance, which denies me Leiſure
To give you his full Character: In few Words,
Though rich, he's covetous beyond Expreſſion;
And, to increaſe his Heap, will dare the Devil,
And all the Plagues of Darkneſs: And to theſe
So jealous, as if you wou'd parallel
Old *Argus* to him, you muſt multiply
His Eyes an hundred times: Of theſe none ſleep.
He, that would charm the heavieſt Lid, muſt hire
A better *Mercury*, than *Jove* made Uſe of:
Bleſs your ſelves from the Thought of him and her,
For 'twill be Labour loſt! So, farewel, Signiors. [*Exit.*

Arſ. Leandro? In a Dream? Wake Man, for Shame.

Mil. Trained into a Fool's Paradiſe, with a Tale
Of an imagin'd Form.

Lean. Jamie is noble,
And with a forg'd Tale would not wrong his Friend;
Nor am I ſo much fir'd with Luſt as Envy,
That ſuch a Churl as *Bartolus* ſhould reap
So ſweet a Harveſt; half my State to any,
To help me to a Share.

Arſ. Tuſh, do not hope for

——— *But You, O You,*
So perfect *and ſo* peerleſs, *are* created
Of ev'ry Creature's beſt.

Impoſ-

Impoſſibilities. *Lean.* I muſt enjoy her,
And my prophetick Love tells me, I ſhall,
Lend me but your Aſſiſtance.
Arſ. Give it o'er.
Mil. I would not have thee fool'd.
Lean. I have ſtrange Engines
Faſhioning here, and *Bartolus* on the Anvil;
Diſſuade me not, but help me.
Mil. Take your Fortune,
If you come off well, praiſe your Wit; if not,
Expect to be the Subject of our Laughter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Octavio, *and* Jacintha.

Jac. You met Don *Henrique?*
Oct. Yes.
Jac. What Comfort bring you?
Speak chearfully: How did my Letter work
On his hard Temper? I am ſure, I wrote it
So feelingly, and with the Pen of Sorrow,
That it muſt force Compunction.
Oct. You are cozen'd;
Can you with one Hand prop a falling Tow'r?
Or with the other ſtop the raging Main,
When it breaks in on the uſurped Shore?
Or any thing that is impoſſible?
And then conclude, that there is ſome way left
To move him to Compaſſion.
Jac. Is there a Juſtice
Or Thunder, my *Octavio*, and he
Not ſunk unto the Center?
Oct. Good *Jacintha*,
With your long-practis'd Patience bear Afflictions;
And by provoking call not on Heav'n's Anger;
He did not only ſcorn to read your Letter,
But, moſt inhuman as he is, he curs'd you,
Curs'd you moſt bitterly.
Jac. The bad Man's Charity.

Oh,

Oh, that I cou'd forget there were a Tye,
In me, upon him! or the Relief I ſeek,
If given, were Bounty in him, and not Debt,
Debt of a dear Accompt!

Oct. Touch not that String,
'Twill but increaſe your Sorrow; and tame Silence,
The Balm of the oppreſs'd, which hitherto
Hath eas'd your griev'd Soul, and preſerv'd your Fame,
Muſt be your Surgeon ſtill.

Jac. If the Contagion
Of my Misfortunes had not ſpread it ſelf
Upon my Son *Aſcanio*, though my Wants
Were centuply'd upon my ſelf, I cou'd be patient:
But he is ſo good, I ſo miſerable,
His pious Care, his Duty, and Obedience,
And all that can be wiſh'd for from a Son,
Diſcharg'd to me, and I, barr'd of all Means
To return any Scruple of the Debt
I owe him as a Mother, is a Torment,
Too painfull to be borne.

Oct. I ſuffer with you,
In that; yet find in this Aſſurance Comfort;
High Heav'n ordains, whoſe Purpoſes cannot alter,
Children, that pay Obedience to their Parents,
Shall never beg their Bread.

Enter Aſcanio.

Jac. Here comes our Joy;
Where has my deareſt been?

Aſc. I have made, Mother,
A fortunate Voyage, and brought home rich Prize,
In a few Hours: The Owners too contended,
From whom I took it. See, here's Gold, good Store too;
Nay, pray you, take it.

Jac. Mens Charities are ſo cold,
That if I knew not thou wert made of Goodneſs,
'Twould breed a Jealouſy in me, by what Means
Thou cam'ſt by ſuch a Sum.

Aſc. Were it ill got,
I am ſure, it could not be employ'd ſo well,

As

As to relieve your Wants. Some noble Friends,
Rais'd by Heav'n's Mercy to me, not my Merits,
Beſtow'd it on me,
Oct. It were a Sacrilege
To rob thee of their Bounty, ſince they gave it
To thy Uſe only.
Jac. Buy thee brave Cloaths with it,
And fit thee for a Fortune, and leave us
To our Neceſſities; why do'ſt thou weep?
Aſc. Out of my Fear I have offended you;
For had I not, I am ſure, you are too kind
Not to accept the Offer of my Service,
In which I am a Gainer; I have heard
My Tutor ſay, of all aereal Fowl
The Stork's the Embleme of true Piety;
Becauſe, when Age hath ſeiz'd upon his Dam,
And made unfit for Flight, the grateful young one
Takes her upon his Back, provides her Food,
Repaying ſo her tender Care of him,
E'er he was fit to fly, by bearing her:
Shall I then, that have Reaſon and Diſcourſe,
That tell me, all I can do is too little,
Be more unnatural than a ſilly Bird?
Or feed or cloath my ſelf ſuperfluouſly.
(4) And know, nay, ſee you want? Holy Saints keep me
From ſuch Impiety!
Jac. Can I be wretched,
And know my ſelf the Mother to ſuch Goodneſs?
Oct. Come let us dry our Eyes, we'll have a Feaſt,
Thanks to our little Steward.
Jac. And, in him,
Believe, that we are rich.
Aſc. I'm ſure, I am,
While I have Pow'r to comfort you, and ſerve you. [*Exe.*

(4) *Holy Saints keep me.*] *Aſcanio*'s Speech ends with an imperfect Sentence, and the natural Senſe which ſupplies it, exactly fills up the Hemiſtich which follows. So that it is very probable it was an accidental Omiſſion, which one may venture to fill up without Danger of adding what is not our Author's. Mr. *Seward.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Henrique, *and* Violante.

Viol. Is it my Fault, Don *Henrique*, or my Fate?
What's my Offence? I came young to your Bed,
I had a fruitful Mother, and you met me
With equal Ardour in your *May* of Blood;
And why then am I barren?

Hen. 'Tis not in Man
To yield a Reaſon for the Will of Heav'n,
Which is inſcrutable.

Viol. To what Uſe ſerve
Full Fortunes, and the meaner Sort of Bleſſings,
When that, which is the Crown of all our Wiſhes,
The Period of human Happineſs,
One only Child, that may poſſeſs what's ours,
Is cruelly deny'd us?

Hen. 'Tis the Curſe
Of great Eſtates to want thoſe Pledges, which
The Poor are happy in: They in a Cottage,
With Joy, behold the Models of their Youth;
And, as their Root decays, thoſe budding Branches
Sprout forth and flouriſh, to renew their Age;
But this is the Beginning, not the End
Of Miſery to me, that 'gainſt my Will,
Since Heav'n denies us Iſſue of our own,
Muſt leave the Fruit of all my Care and Travell
To an unthankful Brother, that inſults
On my Calamity.

Viol. I will rather chooſe
A Baſtard from the Hoſpital and adopt him,
And nouriſh him as mine own.

Hen. Such an Evaſion,
My *Violante*, is forbid to us;
Happy the *Roman* State, where it was lawfull,
If our own Sons were vicious, to chooſe one
Out of a virtuous Stock, though of poor Parents,
And make him Noble. But the Laws of *Spain*,
Intending to preſerve all ancient Houſes,

Prevent

Prevent ſuch free Elections; with this, my Brother's
Too well acquainted, and this makes him bold
To reign o'er me, as a Maſter.
Viol. I will fire
The Portion I brought with me, e'er he ſpend
A Ryal of it: No Quirk left, no Quiddit,
That may defeat him? *Hen.* Were I but confirm'd,
That you wou'd take the Means I uſe with Patience,
As I muſt practiſe it with my Diſhonour,
I cou'd lay level with the Earth his Hopes,
That ſoar above the Clouds with Expectation,
To ſee me in my Grave. *Viol.* Effect but this,
And our Revenge ſhall be to us a Son,
That ſhall inherit for us. *Hen.* Do not repent
When 'tis too late.
Viol. I fear not, what may fall;
He diſpoſſeſs'd, that does uſurp on all. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

(5) *Enter* Leandro, Milanes, *and* Arſenio.

Mil. CAN any thing but Wonder —
Lean. Wonder on,
I am, as ye ſee; and, what will follow, Gentlemen?
Arſ. Why doſt thou put on this Form? what can this do?
Thou look'ſt moſt ſillily. *Mil.* Like a young Clerk,
A half-pin'd Puppy, that would write for a Ryal.
Is this a commanding Shape to win a Beauty?
To what Uſe, what Occaſion?
Lean. Peace, ye are Fools,
More ſilly than my Out-ſide ſeems, ye are ignorant;
They, that pretend to Wonders, muſt weave cunningly.
Arſ. What manner of Acceſs can this get? or, if gotten,

(5) *Enter* Leandro, *with a Letter writ out,*] This is a Stage-Direction, tranſcrib'd from the *Prompter*'s Book; and a Memorandum to him only, that *Leandro* ſhould go on furniſh'd with ſuch a Letter, to deliver to *Lopez* the Curate.

What

What Credit in her Eyes?

Lean. Will ye but leave me?

Mil. Methinks, a young Man and a handſom Gentleman, (But, ſure, thou art Lunatick,) methinks, a brave Man, That wou'd catch cunningly the Beams of Beauty, And ſo diſtribute 'em unto his Comfort, Shou'd like himſelf appear, young, high, and buxom, And in the brighteſt Form.

Lean. Ye are cozen'd, Gentlemen, Neither do I believe this, nor will follow it: Thus as I am, I will begin my Voyage. When you love, launch it out in Silks and Velvets, I'll love in Serge, and will outgo your Sattins. To get upon my great Horſe and appear The Sign of ſuch a Man, and trot my Meaſures, (6) Or fiddle out whole froſty Nights, my Friends, Under the Window, while my Teeth keep Time, I hold no handſomneſs. Let me get in, There trot, and fiddle, where I may have fair Play.

Arſ. But how get in?

Lean. Leave that to me; your Patience, I have ſome Toys here that I dare well truſt to: I have ſmelt a Vicar out, they call him *Lopez.* You are ne'er the nearer now.

Mil. We do confeſs it.

Lean. Weak ſimple Men, this Vicar to this Lawyer Is the moſt inward *Damon.*

Arſ. What can this do?

Mil. We know the Fellow, and he dwells there.

Lean. So.

(6) *Or fiddle out whole froſty Nights, my Friends, Under the Window, whilſt my Teeth keep* Tune,] I have obſerv'd, that no two Words, in the old Books, ſo often and ſo miſtakenly change Place with each other, as *Time* and *Tune*. Indeed, in the running Secretary-hand, the Difference is ſo minute betwixt *im* and *un*, that it has been the Source of numberleſs Errors. *Leandro*'s Meaning is, that if he were to go a Serenading in a froſty Night, he ſhould be ſo cold as to have the Chattering of his Teeth keep *Time* with his Inſtrument.

Arſ.

(7) *Arſ.* A poor, thin Thief: He help? he? hang the
Can reading of an Homily prefer thee? [Vicar;
Thou art dead-ſick in Love, and he'll pray for thee.

Lean. Have Patience, Gentlemen; I ſay, this Vicar,
This Thing, I ſay, is all one with the cloſe *Bartolus*,
(8) For ſo they call the Lawyer; on his Nature,
(Which I have ſtudied by Relation;
And make no Doubt I ſhall hit handſomly;)
Will I work cunningly, and home: Underſtand me.

Enter Lopez, *and* Diego.

Next, I pray, leave me, leave me to my Fortune;
Difficilia pulchra, that's my Motto, Gentlemen;
I'll win this Diamond from the Rock, and wear her,
Or ———

Mil. Peace, the Vicar: Send ye a full Sail, Sir.

Arſ. There's your Confeſſor, but what ſhall be your Pe-

Lean. A Fool's Head, if I fail; and ſo forſake me. [nance?
You ſhall hear from me daily.

Mil. We will be ready. [*Exeunt* Mil. Arſ.

Lop. Thin World, indeed!

Lean. I'll let him breath, and mark him:
No Man would think, a Stranger, as I am,
Should reap any great Commodity from his Pigbelly.

Lop. Poor ſtirring for poor Vicars.

Die. And poor Sextons.

Lop. We pray, and pray, but to no Purpoſe,
Thoſe, that enjoy our Lands, choke our Devotions;
Our poor thin Stipends make us arrant Dunces.

Die. If you live miſerably, how ſhall we do, Maſter,
That are fed only with the Sound of Prayers?

(7) ——— *hang the Vicar*;
Can reading of an ——— *prefer thee?*] 'Tis ſtrange, that none of all the Editions ſhould be able to furniſh out the intermediate Word to fill up the *Hiatus* of this Verſe. As they are talking of the Vicar, it is demonſtrable it muſt have been, *Homily*; which makes both the Metre and Senſe complete.

(8) *For ſo they call the Lawyer*, or *his Nature*,
Which I have ſtudied by Relation, &c.] This Paſſage has been ſlightly corrupted in the Text and Pointing. I have regulated Both, and Mr. *Sympſon* preſcrib'd the very ſame Adjuſtment.

We riſe and ring the Bells to get good Stomachs,
And muſt be fain to eat the Ropes with Reverence.
Lop. When was there a Chriſtning, *Diego?*
Die. Not this ten Weeks:
Alas, they have forgot to get Children, Maſter;
The Wars, the Seas, and Uſury undo us:
Takes off our Minds, our Edges, blunts our Plough-ſhares.
They eat nothing here, but Herbs, and get nothing but green Sauce:
There are ſome few poor Labourers, that, perhaps,
Once in ſeven Year, with helping one another,
Produce ſome few pin'd-Butter-prints, that ſcarce hold
The Chriſtning neither.
Lop. Your Gallants, they get Honour,
A ſtrange fantaſtical Birth, to defraud the Vicar;
And the Camp chriſtens their Iſſues, or the Curtizans;
'Tis a lewd Time.
Die. They are ſo hard-hearted here too,
They will not die; there's nothing got by Burials.
Lop. Diego, the Air's too pure, they cannot periſh.
To have a thin Stipend, and an everlaſting Pariſh,
Lord, what a Torment 'tis!
Die. Good ſenſible Maſter,
You are allow'd to pray againſt all Weathers,
Both foul, and fair, as you ſhall find Occaſion;
Why not againſt all Airs?
Lop. That's not i'th' Canons.
I wou'd, it had; 'tis out of our way forty Pence. [die here,
Die. 'Tis ſtrange, they are ſtarv'd too yet they will not
They will not earth: A good ſtout Plague amongſt 'em,
Or half a dozen new fantaſtical Fevers.
That would turn up their Heels by whole-ſale, Maſter,
And take the Doctors too, in their grave Counſels,
That there might be no natural Help for Money:
How merrily would my Bells go then?
Lop. Peace, *Diego*,
The Doctors are our Friends; let's pleaſe them well;
For though they kill but ſlow, they are certain, *Diego.*
We muſt remove into a muddy Air,
A moſt contagious Climate.

Die.

Die. We muſt, certain,
An Air that is the Nurſery of Agues,
Such Agues, Maſter, that will ſhake Mens Souls out,
Ne'er ſtay for Poſſets, nor good old Wives' Plaiſters.
Lop. Gouts and dead Palſies.
Die. The Dead do's well at all times,
Yet Gouts will hang an arſe a long time, Maſter:
The Pox, or *Engliſh* Surfeits, if we had 'em;
Thoſe are rich Marle, they make a Church-yard fat;
And make the Sexton ſing, they never miſs, Sir.
Lop. Then Wills and Funeral Sermons come in Seaſon,
And Feaſts that make us frolick.
Die. Wou'd I cou'd ſee 'em.
Lop. And though I weep i'th' Pulpit for my Brother,
Yet, *Diego*, here I laugh.
Die. The Cauſe requires it.
Lop. Since People left to die, I am a Dunce, *Diego.*
Die. 'Tis a ſtrange thing, I have forgot to dig too.
Lean. A precious pair of Youths! I muſt make toward 'em.
Lop. Who's that? look, it ſeems, he would ſpeak to us.
I hope a Marriage, or ſome Will to make, *Diego.*
Die. My Friend, your Buſineſs?
Lean. 'Tis to that grave Gentleman;
Bleſs your good Learning, Sir!
Lop. And bleſs you alſo!
He bears a promiſing Face, there's ſome Hope toward.
Lean. I have a Letter to your Worſhip.
Lop. Well, Sir,
From whence, I pray you?
Lean. From *Nova Hiſpania*, Sir,
And from an ancient Friend of yours.
Lop. 'Tis well; Sir,
'Tis very well: The Devil a one I know there.
Die. Take heed of a Snap, Sir, h'as a cozening Counte-
I do not like his way. [nance.
Lop. Let him go forward.
(9) *Cantabit vacuus*,---they that have nothing, fear nothing.

(9 *Cantabit vacuus* ——] This Hemiſtich is the beginning of a Verſe in JUVENAL's *Satyres.*

Cantabit vacuus coram Latrone Viator.

All I have to loſe, *Diego*, is my Learning;
And, when he has gotten that, he may put it in a Nut-ſhell.

Reads the Letter.

SIgnior Lopez, *Since my Arrival from* Cordova *to theſe Parts, I have written divers Letters unto you, but as yet receiv'd no Anſwer of any:* (Good, and very good) *And although ſo great a Forgetfullneſs might cauſe a Want in my due Correſpondence, yet the Deſire I have ſtill to ſerve you muſt more prevail with me* (Better and better: The Devil a Man know I yet) *and therefore with the preſent Occaſion offered I am willing to crave a Continuance of the Favours which I have heretofore receiv'd from you, and do recommend my Son* Leandro, *the Bearer, to you; with Requeſt that he may be admitted in that Univerſity, till ſuch time as I ſhall arrive at home; his Studies he will make you acquainted withal: This Kindneſs ſhall ſupply the Want of your Slackneſs: And ſo Heaven keep you. Yours,*

Alonzo Tiveria.

Alonzo Tiveria, very well,
A very ancient Friend of mine, I take it,
For till this Hour I never heard his Name yet.

Lean. You look, Sir, as if ye had forgot my Father.

Lop. No, no, I look, as I would remember him,
For that I never remembred, I cannot forget, Sir;
Alonzo Tiveria?

Lean. The ſame, Sir.

Lop. And now i'th' *Indies?*

Lean. Yes.

(10) *Lop.* He may be any where,
For aught that I —

Lean. Conſider, think again, Sir;
You were Students both at one time in *Salamanca*,
And, as I take it, Chamber-fellows.

Lop. Ha?

(10) *He may be any where*
For aught that I conſider.

Lean. *Think again, Sir,*] I have regulated the Text in this Paſſage, as Mr. *Sympſon* gave me his Opinion, he ſuſpected it ſhould be.

Lean.

Lean. Nay, ſure, you muſt remember.
Lop. 'Wou'd, I could!
Lean. I have heard him ſay, you were Goſſips too.
Lop. Very likely,
You did not hear him ſay, to whom? For we Students
May oft-times over-reach our Memories.
Doſt thou remember, *Diego*, this ſame Signior?
Thou haſt been mine theſe twenty Years.
Die. Remember?
Why, this Fellow wou'd make ye mad: *Nova Hiſpania?*
And Signior *Tiveria?* What are theſe?
He may as well name ye Friends out of *Cataya.*
Take heed, I beſeech your Worſhip: Do you hear, my [Friend?
You have no Letters for me?
Lean. Not any Letter,
But I was charg'd to do my Father's Love
To the old honeſt Sexton *Diego:* Are you he, Sir?
Die. Ha! have I Friends, and know 'em not? My Name is *Diego*,
But if either I remember you or your Father,
Or *Nova Hiſpania* (I was never there, Sir,)
Or any Kindred that you have—for Heav'n ſake, Maſter,
Let's caſt about a little, and conſider,
We may dream out our Time.
Lean. It ſeems I am deceiv'd, Sir;
Yet, that you are Don *Lopez*, all Men tell me,
The Curate here, and have been ſome time, Sir;
And you the Sexton *Diego*, ſuch I am ſent to,
The Letter tells as much: May be, they are dead,
And you of the like Names ſucceed: I thank ye, Gentle- [men,
Ye have done honeſtly in telling truth,
I might have been forward elſe—For to that *Lopez*,
That was my Father's Friend, I had a Charge,
A Charge of Money to deliver, Gentlemen,
Five hundred Duckets, a poor ſmall Gratuity;
But ſince you are not he—
Lop. Good Sir, let me think,
I pray ye, be patient; pray ye, ſtay a little;
Nay, let me remember, I beſeech you ſtay, Sir.
Die. An honeſt noble Friend, that ſends ſo lovingly;

An old Friend too; you will remember, ſure, Sir.
Lop. Thou ſay'ſt true, *Diego*.
Die. 'Pray ye, conſider quickly;
Do, do, by any means; methinks, already
A grave ſtaid Gentleman comes to my Memory.
Lean. He's old indeed, Sir.
Die. With a goodly white Beard,
(For now he muſt be ſo: I know he muſt be)
Signior *Alonzo*, Maſter.
Lop. I begin to have him. [Sir.
Die. H'as been from hence about ſome twenty Years,
Lean. Some five and twenty, Sir.
Die. You ſay moſt true, Sir.
Juſt to an Hour; 'tis now juſt five and twenty,
A fine ſtrait-timber'd Man, and a brave Soldier,
He married: Let me ſee, —
Lean. De Caſtro's Daughter.
Die. The very ſame.
Lean. Thou art a very Raſcal. [*Aſide.*
De Caſtro is the *Turk* to thee, or any Thing:
The Money rubs 'em into ſtrange Remembrances,
For as many Duckets more they would remember *Adam*.
Lop. Give me your Hand, you are welcome to your Country;
Now I remember plainly, manifeſtly,
As freſhly, as if Yeſterday I had ſeen him,
Moſt heartily welcome: ſinfull that I am,
Moſt ſinfull Man! why ſhou'd I loſe this Gentleman?
This loving old Companion? We had all one Soul, Sir,
He dwelt here hard by, at a handſome— *Lean.* Farm, Sir;
You ſay moſt true.
Lop. Alonzo Tiveria! [thus!
Lord, Lord, that Time ſhould play the treacherous Knave
Why, he was the only Friend I had in *Spain*, Sir,
I knew your Mother too, a handſome Gentlewoman;
She was married very young: I married 'em:
I do remember now the Maſques and Sports then,
The Fire-works, and the fine Delights; good Faith, Sir,
Now I look in your Face, whoſe Eyes are thoſe, *Diego*?
Nay, if he be not juſt *Alonzo*'s Picture—

Lean.

Lean. Lord, how I bluſh for theſe two Impudents!
[*Aſide.*

Die. Well, Gentleman, I think your Name's *Leandro.*

Lean. It is, indeed, Sir.
Gra'-mercy, Letter, thou hadſt never known elſe. [*Aſide.*

Die. I have dandled ye, and kiſs'd ye and plaid with ye
A hundred, and a hundred Times, and danc'd ye,
And ſwong ye in my Bell-ropes, ye lov'd ſwinging.

Lop. A ſweet Boy.

Lean. Sweet lying Knaves.
What wou'd theſe do for thouſands? [*Aſide.*

Lop. A wondrous ſweet Boy then it was, ſee now
Time, that conſumes us, ſhoots him up ſtill ſweeter.
How do's the noble Gentleman? how fares he?
When ſhall we ſee him? when will he bleſs his Country?

Lean. O, very ſhortly, Sir; 'till his Return
He has ſent me over to your Charge.

Lop. And welcome,
Nay, you ſhall know you are welcome to your Friend, Sir.

Lean. And to my Study, Sir, which muſt be the Law.
To further which, he wou'd entreat your Care
To plant me in the Favour of ſome Man
That's expert in that Knowledge: For his Pains
I have three hundred Duckets more: For my Diet,
Enough, Sir, to defray me: Which I am charg'd
To take ſtill, as I uſe it, from your Cuſtody,
I have the Money ready, and I am weary. [welcome;

Lop. Sit down, ſit down, and once more, ye are moſt
The Law you have hit upon moſt happily;
Here is a Maſter in that Art, *Bartolus*,
A Neighbour by, to him I will prefer ye;
A learned Man, and my moſt loving Neighbour;
I'll do ye faithful Service, Sir.

Dei. He's an Aſs,
And ſo we'll uſe him; he ſhall be a Lawyer, [*Diego,*

Lop. But if ever he recover this Money again—Before,
And get ſome pretty Pittance: My Pupil's hungry.

Lean. Pray ye, Sir, unlade me.

Lop. I'll refreſh ye, Sir;
When ye want, you know your Exchequer.

Lean. If all this get me but Acceſs, I am happy.
Lop. Come, I am tender of ye.
Lean. I'll go with ye.
To have this Fort betray'd theſe Fools muſt fleece me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Bartolus, *and* Amaranta.

Bar. My *Amaranta*, a retir'd ſweet Life,
Private and cloſe, and ſtill, and houſewifely,
Becomes a Wife, ſets off the Grace of Woman.
At home to be believ'd both young and handſome,
As Lillies that are cas'd in cryſtall Glaſſes,
Makes up the Wonder: Shew it abroad, 'tis ſtale,
And ſtill, the more Eyes cheapen it, 'tis more ſlubber'd;
(11) And what need Windows open to Inviting?
Or ev'ning Terraſſes, to take in Minions?
When the moſt wholſome Air, my Wife, blows inward,
When good Thoughts are the nobleſt Companions,
And old chaſt Stories, Wife, the beſt Diſcourſes;
But why do I talk thus, that know thy Nature? [louſy;
Ama. You know your own Diſeaſe; Diſtruſt, and Jea-
And thoſe two give theſe Leſſons, not good Meaning.
What Trial is there of my Honeſty,
When I am mew'd at home? To what End, Husband,
Serves all the Virtuous Thoughts, and chaſt Behaviour,
Without their Uſes? Then they are known moſt excellent,
When by their Contraries they are ſet off, and burniſh'd.
(12) If ye both hold me fair, and chaſt, and virtuous,
Let

(11) *And what need Windows open to Inviting?*
Or ev'ning Terraſſes, to take Opinions?] *Opinions,* of What? Only to be ſeen by Paſſengers, and have her Beauties judg'd of? I believe verily, the Authors meant ſomething farther: What if we ſhould read, *and take in* Minions? *i. e.* attract Admirers.
Mr. *Sympſon.*

(12) *If ye both hold me fair, and* chaſt, *and* virtuous,
Let me go fearleſs out, and win that Greatneſs:] The Word Greatneſs is very obſcure; it can only mean Greatneſs of Reputation, a very ſtiff Expreſſion upon this Occaſion. The Meaning plainly is, that

Let me go fearleſs out, and win that Chaſtneſs:
Theſe Seeds grow not in Shades, and conceal'd Places:
Set 'em i'th' Heat of all, then they riſe glorious.

Bar. Peace, ye are too loud.

Ama. You are too covetous.
If that be rank'd a Virtue, you have a rich one.
Set me, like other Lawyers Wives, off handſomely,
Attended as I ought, and as they have it,
My Coach, my People, and my handſome Women,
My Will in honeſt Things.

Bar. Peace, *Amaranta.* [cures 'em;

Ama. They have Content, rich Cloaths, and that ſe-
Binds, to their carefull Husbands, their Obſervance;
They are merry, ride abroad, meet, laugh.

Bar. Thou ſhalt too.

Ama. And freely may converſe with proper Gentlemen,
Suffer Temptations daily to their Honour.

Enter Woman Moor.

Bar. You are now too far again: Thou ſhalt have any [thing,
Let me but lay up for a handſome Office,
And then, my *Amaranta*—

Ama. Here's a thing now,
Ye place as Pleaſure to me: All my Retinue,
My Chamber-maid, my Kitchin-maid, my Friend,
And what ſhe fails in, I muſt do my ſelf.
A Foil to ſet my Beauty off, I thank ye,
You will place the Devil next for a Companion.

Bar. No more ſuch Words, good Wife.
What would you have, Maid?

Moor. Maſter Curate, and the Sexton, and a Stranger, Sir,
Attend to ſpeak with your Worſhip.

Bar. A Stranger? [not.

Ama. You had beſt to be jealous of the Man you know

Bar. 'Pray thee, no more of that.

Ama. 'Pray ye, go out to 'em;

that no Woman deſerves the Name of *Chaſt*, but they who have prov'd themſelves ſo when try'd: therefore let me go into the World, and win the Name. I think, Chaſtneſs gives this Idea; and was moſt probably the Author's Word. Mr. *Seward.*

That

That will be ſafeſt for ye, I am well here,
I only love your Peace, and ſerve like a Slave for it.
Bar. No, no, thou ſhalt not; 'tis ſome honeſt Client,
Rich, and litigious, the Curate has brought to me;
Prithee, go in, my Duck; I'll but ſpeak to 'em,
And return inſtantly.
Ama. I am commanded,
One Day you will know my Sufferance.— [*Exit.*
Bar. And reward it.
So, ſo, faſt bind, faſt find; Come in, my Neighbours;
My loving Neighbours, pray ye, come in; ye are welcome.

Enter Lopez, Leandro, *and* Diego.

Lop. Bleſs your good Reverence!
Bar. Good-day, good Maſter Curate,
And Neighbour *Diego*, welcome: what's your Buſineſs?
And, 'pray ye, be ſhort, good Friends, the time is precious;
Welcome, good Sir.
Lop. To be ſhort then with your Maſterſhip,
For, I know, your ſeveral Hours are full of Buſineſs,
We have brought ye this young Man, of honeſt Parents,
And of an honeſt Face, —
Bar. It ſeems ſo, Neighbours,
But to what End?
Lop. To be your Pupil, Sir;
Your Servant, if you pleaſe.
Lean. I have travell'd far, Sir,
To ſeek a worthy Man.
Bar. Alas, good Gentleman,
I am a poor Man, and a private too,
Unfit to keep a Servant of your Reckoning;
My Houſe a little Cottage, and ſcarce able
To hold my ſelf, and thoſe poor Few that live under it;
Beſides, you muſt not blame me, Gentlemen,
If I were able to receive a Servant,
To be a little ſcrupulous of his Dealing,
For in theſe Times —
Lop. Pray let me anſwer that, Sir,
Here is five hundred Duckets, to ſecure him,
He cannot want, Sir; to make good his Credit,

Good

Good Gold, and Coin.

Bar. And that's an honeſt Pledge;
Yet, ſure, that needs not, for his Face and Carriage,
Seem to declare an in-bred Honeſty.

Lean. And (for I have a ripe Mind to the Law, Sir,
(13) In which, I underſtand, you live a Maſter)
The leaſt poor Corner in your Houſe, poor Bed, Sir,
(Let me not ſeem intruding to your Worſhip)
With ſome Books to inſtruct me, and your Counſel,
Shall I reſt moſt content with: Other Acquaintance
Than your grave Preſence, and the Grounds of Law,
I dare not covet, nor I will not ſeek, Sir;
For, ſurely, mine own Nature deſires Privacy.
Next, for your monthly Pains, to ſhew my Thanks,
I do proportion out ſome twenty Duckets;
As I grow riper, more: Three hundred now, Sir,
To ſhew my Love to Learning, and my Maſter,
My Diet I'll defray too, without Trouble.

(14) *Lop.* Note but his Mind to Learning.

Bar. I do ſtrangely,
Yes, and I like it too; —

Die. Thanks to his Money.
'Wou'd, he would live with me, and learn to dig too.

Lop. A wondrous modeſt Man, Sir.

Bar. So it ſeems,

(13) *In which, I underſtand, you* live *a Maſter*] This Word has a Senſe not uſual, tho' very elegant; and is put for, are; *Senſu Latino.* So, HORACE:

Vivet *uter Locuples ſine Natis*; i. e. *erit.*

So PLAUTUS, in the Prologue to his *Amphitryon.*

Virtute, dixit, vos Victores vivere. *i. e.* eſſe.

And ſo our incomparable SPENSER;

Lo I Fideſſa *dwell*: *i. e.* am. Mr. *Sympſon.*

(14) *Note but his Mind to Learning.*

Bar. *I do ſtrangely, yes, and I like it too, Thanks to his Money.*

Die. *Would, he would live with me, and learn to dig too.*] Both the Meaſure and Humour are greatly injur'd by this corrupt Reading. I doubt not, but the Original run thus.

Lop. *Note but his Mind to Learning.*

Bar. ——— ——— *I do ſtrangely;*
Yes, and I like it too.

Die. ———*Thanks to his Money.* —
'Would, he would live with me, &c. Mr. *Seward.*

His

His dear love to his Study muſt be nouriſh'd;
Neighbour, he's like to prove, —
Lop. With your good Counſel,
And with your Diligence, as you will ply him;
His Parents, when they know your Care —
Bar. Come hither.
Die. An honeſter young Man, your Worſhip ne'er kept,
But he is ſo baſhful —
Bar. O I like him better.
Say, I ſhould undertake ye, which, indeed, Sir,
Will be no little Straitneſs to my Living,
Conſidering my Affairs, and my ſmall Houſe, Sir,
(For I ſee ſome Promiſes, that pull me to ye;)
Cou'd you content your ſelf, at firſt thus meanly,
To lie hard, in an out-part of my Houſe, Sir?
For I have not many Lodgings to allow ye;
And Study ſhou'd be ſtill remote from Company;
A little Fire ſometimes too, to refreſh ye;
A Student muſt be frugal: Sometimes Lights too,
According to your Labour. *Lean.* Any thing, Sir,
That's dry, and wholſome: I am no bred Wanton.
Bar. Then I receive you: But I muſt deſire ye
To keep within your Confines. *Lean.* Ever, Sir;
There is the Gold, and ever be your Servant,
Take it and give me Books: May I but prove, Sir,
According to my Wiſh, and theſe ſhall multiply!
Lop. Do, ſtudy hard, pray ye take him in, and ſettle him,
He's only fit for you; Shew him his Cell, Sir. [yer,
Die. Take a good Heart; and when ye are a cunning Law-
I'll ſell my Bells, and you ſhall prove it lawful. [gence.
Bar. Come, Sir, with me: Neighbours, I thank your Dili-
Lop. I'll come ſometimes, and crack a Caſe with ye.
Bar. Welcome —— [*Exit.*
Lop. Here's Money got with Eaſe: here, ſpend that jo-
And pray for the Fool, the Founder. [vially,
Die. Many more Fools,
I heartily pray, may follow his Example!
Lawyers, or Lubbers, or of what Condition,
And many ſuch ſweet Friends in *Nova Hiſpania!*
Lop. It will do well; let 'em but ſend their Monies,

Come

Come from what Quarter of the World, I care not,
I'll know 'em inſtantly; nay, I'll be Kin to 'em;
I cannot miſs a Man, that ſends me Money:
Let him law there, long as his Duckets laſt, Boy,
I'll grace him, and prefer him.

Die. I'll turn Trade, Maſter,
And now live by the Living, let the Dead ſtink,
'Tis a poor ſtinking Trade.

Lop. If the young Fool now
Should chance to chop upon his fair Wife, *Diego?*

Die. And handle her Caſe, Maſter, that's a Law-point;
A Point would make him ſtart, and put on his Spectacles;
A hidden Point, were worth the canvaſſing.

Lop. Now, ſurely, ſurely, I ſhou'd love him, *Diego,*
And love him heartily: Nay, I ſhou'd love my ſelf,
Or any thing that had but that good Fortune,
For to ſay the Truth, the Lawyer is a Dog-bolt,
An arrant Worm: And though I call him Worſhipful,
I wiſh him a canoniz'd Cuckold, *Diego*;
Now, if my Youth do but dub him —

Die. He is too demure, Sir.

Lop. If he do ſting her home.

Die. There's no ſuch Matter,
The Woman was not born to ſo much Bleſſedneſs,
He has no Heat: Study conſumes his Oil, Maſter.

Lop. Leave it to the Will of Fate, and preſently
Over a Cup of luſty Sack, let's propheſy.
I am like a Man that dream'd he was an Emperor,
Come, *Diego,* hope; and, whilſt he laſts, we'll lay it on.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Jamie, Milanes, *and* Arſenio.

(15) *Jam. Milanes,* did you ſee this Wonder?
Mil. Yes, yes. *Jam.*

Jam. ANGELO, Milanes, *did you ſee this Wonder?*
Mil. *Yes, yes.* Jam. *And you,* Arſenio?
Arſ. *Yes, he is gone, Sir,*
Strangely diſguis'd, he's ſet upon his Voyage.
Love guide his Thoughts! *&c.*] *Angelo* makes his Appearance in

Jam. And you, *Arſenio?* *Arſ.* Yes, he is gone, Sir,
Strangely diſguis'd, he's ſet upon his Voyage. [Fellow.
Jam. Love guide his Thoughts! He's a brave honeſt
Sit cloſe, Don Lawyer, O that arrant Knave now,
How he will ſtink, will ſmoak again, will burſt!
He's the moſt arrant Beaſt.
Mil. He may be more Beaſt.
Jam. Let him bear ſix, and ſix, that all may blaze him;
The Villany he has ſowed into my Brother,
And, from his State, the Revenue he has reach'd at!
Pay him, my good *Leandro*, take my Prayers. [Heifer!
Arſ. And all our Wiſhes plough with his fine white
Jam. Mark him, my dear Friend, for a famous Cuckold,
Let it out-live his Books, his Pains, and hear me,
The more he ſeeks to ſmother it with Juſtice,

Enter a Servant.

Let it blaze out the more: What News, *Andrea?*
Andr. News I am loth to tell ye: but I am charg'd, Sir;
Your Brother lays a ſtrict Command upon ye,
No more to know his Houſe, upon your Danger;
I am ſorry, Sir.
Jam. Faith, never be: I am glad on't;
He keeps the Houſe of Pride, and Foolery:
I mean to ſhun it; ſo return my Anſwer;

in the firſt Scene of the firſt Act, but he ſpeaks but four Lines there; and nothing but what *Arſenio* might full as well have ſaid: And he has nothing to do here, but to ſpoil the Verſe. As he is quite an unneceſſary Perſon in the Play, I fancy, he has intruded into it by ſome Error of the Players. However, it is neceſſary to ſtrike him out from this Paſſage. The latter Part of *Arſenio*'s Speech ought, I believe, to be given to *Jamie*; it is perfectly in his Character. I would read therefore;

Jam. Milanes, *did you ſee this Wonder?* Mil. *Yes, yes.*
Jam. *And you,* Arſenio? Arſ. *Yes, he is gone, Sir,*
Strangely diſguis'd; He's ſet upon his Voyage.
Jam. *Love guide his Thoughts!* &c. Mr. *Seward.*

I will only add to Mr. *Seward*'s Obſervation, that as *Angelo* is no where elſe ſpoke of, or to, throughout the whole Play; as he is no manner of a Character, nor any ways conducive to carrying on the Plot; no ways aſſiſtant in making *Diego*'s Will, nor comprehended in *Bartolus*'s Reſentment, I have ventured to expunge him quite out of the Drama.

'Twill

'Twill ſhortly ſpew him out; Come, let's be merry,
And lay our Heads together carefully,
How we may help our Friend; and let's lodge near him,
Be ſtill at hand: I wou'd not for my Patrimony,
But he ſhou'd crown his Lawyer, a learn'd Monſter;
Come, let's away, I am ſtark mad 'till I ſee him. [*Exe.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Bartolus, *and* Amaranta.

Ama. Why will ye bring Men in, and yet be jealous?
Why will ye lodge a young Man, a Man able,
And yet repine?
Bar. He ſhall not trouble thee, Sweet,
A modeſt poor ſlight Thing; did I not tell thee
He was only giv'n to his Book, and for that
How royally he pays? finds his own Meat too?
Ama. I will not have him here: I know your Courſes,
And what Fits you will fall into of Madneſs.
Bar. Faith, I will not, Wife.
Ama. I will not try ye.
Bar. He comes not near thee: Shall not dare to tread
Within thy Lodgings: In an old Out-Room,
Where Logs and Coals were laid ———
Ama. Now ye lay Fire;
Fire to conſume your Quiet.
Bar. Didſt thou know him
Thou wou'dſt think as I do: He diſquiet thee? [him.
Thou may'ſt wear him next thy Heart, and yet not warm
His Mind, poor Man, 's o'th' Law, how to live after,
And not on Lewdneſs: On my Conſcience,
He knows not how to look upon a Woman,
More than by reading of what Sex ſhe is.
Ama. I do not like it, Sir.
Bar. Doſt thou not ſee, Fool,
What Preſents he ſends hourly in his Gratefulneſs?
What delicate Meats?
Ama. You had beſt truſt him at your Table,
Do, and repent it, do.

Bar.

Bar. If thou be'ſt willing,
By my troth, I think he might come, he's ſo modeſt;
He never ſpeaks: There's part of that he gave me,
He'll eat but half a dozen Bits, and riſe immediately,
Ev'n as he eats, he ſtudies: He'll not diſquiet thee,
Do as thou pleaſeſt, Wife.

Ama. What means this Wood-cock? [*Knock within.*

Bar. Retire, Sweet, there's one knocks: Come in, your Buſineſs.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord, Don *Henrique*, would entreat ye, Sir,
To come immediately, and ſpeak with him;
He has Buſineſs of ſome Moment.

Bar. I'll attend him,
I muſt be gone: I prithee, think the beſt, Wife;
At my Return, I'll tell thee more, good morrow.
Sir, keep ye cloſe, and ſtudy hard: An Hour hence
I'll read a new Caſe to ye. *Exit.* [Lean. *within.*

Lean. I'll be ready.

Ama. So many hundred Duckets, to lie ſcurvily,
And learn the pelting Law? This ſounds but ſlenderly,
But very poorly: I would ſee this Fellow,
Very fain ſee him, how he looks: I will find
To what End, and what Study: There's the Place:
I'll go o'th' other Side, and take my Fortune.
I think, there is a Window. [*Exit.*

Enter Leandro.

Lean. He's gone out
Now, if I cou'd but ſee her: She is not this Way:
How naſtily he keeps his Houſe? My Chamber,
If I continue long, will choak me up,
It is ſo damp: I ſhall be mortified
For any Woman, if I ſtay a Month here:
I'll in, and ſtrike my Lute; that Sound may call her. [*Ex.*

Enter Amaranta.

Ama. He keeps very cloſe: Lord, how I long to ſee him!
A Lute ſtrook handſomely, a Voice too; I'll hear that:

LUTE

LUTE *and* SONG.

I.

Deareſt, do not you delay me,
Since, thou know'ſt, I muſt be gone;
Wind and Tide, 'tis thought, doth ſtay me,
But 'tis Wind that muſt be blown
From that Breath, whoſe native Smell
Indian *Odours doth excell.*

II.

O then ſpeak, thou faireſt Fair,
Kill not him that vows to ſerve thee;
But perfume this neighbouring Air,
Elſe dull Silence, ſure, will ſtarve me:
'Tis a Word that's quickly ſpoken,
Which being reſtrain'd, a Heart is broken.

Theſe Verſes are no Law, they ſound too ſweetly,
Now I am more deſirous. [Leandro *peeping.*

Lean. 'Tis ſhe, certain.

Ama. What's that, that peeps?

Lean. O admirable Face!

Ama. Sure, 'tis the Man.

Lean. I will go out a little.

Ama. He looks not like a Fool, his Face is noble:
How ſtill he ſtands!

Lean. I am ſtrucken dumb with Wonder;
Sure, all the Excellence of Earth dwells here. [Torches,

Ama. How pale he looks! yet, how his Eyes, like
Fling their Beams round! How manly his Face ſhews!
He comes on: Surely, he will ſpeak: he is made moſt hand-
This is no Clerk Behaviour; now I have ſeen ye, [ſomly:
I'll take my Time: Husband, ye have brought home
Tinder. [*Exit. She drops her Glove.*

Lean. Sure, ſh'as transform'd me,
I had forgot my Tongue clean,
I never ſaw a Face yet, but this rare one,
But I was able boldly to encounter it,

And ſpeak my Mind; my Lips were lock'd up here.
This is Divine, and only ſerv'd with Reverence.
O moſt fair Cover of a Hand far fairer,
Thou bleſſed Innocence, that guards that Whiteneſs,
Live next my Heart! I am glad, I have got a Relick;
A Relick, when I pray to it, may work Wonders.
[*A Noiſe within.*
Hark, there's ſome Noiſe: I muſt retire again.
This bleſſed Apparition makes me happy;
I'll ſuffer, I'll ſacrifice my Subſtance,
But I'll enjoy. Now ſoftly to my Kennel. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Henrique, *and* Bartolus.

Hen. YOU know my Cauſe ſufficiently?
Bar. I do, Sir.
Hen. And though it will impair my Honeſty,
And ſtrike deep at my Credit, yet, my *Bartolus*,
There being no other Evaſion left to free me
From the Vexation of my ſpiteful Brother,
That moſt inſultingly reigns over me,
I muſt and will go forward.
Bar. Do, my Lord,
And look not after Credit, we ſhall cure that;
Your bended Honeſty we ſhall ſet right, Sir;
We Surgeons of the Law do deſperate Cures, Sir,
And you ſhall ſee how heartily I'll handle it:
Mark, how I'll knock it home: Be of good Chear, Sir,
You give good Fees, and thoſe beget good Cauſes,
The Prerogative of your Crowns will carry the Matter,
Carry it ſheer; the Aſſiſtant ſits to Morrow,
And he's your Friend; your monied Men love naturally,
And as your Loves are clear, ſo are your Cauſes.
Hen. He ſhall not want for that.
Bar. No, no, he muſt not;
Line your Cauſe warmly, Sir, (the Times are aguiſh,)
That

That holds a Plea in Heart; hang the Penurious,
Their Cauſes, like their Purſes, have poor Iſſues.

Hen. That Way, I was ever bountiful.

Bar. 'Tis true, Sir, [to ye.

(16) That makes ye fear'd, forces the Snakes to kneel
Live full of Money, and ſupply the Lawyer,
And take your Choice of what Man's Lands you pleaſe, Sir,
What Pleaſures, or what Profits, what Revenges,
They are all your own. I muſt have Witneſſes
Enough, and ready.

Hen. You ſhall not want, my *Bartolus*.

Bar. Subſtantial fearleſs Souls, that will ſwear ſuddenly,
That will ſwear any thing.

Hen. They ſhall ſwear Truth too,

Bar. That's no great Matter: For Variety,
They may ſwear Truth; elſe 'tis not much look'd after:
I will ſerve Proceſs, preſently, and ſtrongly,
Upon your Brother, and *Octavio*,
Jacintha, and the Boy; provide your Proofs, Sir,
And ſet 'em fairly off, be ſure of Witneſſes;
Though they coſt Money, want no Store of Witneſſes;
I have ſeen a handſome Cauſe ſo foully loſt, Sir,
So beaſtly caſt away for Want of Witneſſes——

Hen. There ſhall want nothing.

Bar. Then be gone, be provident,
Send to the Judge a ſecret Way: You have me,——
And let him underſtand the Heart.

Hen. I ſhall, Sir.

Bar. And feel the Pulſes ſtrongly beat; I'll ſtudy,

(16) ——*forces the* Snakes *to kneel to you.*] *Snakes* ſeems evidently a corrupted Reading. For if by *Snakes* we might underſtand the Pettyfoggers of the Law, or Don *Henrique*'s Enemies, or any other Set of Men, yet our Authors would hardly uſe ſo ill-jointed a Metaphor as that of *Snakes kneeling*. The Words, that ſeem moſt like it, are *Rakes, Jacks*, and *Knaves*; the latter bids faireſt to have been the Original. Mr. *Seward*.

I have not diſturb'd the Text, becauſe our Authors, perhaps, by a bold Metaphor may mean poor ſervile Wretches that creep like *Snakes:* And when the Snake erects its Creſt a little, and trails its hinder Parts on the Ground, it in ſome Sort reſembles the Poſture of Kneeling.

And at my Hour, but mark me, go, be happy,
Go and believe i'th' Law.
Hen. I hope, 'twill help me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lopez, Diego, *four Pariſhioners, and Singers.*

Lop. Ne'er talk to me, I will not ſtay amongſt ye,
Debauch'd and ignorant lazy Knaves I found ye,
And Fools I leave ye. I have taught theſe twenty Years,
Preach'd Spoon-meat to ye, that a Child might ſwallow,
Yet ye are Blockheads ſtill: What ſhou'd I ſay to ye?
Ye have neither Faith, nor Money, left to ſave ye;
Am I a fit Companion for ſuch Beggars? (Sir—
1 *Par.* If the Shepherd will ſuffer the Sheep to be ſcab'd,
Lop. No, no, ye are rotten.
Die. 'Wou'd, they were, for my ſake!
Lop. I have 'nointed ye, and tarr'd ye with my Doctrine,
And yet the Murren ſticks to ye, yet ye are mangy;
I will avoid ye.
2 *Par.* Pray ye, Sir, be not angry,
In the Pride of your new Caſſock; do not part with us,
We do acknowledge ye are a careful Curate,
And one that ſeldom troubles us with Sermons;
A ſhort Slice of a Reading ſerves us, Sir,
We do acknowledge ye a quiet Teacher;
Before you'll vex your Audience, you'll ſleep with 'em,
And that's a loving Thing.
3 *Par.* We grant ye, Sir,
The only Benefactor to our Bowling,
To all our merry Sports the firſt Provoker;
And, at our Feaſts, we know there is no Reaſon,
But you, that edify us moſt, ſhould eat moſt.
Lop. I will not ſtay for all this, ye ſhall know me
A Man born to a more beſeeming Fortune
Than ringing all-in to a Rout of Dunces. [Eggs too,
4 *Par.* We will increaſe your Tithes, you ſhall have.
Though they may prove moſt dangerous to our Iſſues.
1 *Par.* I am a Smith; yet thus far out of my Love,
You

You ſhall have the tenth Horſe I prick, to pray for;
I am ſure, I prick five hundred in a Year, Sir.
2 *Par.* I am a Cook, a Man of a dry'd Conſcience,
Yet thus far I relent: You ſhall have tithe Pottage. [*Diego.*
3 *Par.* Your Stipend ſhall be rais'd too, good Neighbour
Die. Wou'd ye have me ſpeak for ye? I am more angry,
Ten times more vex'd, not to be pacified:
No, there be other Places for poor Sextons,
Places of Profit, Friends, fine ſtirring Places,
And People that know how to uſe our Offices,
Know what they were made for: I ſpeak for ſuch Capons?
Ye ſhall find the Key o'th' Church under the Door, Neigh-
You may go in, and drive away the Daws. [bours,
Lop. My Surpliſs, with one Sleeve, you ſhall find there,
For to that Dearth of Linnen you have driven me;
And the old Cutwork Cope, that hangs by Geometry:
'Pray ye, turn 'em carefully, they are very tender;
The remnant of the Books lie where they did, Neighbours,
Half puſt away with the Church-warden's Pipings,
Such ſmoaky Zeals they have againſt hard Places.
The Poor-man's Box is there too: If ye find any thing
Beſide the Poſie, and that half rub'd out too,
For fear it ſhould awake your too much Charity,
Give it to pious Uſes, that is, ſpend it.
Die. The Bell-ropes, they are ſtrong enough to hang ye,
So we bequeath ye to your Deſtiny.
1 *Par.* 'Pray ye, be not ſo haſty.
Die. I'll ſpeak a proud Word to ye,
Would ye have us ſtay?
2 *Par.* We do moſt heartily pray ye.
3 *Par.* I'll draw as mighty Drink, Sir.
Lop. A ſtrong Motive,
The ſtronger ſtill, the more ye come unto me.
3 *Par.* And I'll ſend for my Daughter.
Lop. This may ſtir too:
The Maiden is of Age, and muſt be edified.
4 *Par.* You ſhall have any thing. Loſe our learned Vicar?
And our moſt conſtant Friend; honeſt, dear, *Diego?*
Die. Yet all this will not do: I'll tell ye, Neighbours,
And tell ye true: If ye will have us ſtay,

If you will have the Comforts of our Companies,
You ſhall be bound to do us Right in theſe Points;
You ſhall be bound, and this is the Obligation,
(17) Die when 'tis fit, that we may have fit Dues,
And do not ſeek to draw out our Undoings.
Marry try'd Women, that are free, and fruitful;
Get Children in abundance, for your Chriſtnings,
Or ſuffer to be got, 'tis equal Juſtice.

Lop. Let Weddings, Chriſtnings, Churchings, Funerals,
And merry Goſſipings, go round, go round ſtill;
Round as a Pig, that we may find the Profit.

Die. And let your old Men fall ſick handſomely,
And die immediately, their Sons may ſhoot up:
Let Women die o'th' Sullens too; 'tis natural:
But, be ſure, their Daughters be of Age firſt,
That they may ſtock us ſtill: your queazy young Wives,
That periſh undeliver'd, I am vex'd with,
And vex'd abundantly; it much concerns me;
There's a Child's Burial loſt; look, that be mended.

Lop. Let 'em be brought to Bed, then die when they pleaſe.
Theſe Things conſider'd, Country-men, and ſworn to—

2 *Par.* All theſe, and all our Sports again, and Gambols.

3 *Par.* We muſt die, and we muſt live, and we'll be merry;
Every Man ſhall be rich by one another.

2 *Par.* We are here to Morrow, and gone to Day; for my part
If getting Children can befriend my Neighbours,
I'll labour hard but I will fill your Font, Sir.

1 *Par.* I have a Mother now, and an old Father,
They are as ſure your own, within theſe two Months—

4 *Par.* My Siſter muſt be pray'd for too, ſhe is deſperate,
Deſperate in Love.

Die. Keep deſperate Men far from her,
Then 'twill go hard: Do you ſee how melancholy,
Do you mark the Man? Do you profeſs, ye love him?
And would do any thing to ſtay his Fury?
And are ye unprovided to refreſh him,

(17) *Die when 'tis fit, that we may have fit* Duties,] *Duties* here is not abſolute Nonſenſe; but *Dues* is the proper and cuſtomary Word on the Occaſion, and, therefore, I very believe, the Original one. Mr. *Sympſon.*

To

To make him know your Loves? fy, Neighbours.
2 *Par.* We'll do any thing.
We have brought Muſick to appeaſe his Spirit,
And the beſt Song we'll give him.
Die. 'Pray ye, ſit down, Sir,
They know their Duties now, and they ſtand ready
To tender their beſt Mirth.
Lop. 'Tis well, proceed, Neighbours;
I am glad I have brought ye to underſtand good Manners,
Ye had Puritan Hearts a-while, ſpurn'd at all Paſtimes,
But I ſee ſome Hope now.
Die. We are ſet; proceed, Neighbours.

S O N G.

I.

Let the Bells ring, and let the Boys ſing,
The young Laſſes skip and play;
Let the Cups go round, 'till round goes the Ground,
Our Learned old Vicar will ſtay.

II.

Let the Pig turn merrily, merrily, ah,
And let the fat Gooſe ſwim;
For verily, verily, verily, ah,
Our Vicar this Day ſhall be trim.

III.

The ſtew'd Cock ſhall crow, Cock-a-loodle-loo,
A loud Cock-a-loodle ſhall he crow;
The Duck and the Drake ſhall ſwim in a Lake
Of Onions and Claret below.

IV.

Our Wives ſhall be neat, to bring in our Meat;
To thee our moſt noble Adviſer;
Our Pains ſhall be great, and Bottles ſhall ſweat,
And we our ſelves will be wiſer.

V.

We'll labour and ſwink, we'll kiſs and we'll drink,
And Tithes ſhall come thicker and thicker;
We'll fall to our Plow, and get Children enough,
And thou ſhalt be Learned old Vicar.

Enter Arſenio *and* Milanes.

Arſ. What ails this Prieſt? how highly the Thing takes it?
Mil. Lord, how it looks? has he not bought ſome Pre-
Leandro's Money makes the Raſcal merry, [bend?
Merry at Heart; he ſpies us.
Lop. Be gone, Neighbours,
Here are ſome Gentlemen: be gone, good Neighbours,
Be gone, and labour to redeem my Favour;
No more Words, but be gone: Theſe two are Gentlemen,
No Company for cruſty-handed Fellows.
Die. We will ſtay for a Year or two, and try ye.
Lop Fill all your Hearts will Joy, we will ſtay with ye.
Be gone, no more; I take your Paſtimes graciouſly.
[*Exeunt Pariſhioners.*
Would ye with me, my Friends?
Arſ. We would look upon ye,
For, methinks, ye look lovely.
Lop. Ye have no Letters?
Nor any kind Remembrances?
Mil. Remembrances?
Lop. From *Nova Hiſpania*, or ſome Part remote, Sir,
You look like travel'd Men: May be, ſome old Friends,
That happily I have forgot; ſome Signiors
In *China* or *Cataya*; ſome Companions ——
Die. In the *Mogul*'s Court, or elſewhere.
Arſ. They are mad, ſure.
Lop. Ye came not from *Peru?* Do they look, *Diego*,
As if they had ſome Myſtery about 'em?
Another Don *Alonzo* now?
Die. Ay, marry,
And ſo much Money, Sir, from one you know not;
Let it be who it will.
Lop. They have gracious Favours.

Would

Would ye be private?
Mil. There's no Need on't, Sir.
We come to bring ye a Remembrance from a Merchant.
Lop. 'Tis very well; 'tis like, I know him.
Arſ. No, Sir,
I do not think, ye do.
Lop. A new Miſtake, *Diego*,
Let's carry it decently.
Arſ. We come to tell ye,
You have receiv'd great Sums from a young Factor
They call *Leandro*, that has rob'd his Maſter,
Rob'd him, and run away.
Die. Let's keep cloſe, Maſter;
This News cómes from a cold Country.
Lop. By my Faith, it freezes. [Curate?
Mil. Is not this true? do you ſhrink now, good-man
Do I not touch ye?
Lop. We have a hundred Duckets
Yet left, we do beſeech ye, Sir ——
Mil. You'll hang Both,
Lop. One may ſuffice.
Die. I will not hang alone, Maſter,
I had the leaſt Part, you ſhall hang the higheſt.
A Plague o' this *Tiveria*, and the Letter!
The Devil ſent it poſt, to pepper us,
From *Nova Hiſpania*; we ſhall hang at home now.
Arſ. I ſee, ye are Penitent, and I have Compaſſion:
Ye are ſecure Both; do but what we charge ye,
Ye ſhall have more Gold too, and he ſhall give it,
Yet ne'er indanger ye.
Lop. Command us, Maſter,
Command us preſently, and ſee how nimbly ——
Die. And if we do not handſomely endeavour ——
Arſ. Go home, and 'till ye hear more, keep you private,
'Till we appear again, no Words, good Vicar,
There's ſomething added.
Mil. For You too.
Lop. We are ready.
Mil. Go and expect us hourly: I fye falter,
Though ye had twenty Lives ——

Die.

Die. We are fit to loſe 'em.
Lop. 'Tis moſt expedient, that we ſhould hang Both.
Die. If we be hang'd, we cannot blame our Fortune.
Mil. Farewel, and be your own Friends.
Lop. We expect ye —— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Bar: A Table-Book, two Chairs, Paper, and a Standiſh ſet out.*

Enter Octavio, Jacintha, *and* Aſcanio.

Oct. We cited to the Court!
Jac. It is my Wonder.
Oct. But not our Fear, *Jacintha*: wealthy Men,
That have Eſtates to loſe, whoſe conſcious Thoughts
Are full of inward Guilt, may ſhake with Horror
To have their Actions ſifted, or appear
Before the Judge. But we, that know our ſelves
As innocent, as poor; that have no Fleece
On which the Talons of the griping Law
Can take ſure hold; may ſmile with Scorn on all
That can be urg'd againſt us.
Jac. I am confident,
There is no Man ſo covetous, that deſires
To raviſh our Wants from us; and leſs Hope
There can be ſo much Juſtice left on Earth,
Though ſued, and call'd upon, to eaſe us of
The Burthen of our Wrongs.
Oct. What thinks *Aſcanio?*
Shou'd we be call'd in Queſtion, or accus'd
Unjuſtly, what would you do to redeem us
From tyrannous Oppreſſion?
Aſc. I cou'd pray
To him that ever has an open Ear
To hear the Innocent, and right their Wrongs;
Nay, by my Troth, I think, I cou'd out-plead
An Advocate, and ſweat as much as he
Do's for a double Fee, e'er you ſhould ſuffer
In an honeſt Cauſe.

Enter

Enter Jamie *and* Bartolus.

Oct. Happy Simplicity!
Jac. My deareſt and my beſt one; Don *Jamie!*
Oct. And the Advocate, that caus'd us to be ſummon'd.
Aſc. My Lord is mov'd. I ſee it in his Looks,
And that Man, in the Gown, in my Opinion
(18) Looks like a progging Knave.
Jac. Peace, give them Leave.
Jam. Serve me with Proceſs?
Bar. My Lord, you are not lawleſs.
Jam. Nor thou honeſt;
One, that not long ſince was the buckram Scribe,
(19) That would run on Mens Errands for an Aſper;
And from ſuch Baſeneſs, having rais'd a Stock
To bribe the covetous Judge, call'd to the Bar.
So poor in Practice too, that you wou'd plead
A needy Client's Cauſe, for a ſtarv'd Hen,
Or half a little Loin of Veal, though fly-blown;
And theſe, the greateſt Fees you could arrive at
For juſt Proceedings; but ſince you turn'd Raſcal ——
Bar. Good Words, my Lord.
Jam. And grew my Brother's Bawd,
In all his vicious Courſes, ſoothing him
In his diſhoneſt Practices, you are grown
The rich and eminent Knave; in the Devil's Name,
What am I cited for?
Bar. You ſhall know anon,
And then too late repent this bitter Language,
Or I'll miſs of my Ends.
Jam. Were't not in Court,
I would beat that Fat of thine, rais'd by the Food
Snatch'd from poor Clients' Mouths, into a Jelly:
I would, my Man of Law, but I am patient,

(18) *Looks like a* proguing *Knave.*] I never knew, nor am acquainted with this Word: It muſt certainly be, *progging*; i. e. an hungry, ſcraping, hoarding-up Raſcal. *Prog* is a cant Word for *Proviſions.*

(19) —— *on Mens Errands for an* Aſper.] An *Aſper* is a Turkiſh Coin, in Value about three Farthings.

And

And would obey the Judge.
Bar. 'Tis your beſt Courſe:
'Would, every Enemy I have wou'd beat me,
I would wiſh no better Action.
Oct. 'Save your Lordſhip.
Aſc. My humble Service.
Jam. My good Boy, how doſt thou?
Why art thou call'd into the Court?

Enter Aſſiſtant, Henrique, *Officer, and Witneſſes.*

Aſc. I know not,
But 'tis my Lord the Aſſiſtant's Pleaſure
I ſhou'd attend here.
Jam. He will ſoon reſolve us.
Offi. Make way there for the Judge.
Jam. How? my kind Brother?
Nay, then, 'tis rank: There is ſome Villany towards.
Aſſiſt. This Seſſions purchas'd at your Suit, Don *Hen-*
Hath brought us hither, to hear and determine [*rique,*
Of what you can prefer.
Hen. I do beſeech
The honourable Court, I may he heard
In my Advocate.
Aſſiſt. 'Tis granted.
Bar. Humh, humh!——
Jam. That Preface,
If left out in a Lawyer, ſpoils the Cauſe,
Though ne'er ſo good, and honeſt.
Bar. If I ſtood here,
To plead in the Defence of an ill Man,
Moſt equal Judge, or to accuſe the Innocent,
(To both which I profeſs my ſelf a Stranger,)
It wou'd be requiſite I ſhou'd deck my Language
With Tropes and Figures, and all Flouriſhes
That grace a Rhetorician; 'tis confeſs'd,
Adulterate Metals need the Gold-ſmith's Art,
To ſet 'em off; what in it ſelf is perfect
Contemns a borrowed Gloſs: This Lord, my Client,
Whoſe honeſt Cauſe, when 'tis related truly,
Will challenge Juſtice, finding in his Conſcience

A tender Scruple of a Fault long ſince
By him committed, thinks it not ſufficient
To be abſolv'd of 't by his Confeſſor,
If that in open Court he publiſh not
What was ſo long conceal'd.
Jam. To what tends this?
Bar. In his young years (it is no Miracle, [ther)
(20) That Youth, and Heat of Blood, ſhould mix toge-
He look'd upon this Woman, on whoſe Face
The Ruins yet remain of excellent Form,
He look'd on her, and lov'd her.
Jac. You good Angels,
What an Impudence is this?
Bar. And us'd all means
Of Service, Courtſhip, Preſents, that might win her
To be at his Devotion! But in vain;
Her maiden Fort, impregnable, held out,
Until he promis'd Marriage; and before
Theſe Witneſſes a ſolemn Contract paſs'd
To take her as his Wife.
Aſſiſt. Give them their Oath.
Jam. They are incompetent Witneſſes, his own Crea-
And will ſwear any thing for half a Ryal. [tures,
Offi. Silence.
Aſſiſt. Proceed.
Bar. Upon this ſtrong Aſſurance
He did enjoy his Wiſhes to the full;
Which ſatisfied, and then with Eyes of Judgment,
Hood-wink'd with Luſt before, conſidering duly
The Inequality of the Match, he being
Nobly deſcended, and allied, but ſhe
Without a Name, or Family, ſecretly
He purchas'd a Divorce, to diſanull
His former Contract, marrying openly

(20) ——————— *(it is no Miracle,*
That Youth, and Head *of Blood, ſhould mix together)*] *Head* of Blood is certainly far from being an intelligible Expreſſion. A Man is often head-ſtrong in his youthful Paſſions, and then his Blood is hot and violent. I have reſtor'd *Heat* from the Authority of the two oldeſt *Folio*'s in 1647 and 1679: And ſo Mr. *Seward* ſagaciouſly conjectured that the Reading ſhould be.

The

The Lady *Violante.*

Jac. As you ſit here
The Deputy of the great King, who is
The Subſtitute of that impartial Judge,
With whom, or Wealth, or Titles prevail Nothing,
Grant to a much-wrong'd Widow, or a Wife,
Your Patience, with Liberty to ſpeak
In her own Cauſe; and let me, Face to Face
To this bad Man, deliver what he is:
And if my Wrongs, with his Ingratitude balánc'd,
Move not Compaſſion, let me die unpitied.
His Tears, his Oaths, his Perjuries, I paſs o'er;
To think of them, is a Diſeaſe; but Death,
Should I repeat them. I dare not deny,
(For Innocence cannot juſtify what's falſe,)
But all the Advocate hath alledg'd concerning
His Falſhood, and my Shame, in my Conſent,
To be moſt true. But now I turn to thee,
To thee, Don *Henrique*, and if impious Acts
Have left thee Blood enough to make a Bluſh,
I'll paint it on thy Cheeks. Was not the Wrong
Sufficient to defeat me of mine Honour,
To leave me full of Sorrow, as of Want,
(21) The Witneſs of thy Luſt left in my Womb,
To teſtify thy Falſhood, and my Shame?
But now ſo many Years I had conceal'd
Thy moſt inhuman Wickedneſs, and won
This Gentleman to hide it from the World,
To father what was thine (for yet by Heav'n,
Though in the City he paſs'd for my Husband,
He never knew me as his Wife.)

Aſſiſt. 'Tis ſtrange:
Give him an Oath.

Oct. I gladly ſwear, and truly.

(21) *The Witneſs of* my *Luſt left in my Womb,*] We muſt read, *thy*. As *Jacintha* was a modeſt Woman, and had been contracted in Marriage to *Henrique*, who afterwards forſook her; and as ſhe is here complaining of his Wickedneſs, the preſent Reading is evidently corrupt. She ſpeaks of *his* Luſt, and not her own. Mr. *Seward.*

Thy is confirm'd by the Authority of the two oldeſt *Folio*'s.

Jac.

Jac. After all this, I ſay, when I had borne
Theſe Wrongs with Saint-like Patience, ſaw another
Freely enjoy, what was in Juſtice mine,
Yet ſtill ſo tender of thy Reſt and Quiet,
I never wou'd divulge it, to diſturb
Thy Peace at home; yet thou moſt barbarous,
To be ſo careleſs of me, and my Fame,
(For all Reſpect of thine in the firſt Step
To thy baſe Luſt, was loſt,) in open Court
To publiſh my Diſgrace; and on Record,
To write me up an eaſy-yielding Wanton;
I think, can find no Precedent: in my Extreams,
One comfort yet is left, that though the Law
Divorce me from thy Bed, and made free Way
To the unjuſt Embraces of another,
It cannot yet deny that this my Son,
(Look up, *Aſcanio*, ſince it is come out)
Is thy legitimate Heir.

Jam. Confederacy!
A Trick, my Lord, to cheat me; e'er you give
Your Sentence, grant me Hearing.

Aſſiſt. New Chimera's?

Jam. I am, my Lord, ſince he is without Iſſue,
Or Hope of any, his undoubted Heir;
And this forg'd by the Advocate, to defeat me
Of what the Laws of *Spain* confer upon me;
A meer Impoſture, and Conſpiracy
Againſt my future Fortunes.

Aſſiſt. You are too bold.
Speak to the Cauſe, Don *Henrique*.

Hen. I confeſs,
Though the Acknowledgment muſt wound my Honour,
That all the Court hath heard touching this Cauſe,
Or with me, or againſt me, is moſt true;
The latter part my Brother urg'd, excepted.
For what I now do, is not out of Spleen,
As he pretends, but from Remorſe of Conſcience,
And to repair the Wrong that I have done
To this poor Woman: And I beſeech your Lordſhip
To think, I have not ſo far loſt my Reaſon,

To

To bring into my Family, to ſucceed me,
(22) The ſtranger Iſſue of another's Bed;
By Proof, this is my Son, I challenge him,
Accept him, and acknowledge him, and deſire,
By a definitive Sentence of the Court,
He may be ſo recorded; and full Pow'r
To me, to take him Home.

Jac. A ſecond Rape
To the poor Remnant of Content that's left me,
If this be granted: And all my former Wrongs
Were but Beginnings to my Miſeries,
But this the Height of all: Rather than part
With my *Aſcanio*, I'll deny my Oath,
Profeſs my ſelf a Strumpet, and endure
What Puniſhment ſoe'er the Court decrees
Againſt a Wretch that hath forſworn herſelf,
Or plaid the impudent Whore.

Aſſiſt. This taſtes of Paſſion,
And that muſt not divert the Courſe of Juſtice;
Don *Henrique*, take your Son, with this Condition,
You give him Maintenance, as becomes his Birth;
And 'twill ſtand with your Honour to do ſomething
For this wrong'd Woman: I will compel nothing,
But leave it to your Will. Break up the Court:
It is in vain to move me; my Doom's paſs'd,
And cannot be revok'd. — [*Exit.*

Hen. There's your Reward.

Bar. More Cauſes, and ſuch Fees. Now to my Wife,
I have too long been abſent. Health to your Lordſhip.
[*Exit.*

Aſc. You all look ſtrangely, and, I fear, believe
This unexpected Fortune makes me proud;
Indeed, it do's not: I ſhall ever pay you
The Duty of a Son, and honour you
Next to my Father: Good my Lord, for yet

(22) *The* ſtranger —— *Iſſue of another's Bed*;] It is very frequent both with SHAKESPEARE and our Poets to uſe the Subſtantive *Stranger* adjectively, prefix'd to another Subſtantive: In the Acceptation of, *foreign*. In Confirmation of which it would be needleſs to amaſs Inſtances.

I dare not call you Uncle, be not ſad;
I never ſhall forget thoſe noble Favours
You did me being a Stranger, and if ever
I live to be the Maſter of a Fortune,
You ſhall command it.
Jam. Since it was determin'd
I ſhou'd be cozen'd, I am glad the Profit
Shall fall on thee; I am too tough to melt,
But ſomething I will do.
Hen. 'Pray you, take Leave
O'your Steward, gentle Brother, the good Husband
That takes up all for you.
Jam. Very well, mock on,
It is your Turn: I may have mine— [*Exit.*
Oct. But do not
Forget us, dear *Aſcanio.*
Aſc. Do not fear it,
I ev'ry day will ſee you: Ev'ry hour
Remember you in my Pray'rs.
Oct. My Grief's too great
To be expreſs'd in Words— [*Exit.*
Hen. Take that and leave us, [*Gives Mony to* Jacintha.
Leave us without Reply; nay, come back, Sirrah;
And ſtudy to forget ſuch things as theſe
As are not worth the Knowledge. [Aſc. *offers to follow.*
Aſc. O good Sir,
Theſe are bad Principles—
Hen. Such as you muſt learn
Now you are mine, for Wealth and Poverty
Can hold no Friendſhip: And what is my Will
You muſt obſerve and do, though good or ill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Bartolus.

[Wonders,
Bar. Where is my Wife? 'Fore Heav'n, I have done
Done mighty things to day; My *Amaranta*,—
My Heart rejoices at my wealthy Gleanings,
A rich litigious Lord I love to follow,

A Lord that builds his Happineſs on Brawlings,
O 'tis a bleſſed Thing to have rich Clients.
Why, Wife, I ſay,—how fares my ſtudious Pupil?
Hard at it ſtill? Ye are too violent,
All things muſt have their Reſts, they will not laſt elſe;
Come out and breathe. [Leandro *within.*

Lean. I do beſeech you, pardon me;
I am deeply in a ſweet Point, Sir.

Bar. I'll inſtruct ye:

Enter Amaranta.

I ſay, take Breath; ſeek Health firſt, then your Study.
O my ſweet Soul, I have brought thee golden Birds home,
Birds in abundance: I have done ſtrange Wonders:
There's more a hatching too.

Ama. Have ye done Good, Husband?
Then 'tis a good Day ſpent.

Bar. Good enough, Chicken.
I have ſpread the Nets o'th' Law, to catch rich Booties,
And they come fluttering in. How do's my Pupil?
My modeſt Thing, haſt thou yet ſpoken to him?

Ama. As I paſs'd by his Chamber, I might ſee him;
But he's ſo bookiſh.

Bar. And ſo baſhful, too;
I'faith, he is, before he'll ſpeak, he'll ſtarve there.

Ama. I pity him a little.

Bar. So do I too.

Ama. And if he pleaſe to take the Air o'th' Gardens,
Or walk i'th' inward Rooms, ſo he moleſt not— [thee.

Bar. He ſhall not trouble thee, he dare not ſpeak to

Enter Moor, *with a Cheſs-board.*

Bring out the Cheſs-board,—come, let's have a game, Wife;

(23) ——— *Have you done good Husband?*
Then 'tis a good Day ſpent.] The corrupt Pointing of this Paſſage, thro' all the Editions, has quite debaſed it to ſtark Nonſenſe. When *Bartolus* has bragg'd of the mighty Wonders he has done, *Amaranta*, who was ſufficiently acquainted with the Iniquity of his Heart, ſmartly replies, *Ay, but have you done* Good, *Husband?* Without this Regulation, it is void of all Senſe and Meaning.

I'll

I'll try your Maſtery, you ſay you're cunning.
Ama. As learned as ye are, Sir, I ſhall beat ye.

Enter Leandro.

Bar. Here he ſteals out, put him not out of Countenance,
Prethee, look another way, he will be gone elſe.
Walk and refreſh your ſelf, I'll be with you preſently.
Lean. I'll take the Air a little. [*Play at Chefs.*
Bar. 'Twill be healthful. [Man.
Ama. Will ye be there? Then, here, I'll ſpare ye that
Lean. Wou'd I were ſo near too, and a Mate fitting.
Ama. What think ye, Sir, to this? Have at your Knight now. [vice.
Bar. 'Twas ſubtly play'd: Your Queen lies at my Ser-
Prethee, look off, he is ready to pop in again;
Look off, I ſay, doſt not ſee how he bluſhes?
Ama. I do not blaſt him.
Lean. But ye do, and burn too;
What killing Looks ſhe ſteals?
Bar. I have you now cloſe,
Now for a Mate.
Lean. You are a bleſſed Man that may ſo have her.
Oh, that I might play with her —— [*Knock within.*
Bar. Who's there? I come; you cannot ſcape me now,
Wife. I come, I come. [*Knocks.*
Lean. Moſt bleſſed Hand, that calls him.
Bar. Play quickly, Wife.
Ama. 'Pray ye, give Leave to think, Sir.

Enter Moor.

Moor. An honeſt Neighbour that dwells hard by, Sir,
Would fain ſpeak with your Worſhip about Buſineſs.
Lean. The Devil blow him off.
Bar. Play.
Ama. I will ſtudy:
For if you beat me thus, you will ſtill laugh at me----[*Knock.*
Bar. He knocks again, I cannot ſtay. *Leandro*,
'Pray thee come near.
Lean. I am well, Sir, here.
Bar. Come hither:

Be not afraid, but come.
Ama. Here's none will bite, Sir.
Lean. God forbid, Lady!
Ama. 'Pray, come nearer.
Lean. Yes, forſooth. [here,
Bar. 'Prethee, obſerve theſe Men: juſt as they ſtand
And ſee this Lady do not alter 'em,
And be not partial, Pupil.
Lean. No indeed, Sir. [ſently,
Bar. Let her not move a Pawn, I'll come back pre-
Nay, you ſhall know, I am a Conqueror.
Have an eye, Pupil — [*Exit.*
Ama. Can ye play at Cheſs, Sir?
Lean. A little, Lady.
Ama. But you cannot tell me
How to avoid this Mate, and win the Game too;
(H'as noble Eyes:) Ye dare not friend me ſo far?
Lean. I dare do any thing that's in Man's Pow'r, Lady,
To be a Friend to ſuch a noble Beauty.
Ama. This is no Lawyers Language: I pray ye tell me,
Whither may I remove, ye ſee I am ſet round,
T'avoid my Husband?
Lean. I ſhall tell ye happily,
But happily you will not be inſtructed.
Ama. Yes and I'll thank ye too, ſhall I move this Man?
Lean. Thoſe are unſeemly: Move one that can ſerve ye,
Can honour ye, can love ye.
Ama. 'Pray ye tell quickly,
He will return, and then ——
Lean. I'll tell ye inſtantly,
Move me, and I'll move any way to ſerve ye,
Move your Heart this way, Lady.
Ama. How?
Lean. 'Pray ye, hear me.
Behold the Sport of Love, when he's imperious,
Behold the ſlave of Love.
Ama. Move my Queen this way?
(Sure, he's ſome worthy Man:) Then if he hedge me,
Or here to open him ——
Lean. Do but behold me,

If

If there be Pity in you, do but view me;
But view the Miſery I have undertaken
For you, the Poverty.
Ama. He will come preſently.
Now play your beſt, Sir, though I loſe this Rook here,
Yet I get Liberty.
Lean. I'll ſeize your fair Hand,
And warm it with a hundred, hundred Kiſſes.
The God of Love warm your Deſires but equal,
That ſhall play my Game now.
Ama. What do you mean, Sir?
Why do you ſtop me?
Lean. That ye may intend me.
The Time has bleſt us Both: Love bids us uſe it.
I am a Gentleman nobly deſcended,
Young to invite your Love, rich to maintain it.
I bring a whole Heart to ye, thus I give it,
And to thoſe burning Altars thus I offer,
And thus, divine Lips, where perpetual Spring grows—
Ama. Take that, ye are too ſaucy.
Lean. How, proud Lady?
Strike my Deſerts?
Ama. I was to blame.

Enter Bartolus.

Bar. What, Wife, there?
Heav'n keep my Houſe from Thieves.
Lean. I am wretched:
Open'd, diſcover'd, loſt to all my Wiſhes.
I ſhall be hooted at.
Bar. What Noiſe was this, Wife?
Why doſt thou ſmile?
Lean. This proud Thing will betray me.
Bar. Why theſe lie here? What angry, Dear?
Ama. No, Sir,
Only a Chance, your Pupil ſaid he plaid well,
And ſo, indeed, he do's: He undertook for ye,
Becauſe I would not ſit ſo long time idle;
I made my Liberty, avoided your Mate,
And he again as cunningly endanger'd me,

Indeed, he put me ſtrangely to't. When preſently
Hearing you come, and having broke his Ambuſh too,
Having the ſecond time brought off my Queen fair,
I roſe o'th' ſudden ſmilingly to ſhew ye;
My Apron caught the Cheſs-board, and the Men,
And there the Noiſe was.

Bar. Thou art grown a Maſter,
For all this I ſhall beat ye.

Lean. Or I you, Lawyer;
For now I love her more; 'twas a neat Anſwer,
And by it hangs a mighty Hope, I thank her;
She gave my Pate a ſound Knock, that it rings yet,
But you ſhall have a ſounder if I live, Lawyer;
My Heart akes yet, I would not be in that fear——

Bar. I am glad ye are a Gameſter, Sir, ſometimes
For Recreation we two ſhall fight hard at it.

Ama. He will prove too hard for me.

Lean. I hope, he ſhall do, [good Lady.
But your Cheſs-board is too hard for my Head; line that,

Bar. I have been attoning two moſt wrangling Neigh-
They had no Mony, therefore I made even. [bours,
Come, let's go in and eat; truly, I'm hungry.

Lean. I have eat'n already, I muſt intreat your Pardon.

Bar. Do as ye pleaſe, we ſhall expect y'at Supper.
He has got a little Heart; now it ſeems handſomely.

Ama. You'll get no little Head, if I don't look to ye.

Lean. If ever I do catch thee again, thou Vanity——

Ama. I was to blame to be ſo raſh, I'm ſorry——

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Don Henrique, Violante, *and* Aſcanio.

Hen. HEAR but my Reaſons.

Vio. O my Patience, hear 'em!
Can cunning Falſhood colour an Excuſe
With any ſeeming Shape of borrow'd Truth
T'extenuate

(24) T' extenuate this wilfull Wrong, not Error?
Hen. You gave conſent, that, to defeat my Brother,
I ſhould take any Courſe.
Vio. But not to make
The Cure more loathſom than the foul Diſeaſe:
Was't not enough you took me to your Bed,
Tir'd with looſe Dalliance, and with empty Veins,
All thoſe Abilities ſpent before and waſted,
That cou'd confer the Name of Mother on me;
But that (to perfect my Account of Sorrow
For my long Barrenneſs) you muſt heighten it
By ſhewing to my Face, that you were Fruitful
Hug'd in the baſe Embraces of another?
If Solitude, that dwelt beneath my Roof,
And Want of Children was a Torment to me,
What End of my Vexation to behold
A Baſtard to upbraid me with my Wants?
And hear the Name of Father paid to ye,
(25) Yet know my ſelf no Mother, What can you ſay?
Hen. Shall I confeſs my Fault, and ask your Pardon?
Will that content ye?
Vio. If it cou'd make void,
What is confirm'd in Court: No, no, Don *Henrique*,
You ſhall know, that I find my ſelf abus'd;
And add to that, I have a Woman's Anger,
And while I look upon this Baſilisk,

(24) *Extenuate this* wofull *Wrong, not Error?*] The Poets are robb'd, I dare ſay, of the *Antitheſis* here required to ſupport the Vivacity of their Meaning. *Henrique* has moſt plainly been excuſing his Conduct, and calling the Steps he has taken erroneous: Upon which *Violante* would ſay, *Do you think to colour out an Excuſe with cunning Falſhood, and extenuate the Guilt of your Proceedings by calling That* Error, *which is a* willfull Wrong? And to this Tenour I have ventured to amend the Text.

☞ This is the laſt Note of the laſt Sheet in this Volume which poor Mr. *Theobald* had prepared for the Preſs. From hence we have only his Marginal Corrections of the Text, without any Reaſons aſſign'd; as far as I propoſe to proceed in this Work, I ſhall endeavour to do his Memory all the Juſtice I am able. *T. Seward.*

(25) *What can* I *ſay?*] The Anſwer plainly ſhews that it ſhould be *you*. *Seward.*

(26) Whoſe venomous Eyes have blaſted all my Comforts,
Reſt confident, I'll ſtudy my dark Ends,
And not your Pleaſures.
Aſc. Noble Lady, hear me,
Not as my Father's Son, but as your Servant,
Vouchſafe to hear me, for ſuch in my Duty
I ever will appear: And far be it from
My poor Ambition, ever to look on you,
But with that Reverence, which a Slave ſtands bound
To pay a worthy Miſtreſs. I have heard
That Dames of higheſt place, nay Queens themſelves,
Diſdain not to be ſerv'd by ſuch as are
Of meaneſt Birth: And I ſhall be moſt happy,
To be employ'd when you pleaſe to command me,
Even in the courſeſt Office? As your Page
I can wait on your Trencher, fill you Wine,
Carry your Pantofles, and be ſometimes bleſs'd
In all Humility to touch your Feet:
Or if that you eſteem that too much Grace,
I can run by your Coach, obſerve your Looks,
And hope to gain a Fortune by my Service,
With your good favour; which now, as a Son,
I dare not challenge.
Vio. As a Son?
Aſc. Forgive me,
I will forget the Name, let it be Death
For me to call you Mother. *Vio.* Still upbraided?
Hen. Is no way left t' appeaſe you?
Vio. None: Now hear me:
Hear what I vow before the face of Heav'n,
And if I break it, all plagues in this Life,
And thoſe that after Death are fear'd, fall on me.
While that this Baſtard ſtays under my Roof,
Look for no Peace at home, for I renounce
All Offices of a Wife.
Hen. What am I faln to?

(26) *Whoſe* envious *Eyes*] *Envious* ſeems neither proper to the Baſilisk nor to *Aſcanio*; *Venomous* is ſo near the trace of the Letters, that I hope the Reader will aſſent to its Inſertion in the Text. *Seward.*

Vio.

Vio. I will not eat, nor ſleep with you, and thoſe hours,
Which I ſhou'd ſpend in Prayers for your Health,
Shall be employ'd in Curſes.

Hen. Terrible.

Vio. All the day long, I'll be as tedious to you
As lingring Feavers, and I'll watch the Nights,
To ring aloud your Shame, and break your Sleeps.
Or if you do but ſlumber, I'll appear
I'the ſhape of all my Wrongs, and like a Fury
Fright you to Madneſs; and if all this fail
To work out my Revenge, I've Friends and Kinſmen,
That will not ſit down tame with the Diſgrace
That's offer'd to our noble Family
In what I ſuffer.

Hen. How am I divided
Between the Duties I owe as a Husband,
And Piety of a Parent?

Aſc. I am taught, Sir,
By the inſtinct of Nature, that Obedience
Which bids me to prefer your Peace of Mind
Before thoſe Pleaſures that are deareſt to me;
Be wholly hers my Lord, I quit all parts,
That I may challenge. May you grow old together,
And no diſtaſte e'er find you, and before
The Characters of Age are printed on you,
May you ſee many Images of your ſelves,
Though I, like ſome falſe Glaſs, that's never look'd in,
Am caſt aſide, and broken. From this hour,
Unleſs invited, which I dare not hope for,
I never will ſet my forbidden Feet
Over your Threſhold; only give me leave,
Though caſt off to the World, to mention you
In my Devotions, it is all I ſue for,
And ſo I take my laſt leave.

Hen. Though I am
Devoted to a Wife, nay almoſt ſold
A Slave to ſerve her Pleaſures, yet I cannot
So part with all Humanity, but I muſt
Shew ſomething of a Father; thou ſhalt not go
Unfurniſh'd and unfriended too: take that

To guard thee from Neceſſities; may thy Goodneſs
(27) Meet many Favours, for thine Innocence
Deſerves to be the Heir of greater Fortunes,
Than thou wert Born to. Scorn me not, *Violante*,
This Baniſhment is a kind of civil Death,
And now, as it were at his Funeral,
To ſhed a Tear or two, is not unmanly,
And ſo farewel for ever. One word more,
Though I muſt never ſee thee, my *Aſcanio*,
When this is ſpent, for ſo the Judge decreed,
[*Exit* Aſcanio.
Send to me for ſupply. Are you pleas'd now?

Vio. Yes; I have cauſe, to ſee you Howl and Blubber
At th' parting of my Torment, and your Shame.
'Tis well: proceed: ſupply his wants: do do:
Let the great Dower I brought, ſerve to maintain
Your Baſtard's Riots: Send my Clothes and Jewels
T' your old acquaintance, your dear Dame his Mother.
Now you begin to melt, I know 'twill follow.

Hen. Is all I do miſconſtru'd?

Vio. I will take
A Courſe to right my ſelf, a ſpeeding one:
By the bleſs'd Saints, I will; if I prove cruel,
The ſhame to ſee thy fooliſh Pity, taught me
To loſe my natural Softneſs; keep off from me,
Thy Flatteries are infectious, and I'll flee thee
As I would do a Leaper.

Hen. Let not Fury
Tranſport you ſo: You know I am your Creature,
All Love, but to your ſelf, with him, hath left me.
I'll join with you in any thing.

Vio. In vain,
I'll take mine own Ways, and will have no Partners.

Hen. I will not croſs you.

(27) ——— *and thine Innocence*
Deſerve to be the Heir.] *Aſcanio* has ſhew'd ſo many Inſtances of Innocence, that the Occaſion here ſeems only to require a Prayer that his Innocence may be rewarded. It ſhould ſeem therefore that either the word *deſerve* ſhould be chang'd to *arrive*, or the whole be turn'd into an Affirmation, as I have ventured to make it. *Seward.*

Vio.

Vio. Do not, they ſhall find
That to a Woman of her hopes beguil'd
A Viper trod on, or an Aſpick's, mild. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lopez, Milanes, *and* Arſenio.

Lop. (28) Sits the Game there: I have you; by mine Order
I love *Leandro* for't.
Mil. But you muſt ſhew it
In lending him your help, to gain him means
And opportunity,
Lop. He ſhall want nothing,
I know my Advocate to a hair, and what
Will fetch him from his Pray'rs, if he uſe any,
I am honyed with the Project: I wou'd have him horn'd
For a moſt precious Beaſt.
Arſ. But you loſe time.
Lop. I'm gone, inſtruct *Diego*, you will find him
A ſharp and ſubtle Knave, give him but Hints
And he will amplifie. See all things ready,
I'll fetch him with a Vengeance —— [*Exit.*
Arſ. If he fail now,
We'll give him over too.
Mil. Tuſh, he is fleſh'd,
And knows what vein to ſtrike for his own credit.
Arſ. All things are ready.
Mil. Then we ſhall have a merry Scene, ne'er fear it.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Amaranta, *with a Note, and* Moor.

Ama. Is thy Maſter gone out?
Moor. Ev'n now, the Curate fetch'd him,
About a ſerious buſineſs as it ſeem'd,

(28) —— *I have you by mine Order*;
I love Leandro *for't.*] Mr. *Sympſon* has very juſtly regulated the Stops here.

For

For he ſnatch'd up his Cloak, and bruſh'd his Hat ſtraight,
Set his Band handſomely, and out he gallop'd.
Ama. 'Tis well, 'tis very well, he went out, *Egla*,
As luckily, as one would ſay, go Husband;
He was call'd by Providence! Fling this ſhort Paper
Into *Leandro*'s Cell, and waken him,
He is monſtrous vex'd, and muſty, at my Cheſs-play;
But this ſhall ſupple him, when he has read it:
Take your own Recreation for two hours,
And hinder nothing.
Moor. If I do, I'll hang for't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Octavio, *and* Jacintha.

Oct. If that you lov'd *Aſcanio* for himſelf,
And not your private Ends, you rather ſhou'd
Bleſs the fair Opportunity, that reſtores him
T' his Birth-right, and the Honours he was born to,
Than grieve at his good Fortune.
Jac. Grieve, *Octavio?*
I would reſign my Eſſence, that he were
As happy as my Love cou'd faſhion him,
Though every Bleſſing that ſhou'd fall on him,
Might prove a Curſe to me: My ſorrow ſprings
Out of my fear and doubt he is not ſafe.
I am acquainted with *Don Henrique*'s Nature,
And I have heard too much the fiery Temper
Of Madam *Violante:* Can you think
That ſhe, that almoſt is at War with Heav'n
For being barren, will with equal Eyes
Behold a Son of mine?
Oct. His Father's Care,
That for the want of Iſſue, took him home,
Though with the forfeiture of his own Fame,
Will look unto his Safety.
Jac. Step-mothers
Have many Eyes, to find a way to miſchief,
Though blind to Goodneſs.

Enter

Enter Jamie *and* Aſcanio.

Oct. Here comes *Don Jamie*,
And with him our *Aſcanio*.
Jam. Good Youth leave me,
I know thou art forbid my Company,
And only to be ſeen with me, will call on
Thy Father's anger.
Aſc. Sir, if that to ſerve you
Cou'd loſe me any thing, as indeed it cannot,
I ſtill wou'd follow you. Alas I was born
To do you hurt, but not to help my ſelf,
I was, for ſome particular end, took home,
But am caſt off again.
Jam. Is't poſſible?
Aſc. The Lady, whom my Father calls his Wife,
Abhors my ſight, is ſick of me, and forc'd him
To turn me out of Doors.
Jac. By my beſt hopes
I thank her Cruelty, for it comes near
A ſaving Charity.
Aſc. I am only happy
That yet I can relieve you, 'pray you ſhare:
My Father's wondrous kind, and promiſes
That I ſhou'd be ſupplied: But ſure the Lady
Is a malicious Woman, and I fear
Means me no good.

Enter Servant.

Jam. I am turn'd a Stone with wonder,
And know not what to think.
Ser. From my Lady,
Your private Ear, and this——
Jam. New Miracles?
Ser. She ſays, if you dare make your ſelf a Fortune,
She will propoſe the Means; my Lord *Don Henrique*
Is now from home, and ſhe alone expects you;
If you dare truſt her, ſo; if not, deſpair of
A ſecond Offer. [*Exit.*
Jam. Though there were an Ambuſh

Laid

Laid for my Life, I'll on and ſound this Secret.
Retire thee, my *Aſcanio*, with thy Mother:
But ſtir not forth, ſome great Deſign's on Foot,
Fall what can fall, if e'er the Sun be ſet
I ſee you not, give me for dead.
Aſc. We will expect you,
And thoſe bleſs'd Angels, that love Goodneſs, guard you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Lopez *and* Bartolus.

Bar. Is't poſſible he ſhou'd be rich?
Lop. Moſt poſſible,
He hath been long, though he'd but little gettings,
Drawing together, Sir.
Bar. Accounted a poor Sexton,
Honeſt poor *Diego*.
Lop. I aſſure ye, a cloſe Fellow,
Both cloſe, and ſcraping, and that fills the Bags, Sir.
Bar. A notable good Fellow too?
Lop. Sometimes, Sir.
When he hop'd to drink a Man into a Surfeit,
That he might gain by his Grave.
Bar. So many thouſands?
Lop. Heav'n knows what.
Bar. 'Tis ſtrange,
'Tis very ſtrange; but we ſee by endeavour,
And honeſt labour ——
Lop. Milo, by continuance
Grew from a ſilly Calf, with your Worſhips Reverence,
To carry a Bull; from a penny, to a pound, Sir,
And from a pound to many: 'Tis the Progreſs.
Bar. Ye ſay true, but he lov'd to feed well alſo,
And that methinks ——
Lop. From another Man's Trencher, Sir,
(29) And there he found it ſeaſon'd with ſmall charge:

(29) Mr. *Theobald* has in the Margin alter'd the firſt *there* to *where*, joining the ſecond Line to the third and not to the firſt. But as the preſent reading and pointing ſeem to give a juſt Senſe, I have not chang'd them.

There

There he would play the Tyrant, and would devour ye
More than the Graves he made; at home he liv'd
Like a Camelion, ſuckt the Air of Miſery,
[*Table ſet out, Standiſh, Paper, and Stools.*
And grew fat by the Brewis of an Egg-ſhell.
Wou'd ſmell a Cooks-ſhop, and go home and Surfeit,
And be a Month in faſting out that Feaver. [ſay ye?
Bar. Theſe are good Symptoms. Do's he lye ſo ſick,
Lop. Oh, very ſick.
Bar. And choſen me Executor?
Lop. Only your Worſhip.
Bar. No hope of his Amendment?
Lop. None, that we find.
Bar. Hath he no Kinſmen neither?
Lop. 'Truth, very few.
Bar. His Mind will be the quieter.
What Doctors has he?
Lop. There's none, Sir, he believes in.
Bar. They are but needleſs things, in ſuch Extremities.
Who draws the good Man's Will?
Lop. Marry that do I, Sir,
And to my Grief.
Bar. Grief will do little now, Sir,
Draw it to your comfort, Friend, and as I counſel ye.
An honeſt Man, but ſuch Men live not always:
Who are about him?
Lop. Many, now he is paſſing,
That wou'd pretend t'his love, yes, and ſome Gentlemen
That would fain counſel him, and be of his Kindred;
Rich Men can want no Heirs, Sir.
Bar. They do ill,
Indeed they do, to trouble him; very ill, Sir.
But we ſhall take care.

Enter, with Diego *in a Bed,* Milanes, Arſenio, *and Pariſhioners.*

Lop. Will ye come near, Sir?
'Pray ye bring him out; now ye may ſee in what State:
Give him freſh Air.
Bar. I am ſorry, Neighbour *Diego,*

To

To find ye in ſo weak a ſtate.
Die. Y'are welcome,
But I am fleeting, Sir.
Bar. Methinks he looks well,
His Colour freſh, and ſtrong, his Eyes are chearful.
Lop. A glimmering before Death, 'tis nothing elſe, Sir,
Do you ſee how he fumbles with the Sheet? do ye note that? [for ye,
Die. My Learned Sir, 'pray ye ſit: I am bold to ſend
To take a care of what I leave.
Lop. Do ye hear that?
Arſ. Play the Knave finely.
Die. So I will, I warrant ye,
And carefully.
Bar. 'Pray ye do not trouble him,
You ſee he's weak, and has a wandring Fancy.
Die. My honeſt Neighbours, weep not, I muſt leave ye,
I cannot always bear ye Company.
We muſt drop ſtill, there is no remedy.
'Pray ye Maſter Curate, will ye write my Teſtament,
And write it largely it may be remembred,
And be Witneſs to my Legacies, good Gentlemen;
Your Worſhip I do make my full Executor,
You are a Man of Wit and Underſtanding.
Give me a Cup of Wine to raiſe my Spirits,
For I ſpeak low: I wou'd, before theſe Neighbours,
Have ye to ſwear, Sir, that you'll ſee it executed,
And what I give let equally be rendred
For my Soul's health.
Bar. I vow it truly, Neighbours,
Let not that trouble ye, before all theſe,
Once more I give my Oath.
Die. Then ſet me higher,
And pray come near me all.
Lop. We're ready for ye.
Mil. Now ſpur the Aſs, and get our Friend time.
Die. Firſt then,
After I have given my Body to the Worms,
For they muſt be ſerv'd firſt, they're ſeldom cozen'd.
Lop. Remember your Pariſh, Neighbour.

Die.

Die. You ſpeak truly,
I do remember it, a lewd vile Pariſh,
And pray it may be mended: To the Poor of it,
Which is to all the Pariſh, I give nothing,
For nothing, unto nothing is moſt natural,
Yet leave as much ſpace, as will build an Hoſpital,
Their Children may pray for me.
Bar. What do you give to it?
Die. Set down two thouſand Duckets.
Bar. 'Tis a good gift,
And will be long remembred.
Die. To your Worſhip,
Becauſe you muſt take pains to ſee all finiſh'd,
I give two thouſand more, it may be three, Sir,
A poor Gratuity for your pains-taking.
Bar. Theſe are large Sums.
Lop. Nothing to him that has 'em.
Die. To my old Maſter Vicar, I give five hundred;
Five hundred and five hundred are too few, Sir,
But there be more to ſerve.
Bar. This fellow coins ſure. [Books,
Die. Give me more drink. Pray ye buy Books, buy
You have a learned Head, ſtuff it with Libraries,
And underſtand 'em, when ye have done, 'tis Juſtice.
Run not the Pariſh mad with Controverſies,
Nor preach up Abſtinence to longing Women,
'Twill purge the bottoms of their Conſciences:
I'd give the Church new Organs, but I propheſie [riſh,
The Church-wardens wou'd quickly pipe 'em out o'th' Pa-
Two hundred Duckets more to mend the Cancel,
And to paint true Orthography, as many,
They write *Sunt* with a *C*, which is abominable,
'Pray you ſet that down. To poor Maidens Marriages.
Lop. Ay that's well thought of, what's your will in that
A meritorious thing. [point?
Bar. No end of this will?
Die. I give *per annum* two hundred Ells of Lockram,
That there be no ſtrait dealings in their Linnens,
But the Sails cut according to their Burthens.
To all Bell-ringers I bequeath new Ropes,

And let them uſe 'em at their own diſcretions.
Arſ. You may remember us.
Die. I do, good Gentlemen,
And I bequeath you both good careful Surgeons,
A Legacy you have need of, more than Mony,
I know you want good Diets, and good Lotions,
And in your pleaſures, good take-heed.
Lop. He raves now,
But 'twill be quickly off.
Die. I do bequeath ye
Commodities of Pins, Brown-papers, Pack-threads,
Roſt Pork, and Puddings, Ginger-bread, and Jews-trumps,
Of penny Pipes, and mouldy Pepper, take 'em,
Take 'em even where you pleaſe and be cozen'd with 'em,
I ſhould bequeath ye Executions alſo,
But thoſe I'll leave to th' Law.
Lop. Now he grows Temperate.
Bar. You'll give no more?
Die. I am loth to give more from ye,
Becauſe I know you'll have a care to execute.
Only, to pious uſes, Sir, a little.
Bar. If he be worth all theſe, I'm made for ever.
Die. I give to fatal Dames, that ſpin Mens Threads out,
And poor diſtreſſed Damſels, that are Militant
As Members of our own Afflictions,
A hundred Crowns to buy warm Tubs to work in;
I give five hundred pounds to buy a Church-yard,
A ſpacious Church-yard, to lay Thieves and Knaves in,
Rich Men and honeſt Men take all the room up.
Lop. Are ye not weary?
Die. Never of well doing.
Bar. Theſe are mad Legacies.
Die. They were got as madly;
My Sheep, and Oxen, and my Moveables,
My Plate, and Jewels, and five hundred Acres;
I have no Heirs.
Bar. This cannot be, 'tis monſtrous.
Die. Three Ships at Sea too.
Bar. You have made me full Executor?
Die. Full, full, and total, wou'd I had more to give ye,

But

But theſe may ſerve an honeſt Mind.

Bar. Ye ſay true,
A very honeſt Mind, and make it rich too;
Rich, wondrous rich; but where ſhall I raiſe theſe Monies,
(30) About your Houſe? I ſee no ſuch great Promiſes;
Where ſhall I find theſe Sums?

Die. Ev'n where you pleaſe, Sir,
You're wiſe and provident, and know buſineſs,
Ev'n raiſe 'em where you ſhall think good, I'm reaſonable.

Bar. Think good? will that raiſe thouſands?
What do you make me? [fort.

Die. You have ſworn to ſee it done, that's all my com-

Bar. Where I pleaſe? this is pack'd ſure to diſgrace me.

Die. Ye're juſt, and honeſt, and I know you'll do it,
Ev'n where you pleaſe, for you know where the wealth is.

Bar. I am abus'd, betray'd, I'm laugh'd at, ſcorn'd,
Baffl'd, and boar'd, it ſeems.

Arſ. No, no, ye are fool'd.

Lop. Moſt finely fool'd, and handſomely, and neatly,
Such cunning Maſters muſt be fool'd ſometimes, Sir,
And have their Worſhips Noſes wip'd, 'tis healthful,
We are but quit: You fool us of our Monies
In every Cauſe, in every Quiddit wipe us. [Gentlemen.

Die. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ſome more drink, for my Heart,
This merry Lawyer — ha, ha, ha, ha, this Scholar —
I think this fit will cure me: This Executor —
I ſhall laugh out my Lungs.

Bar. This is Deriſion above Suff'rance, Villany
Plotted and ſet againſt me.

Die. Faith 'tis Knavery,
In troth I muſt confeſs, thou art fool'd indeed, Lawyer.

Mil. Did you think, had this Man been rich ——

Bar. 'Tis well, Sir.

Mil. He wou'd have choſen ſuch a Wolf, a Canker,
(31) A Maggot, Rat, to be his whole Executor?

Lop.

(30) — *Such great Promiſes*;] Mr. *Sympſon* conjectures that the Lawyer would naturally uſe the word *Premiſes* but ſeems unwilling to diſturb the Text.

(31) *A Maggot-pate, to be his whole Executor?*] Whimſical idle ſhatter-brain'd People are frequently call'd *Maggot-pated:* but this

Lop. A Lawyer, that entangles all Mens Honeſties,
Lives like a Spider in a Cobweb lurking,
And catching at all Flies, that paſs his Pit-falls?
Puts Powder to all States, to make 'em caper?
Wou'd he truſt you? Do you deſerve?

Die. I find, Gentlemen,
This Cataplaſm of a well cozen'd Lawyer
Laid to my Stomach, lenifies my Feaver,
Methinks I could eat now, and walk a little.

Bar. I am aſham'd to feel how flat I'm cheated,
How groſsly, and maliciouſly made a May-game,
A damn'd trick; my Wife, my Wife, ſome Raſcal:
My Credit and my Wife; ſome luſtful Villain,
Some Bawd, ſome Rogue.

Arſ. (32) Some Craftſman, Fool, has found ye:
This 'tis, Sir, to teach ye to be too buſie,
To covet all the gains, and all the rumours,
To have a ſtirring Oare in all Mens Actions.

Lop. We did this, but to vex your fine Officiouſneſs.

Bar. Good yield ye, and good thank ye: I am fool'd.
The Lawyer is an Aſs, I do confeſs it, [Gentlemen;
A weak, dull, ſhallow Aſs: Good Even to your Worſhips,
Vicar, remember, Vicar; — Raſcal, remember,
Thou notable rich Raſcal.

Die. I do remember, Sir,
'Pray ye ſtay a little, I have ev'n two Legacies,
To make your Mouth up, Sir.

Bar. Remember Varlets,
Quake and remember, Rogues;
I've brine for all your Buttocks. [*Exit.*

Lop. Oh how he frets, and fumes now like a Dunghil!

Die. His Gall contains fine ſtuff now to make Poyſons,

is by no means the Lawyer's Character, nor does it ſuit with the two former Titles, which both imply villany and eating into other Mens Eſtates. My Conjecture is near the trace of the Letters, and will, I hope, be allow'd. *Seward.*

(32) *Some crafty Fool has found ye:*] It cannot be ſuppoſed that *Arſenio* would call *Leandro* a Fool, and the Reading therefore is probably corrupt; mine is very near it, and is not liable to the ſame Objection; and tho' I do not remember the Word *Craftſman* in our Authors, yet it is uſed in the ſame Senſe by *Fairfax* in his excellent Tranſlation of *Taſſo*. *Seward.*

Rare

Rare damned Stuff.

Arſ. Let's after, and ſtill vex him,
And take my Friend off: By this time he's proſper'd,
He cannot loſe this dear time: 'Tis impoſſible.

Mil. *Diego*, thou'ſt done well.

Lop. Haſt done it daintily.

Mil. And ſhalt be as well paid, Boy—

Arſ. Go, let's crucifie him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Amaranta, *and* Leandro.

Lean. I've told ye all my Story, and how deſperately.

Ama. I do believe: Let's walk on, time is precious,
Not to be ſpent in Words, here no more wooing,
The open Air's an Enemy to Lovers,
Do as I tell ye.

Lean. I'll do any thing.
I am ſo over-joy'd, I'll fly to ſerve ye.

Ama. Take your Joy moderately, as 'tis miniſtred,
And as the Cauſe invites: The Man's a Fool
That at the ſight o'th' Bond, dances and leaps,
Then is the true Joy, when the Mony comes.

Lean. You cannot now deny me.

Ama. Nay, you know not,
Women have Crotchets, and ſtrange Fits.

Lean. You ſhall not.

Ama. Hold ye to that and ſwear it confidently,
Then I ſhall make a ſcruple to deny ye:
'Pray ye let's ſtep in, and ſee a Friend of mine,
The weather's ſharp: We'll ſtay but half an hour,
We may be miſs'd elſe: A private fine Houſe 'tis, Sir,
And we may find many good welcomes.

Lean. Do Lady,
Do happy Lady.

Ama. All your Mind's of doing,
You muſt be modeſter.

Lean. I will be any thing. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Bartolus.

Bar. Open the Doors, and give me room to chafe in,
Mine own Room, and my Liberty: Why Maid there,
Open I ſay, and do not anger me,
I'm ſubject to much fury: When, ye Diſh-clout?
When do you come? aſleep, ye lazy Hell-hound?
Nothing intended, but your eaſe, and eating?
No Body here? why Wife, why Wife? why Jewel?
No Tongue to anſwer me! pre'thee, good Pupil,
Diſpenſe a little with thy careful Study,
And ſtep to th' door, and let me in; nor he neither?
Ha! not at's Study? nor aſleep? nor no Body?
I'll make ye hear: The Houſe of Ignorance,
No Sound inhabits here: I have a Key yet
That commands all: I fear I'm Metamorphiz'd. [*Exit.*

Enter Lopez, Arſenio, Milanes, *and* Diego.

Lop. He keeps his fury ſtill, and may do miſchief.
Mil. He ſhall be hang'd firſt, we'll be ſticklers there, Boys.
Die. The hundred thouſand Dreams now, that poſſeſs [him
Of Jealouſie, and Frailty; of Revenge,
Of drawing Bills againſt us, and Petitions.
Lop. And caſting what his Credit ſhall recover.
Mil. Let him caſt 'till his Maw come up, we care not.
You ſhall be ſtill ſecur'd. [*A great noiſe within.*
Die. We'll pay him home then;
Hark what a noiſe he keeps within!
Lop. Certain
H'as ſet his Chimneys o'fire, or the Devil roars there.
Die. The Codixes o'th' Law are broke looſe, Gentlemen.
Arſ. He's fighting ſure.
Die. I'll tell ye that immediately —— [*Exit.*
Mil. Or doing ſome ſtrange Outrage on himſelf.
Arſ. Hang him, he dares not be ſo valiant.

Enter Diego.

Die. There's no Body at home, and he chafes like a Lyon,
And

And ſtinks withal. [*Noiſe ſtill.*

Lop. No Body?

Die. Not a Creature,
Nothing within, but he and his Law-tempeſt,
The Ladles, Diſhes, Kettles, how they flie all!
And how the Glaſſes through the Rooms!

Enter Bartolus.

Arſ. My Friend ſure
Has got her out, and now he's made an end on't.

Lop. (33) See where the Sea comes? how it foams, and buſtles?
The great Leviathan o'th' Law, how it tumbles?

Bar. Made ev'ry way an Aſs? abus'd on all ſides?
And from all Quarters People come to laugh at me?
Riſe like a Comet, to be wonder'd at?
A horrid Comet, for Boys Tongues, and Ballads?
I will run from my Wits.

Enter Amaranta, *and* Leandro.

Arſ. Do, do, good Lawyer,
And from thy Mony too, then thou wilt be quiet.

Mil. Here ſhe comes home: Now mark the Salutations;
How like an Aſs my Friend goes?

Arſ. She has pull'd his Ears down.

Bar. Now, what ſweet Voyage? to what Garden, Lady?
Or to what Couſin's Houſe?

Ama. Is this my welcome?
I cannot go to Church, but thus I am ſcandal'd,
Uſe no Devotion for my Soul, but Gentlemen——

Bar. To Church?

Ama. Yes, and ye keep Sweet Youths to wait upon me,
Sweet bred-up Youths, to be a credit to me,
There's your delight again, pray take him to ye,
He never comes near me more to debaſe me.

Bar. How's this? how's this? good Wife, how, has he wrong'd ye?

(33) —*bruſtles?*] Not knowing this Word I have ventured to ſtrike out the r, *Briſtles* would make an inconſiſtent Metaphor with the Sea.

Ama. I was fain to drive him like a Sheep before me,
I bluſh to think how People fleer'd, and ſcorn'd me.
Others have handſome Men, that know Behaviour,
Place, and Obſervance: This ſilly thing knows nothing,
Cannot tell ten; let every Raſcal juſtle me,
(34) And ſtill I puſh'd him on as he'd been the Woman.

Bar. Ha! did ye puſh him on! is he ſo ſtupid?

Ama. When others were attentive to the Prieſt,
Good devout Gentleman, then fell he faſt,
Faſt, found aſleep: Then firſt began the Bag-pipes,
The ſeveral ſtops on's Noſe made a rare Muſick,
A rare and loud, and thoſe plaid many an Anthem.
Put out of that, he fell ſtraight into dreaming.

Arſ. As cunning, as ſhe's ſweet? I like this Carriage.

Bar. What did he then?

Ama. Why then he talk'd in's Sleep too,
Nay, I'll divulge your moral Virtues, Sheeps-face,
And talk'd aloud, that every Ear was fixt to him:
Did not I ſuffer, do you think, in this Time?
Talk of your bawling Law, of Appellations,
Of Declarations, and Excommunications;
Warrants, and Executions; and ſuch Devils
That drove all th' Gentlemen out o'th' Church, by hurryes,
With execrable Oaths, they'd ne'er come there again.
Thus am I ſerv'd and Man'd.

Lean. I pray forgive me,
I muſt confeſs I am not fit to wait on ye:
Alas, I was brought up ——

(34) —— *As he had been* coming.] As neither Mr. *Sympſon* nor I can affix any Idea to this Reading, I have been forc'd to take an unuſual Liberty, rather than leave Nonſenſe in the Text. I have however known ſeveral corrupt Readings that have departed more from what was demonſtrably the Original, than my Correction ſuppoſes this to have done; and as the Senſe I give ſeems perfectly natural, it is probable it might have been the Author's. It muſt be obſerved that in moſt Countries abroad, it is the Cuſtom for Servants to walk before not after their Miſtreſſes; it is, I know, in *Italy*, and I ſuppoſe our Authors knew it to be ſo in *Spain*. She ſays therefore, inſtead of clearing the Way for me, I was forc'd to puſh him forwards, or he would have lag'd behind me, as if he had been the Woman. Since I wrote this Note, a Friend to whom I ſhew'd it, hit off another Reading which I think full as probable as my own. He woul read — *And ſtill I puſh'd him on. Was that becoming?*

Ama.

Ama. To be an Aſs,
A Lawyers Aſs, to carry Books, and Buckrams.
Bar. But what did you at Church?
Lop. At Church, did you ask her?
Do you hear, Gentlemen, do y' mark that queſtion?
Becauſe you're half an Heretick your ſelf, Sir,
Wou'd ye breed her too? this ſhall to th' Inquiſition?
A pious Gentlewoman reprov'd for praying?
I'll ſee this fil'd, and you ſhall hear further, Sir.
Arſ. Ye have an ill Heart.
Lop. It ſhall be found out, Gentlemen,
There be thoſe Youths will ſearch it.
Die. You are warm, Signior,
But a Faggot will warm ye better: We are Witneſſes.
Lop. Enough to hang him, do not doubt.
Mil. Nay certain,
I do believe h'as rather no Religion.
Lop. That muſt be known too, becauſe ſhe goes to Church, Sir?
O monſtrum informe ingens!
Die. Let him go on, Sir,
His Wealth will build a Nunnery, a fair one,
And this good Lady, when he's hang'd and rotten,
May there be Abbeſs.
Bar. You are cozen'd, honeſt Gentlemen,
I do not forbid the Uſe but the Form, mark me.
Lop. Form? what do you make of Form?
Bar. They will undo me,
Swear, as I oft have done, and ſo betray me;
(35) I muſt make fair way, and hereafter——. Wife,
You're welcome home, and henceforth take your pleaſure,
Go when ye ſhall think fit, I will not hinder ye,
My Eyes are open now, and I ſee my Error,
My Shame, as great as that, but I muſt hide it.
The whole conveyance now I ſmell, but *Baſta*,
Another time muſt ſerve; you ſee us Friends, now

(35) ——— *and hereafter, Wife,*
You're welcome home,] The falſe Pointings made this a little obſcure, he means that he would carry things fairly at preſent and revenge himſelf hereafter. *Seward.*

Heartily

Heartily Friends, and no more chiding, Gentlemen,
I have been too fooliſh, I confeſs, no more Words,
No more, ſweet Wife.

Ama. You know my eaſie Nature.

Bar. Go get ye in: You ſee ſhe has been angry:
Forbear her Sight a while, and Time will pacify;
And learn to be more bold.

Lean. I would I could,
I will do all I am able. [*Exit.*

Bar. Do *Leandro*,
We will not part, but Friends of all hands.

Lop. Well ſaid,
Now ye are reaſonable, we can look on ye.

Bar. Ye have jerkt me: But for all that I forgive ye,
Forgive ye heartily, and do invite ye
To morrow to a Breakfaſt, I make but ſeldom,
But now we will be merry.

Arſ. Now ye are friendly,
Your Doggedneſs and Niggardize flung from ye.
And now we will come to ye.

Bar. Give me your Hands, all:
You ſhall be welcome heartily.

Lop. We will be,
For we'll eat hard.

Bar. The harder, the more welcome,
And till the Morning farewel; I have buſineſs. [*Exit.*

Mil. Farewel good bountiful *Bartolus*, 'tis a brave Wench,
A ſudden witty Thief, and worth all ſervice.
Go, we'll all go, and crucifie the Lawyer.

Die. I'll clap four tire of Teeth into my Mouth more,
But I will grind his ſubſtance.

Arſ. Well *Leandro*,
Thou haſt had a ſtrange Voyage, but I hope
Thou rid'ſt now in ſafe Harbour.

Mil. Let's go drink, Friends,
And laugh aloud at all our merry May-games.

Lop. A match, a match, 'twill whet our Stomachs better. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Violante, *and Servant.*

Ser. MAdam, he's come. [*Chair and Stools out.*
Viol. 'Tis well, how did he look
When he knew from whom you were ſent! was he not [ſtartled?
Or confident? or fearful?
Ser. As appear'd
Like one that knew his Fortune at the worſt,
And car'd not what cou'd follow.
Viol. 'Tis the better,
Reach me a Chair: So bring him in, be careful
That none diſturb us: I will try his Temper,
And if I find him apt for my Employments,
I'll work him to my ends; if not I ſhall
Find other Engines.

Enter Jamie, *and Servant.*

Ser. There's my Lady.
Viol. Leave us.
Jam. You ſent for me?
Viol. I did, and do's the favour,
Your preſent State conſider'd and my Power,
Deſerve no greater Ceremony?
Jam. Ceremony?
I uſe to pay that where I owe a Duty,
Not to my Brother's Wife: I cannot fawn,
If you expect it from me, you are cozen'd,
And ſo farewel.
Viol. He bears up ſtill; I like it.
Pray you a word.
Jam. Yes, I will give you hearing
On equal terms, and ſit by you as a Friend,
But not ſtand as a Suitor: Now your pleaſure
Viol. You are very bold.
Jam. 'Tis fit, ſince you are proud;
I was not made to feed that fooliſh humour,
With flattery and obſervance.

Viol.

Viol. Yet, with your favour,
A little Form join'd with Reſpect to her,
That can add to your Wants, or free you from 'em,
Nay raiſe you to a Fate, beyond your hopes,
Might well become your Wiſdom.
Jam. It would rather
Write me a Fool, ſhou'd I but only think
That any good to me could flow from you,
Whom for ſo many Years I've found and prov'd
My greateſt Enemy: I am ſtill the ſame,
My Wants have not transform'd me: I dare tell you,
To your new cerus'd Face, what I have ſpoken
Freely behind your Back, what I think of you;
You are the proudeſt thing, and have the leaſt
Reaſon to be ſo that I ever read of.
In Stature you're a Gianteſs; and your Tailor
Takes meaſure of you with a *Jacob*'s Staff,
Or he can never reach you, this by the way
For your large ſize. Now, in a word or two,
(36) To treat of your Complexion with decorum:
You are ſo far from fair, I doubt your Mother
Was too familiar with the *Moor* that ſerv'd her,
Your Limbs and Features I paſs briefly over,
As things not worth deſcription; and come roundly
To your Soul, if you have any; for 'tis doubtful.
Viol. I laugh at this, proceed.
Jam. This Soul I ſpeak of,
Or rather Salt to keep this heap of fleſh
From being a walking ſtench, like a large Inn,
Stands open for the entertainment of
All impious Practices: But there's no Corner,
An honeſt thought can take up: And as it were not
Sufficient in your ſelf to comprehend
All wicked Plots, you've taught the Fool, my Brother,
By your Contagion almoſt to put off

(36) *To treat of your Complexion* were *decorum:*] What decorum was there in treating of her Complexion? the words *were decorum* are a meer redundancy without adding any thing to the Senſe or Satyr, but the ſlight alteration which I have made greatly heightens both, for it prefaces the ſevere things that follow with an aſſertion that he ſpeaks without exaggeration. Mr. *Sympſon.*

The

The Nature of the Man, and turn'd him Devil,
Becauſe he ſhould be like you, and I hope
You'll march to Hell together. I have ſpoken,
And if the Limning you in your true Colours
Can make the Painter gracious, I ſtand ready
For my Reward, or if my Words diſtaſte you,
I weigh it not, for though your Grooms were ready
To cut my Throat for't, be aſſur'd I cannot
Uſe other Language.

Viol. You think you have ſaid now,
Like a brave Fellow: In this Woman's War
You ever have been train'd: Spoke big, but ſuffer'd
Like a tame Aſs; and when moſt ſpur'd and gall'd
Were never Maſter of the Spleen or Spirit,
That could raiſe up the anger of a Man,
And force it into action.

Jam. Yes, vile Creature,
Wer't thou a Subject worthy of my Sword,
Or that thy Death, this moment, could call home
My baniſh'd hopes, thou now wer't dead; dead, Woman;
But being as thou art, it is ſufficient
I ſcorn thee, and contemn thee.

Viol. This ſhews nobly,
I muſt confeſs it: I am taken with it,
For had you kneel'd, and whin'd, and ſhew'd a baſe
And low dejected Mind, I had deſpis'd you.
This Bravery, in your adverſe Fortune, conquers
And does command me, and upon the ſudden
I feel a kind of Pity, growing in me,
For your Misfortunes; Pity ſome ſay's the Parent
Of future Love, and I repent my part
So far in what you've ſuffer'd, that I cou'd,
(But you are cold) do ſomething to repair
What your baſe Brother (ſuch, *Jamie*, I think him)
Hath brought to ruin.

Jam. Ha?

Viol. Be not amaz'd,
Our Injuries are equal in his Baſtard;
You are familiar with what I groan for,
And though the Name of Husband holds a tye

Beyond

Beyond a Brother, I, a poor weak Woman,
Am ſenſible, and tender of a wrong,
And to revenge it wou'd break through all lets,
That durſt oppoſe me.
Jam. Is it poſſible?
Viol. By this kiſs: ſtart not: thus much, as a Stranger
You may take from me; but, if you were pleas'd,
I ſhould ſelect you as a boſom Friend,
I would print 'em thus, and thus.
Jam. Keep off.
Viol. Come near,
(37) Nearer, into the Cabinet of my Counſels:
Simplicity and Patience dwell with Fools,
And let them bear thoſe burthens, which wiſe Men
Boldly ſhake off; be mine and join with me,
And when that I have rais'd you to a Fortune,
Do not deny your ſelf the happy means,
You'll look on me with more judicious Eyes,
And ſwear I am moſt fair.
Jam. What wou'd this Woman?
The purpoſe of theſe words? ſpeak not in riddles,
And when I underſtand what you wou'd counſel,
My anſwer ſhall be ſudden.
Viol. Thus then *Jamie*,
The objects of our fury are the ſame,
For young *Aſcanio*, whom you Snake-like hug'd,
Frozen with wants to Death, in your warm Boſom,
Lives to ſupplant you in your certain hopes,
And kills in me all comfort.
Jam. Now 'tis plain,
I apprehend you: And were he remov'd ——
Viol. You, once again, were the undoubted Heir.
Jam. 'Tis not to be deny'd; I was Ice before,
But now ye've fir'd me.——
Viol. I'll add Fuel to it;
And by a nearer cut, do you but ſteer
As I direct, we'll bring our Bark into

(37) *Near into*] This is one of Mr. *Theobald*'s marginal Corrections which both reſtores the Verſe and heightens the Sentiment.

The

The Port of Happineſs.
Jam. How?
Viol. By *Henrique*'s Death:
But you'll ſay he's your Brother; in great Fortunes,
Which are Epitomes of States and Kingdoms,
The Politick brook no Rivals.
Jam. Excellent!
For ſure I think out of a ſcrupulous fear,
To feed in expectation, when I may,
Diſpenſing but a little with my Conſcience,
Come into full Poſſeſſion, would not argue
One that deſir'd to thrive.
Viol. Now you ſpeak like
A Man that knows the World.
Jam. I needs muſt learn
That have ſo good a Tutreſs. And what think you,
Don Henrique and *Aſcanio* cut off
That none may live, that ſhall deſire to trace us
In our black Paths, if that *Octavio*
His foſter Father, and the ſad *Jacintha*,
(Faith pity her, and free her from her Sorrows,)
Should fall Companions with 'em? When we're red
With Murther, let us often bath in Blood,
The colour will be Scarlet.
Viol. And that's glorious,
And will protect the fact.
Jam. Suppoſe this done:
If undiſcovered, we may get for Mony,
As that you know buys any thing in *Rome*,
A Diſpenſation.
Viol. And be married?
Jam. True.
Or if it be known, truſs up our Gold and Jewels,
And fly to ſome free State, and there with ſcorn ——
Viol. Laugh at the Laws of *Spain*.
'Twere admirable.
Jam. We ſhall beget rare Children. I am rapt with
The meer Imagination ——
Viol. Shall it be done?
Jam. Shall? 'tis too tedious: Furniſh me with means

To

To hire the Inſtruments, and to your ſelf
Say it is done already: I will ſhew you,
E'er the Sun ſet, how much you've wrought upon me,
Your Province is only to uſe ſome means,
To ſend my Brother to the Grove that's neighbour
To the weſt Port of th' City; leave the reſt
To my own practice; I have talk'd too long,
(38) But now will do: This Kiſs, with my Confeſſion,
To work a fell Revenge a Man's a fool,
Unleſs inſtructed in a Woman's School. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Bartolus, Algazeirs, *and a* Paratour.
The Table ſet out and Stools.

Bar. You are well enough diſguis'd, furniſh the Table,
Make no ſhew what ye are, till I diſcover:
Not a Soul knows ye here: Be quick and diligent.
Theſe Youths I have invited to a Breakfaſt,
But what the Sawce will be, I am of opinion
I ſhall take off the edges of their Appetites,
And greaſe their Gums for eating heartily
This Month or two; they have plaid their prizes with me,
(39) And with their ſeveral flurts they've lighted dangers,
But ſure I ſhall be quit. I hear 'em coming.
Go off and wait the bringing in your ſervice,
And do it handſomely: You know where to have it.

(38) —— *This Kiſs, with my Confeſſion,*
To work a fell Revenge: A Man's a fool
Unleſs inſtructed in a Woman's School.] The falſe Pointings render'd this Paſſage ſo obſcure, that not only myſelf for ſome time, but every Friend I have ſhewed it to, miſunderſtood it. I at firſt thought that *his Confeſſion* meant a Confeſſion of his Fault in having abuſed her ſo much. One Friend propoſed to read *with my Concluſion*, or Reſolution to work a fell Revenge: But how eaſy is the whole when the Pointings are rectify'd? His Confeſſion is an acknowledgment of the truth of the common Obſervation, that abandon'd Women are more bloody than Men. *Seward.*

(39) *And with their ſeveral flurts they've lighted* dangerouſly,] I can ſcarce affix any Idea to the old Reading, nor am I ſatisfied with my own Conjecture; it only ſeems the beſt of four that occurred, *viz. they've ſlighted me*, or *they've ſlighted dangers*, or *lighted anger*. *Seward.*

Enter

Enter Milanes, Arſenio, Lopez, *and* Diego.

Welcome i'Faith.
Arſ. That's well ſaid, honeſt Lawyer.
Lop. Said like a Neighbour.
(40) *Bar.* Welcome all: All's over,
And let's be merry.
Mil. To that end we came, Sir,
An hour of Freedom's worth an Age of Juglings.
Die. I am come too, Sir, to ſpecifie my Stomach
A poor Retainer to your Worſhip's Bounty.
Bar. And thou ſhalt have it fill'd, my merry *Diego*,
My liberal, and my bonny bounteous *Diego*,
Fill'd till it groan again.
Die. Let it have fair play,
And if it founder, then ——
Bar. I'll tell ye, Neighbours,
Though I were angry yeſterday with ye all,
And very angry, for methought ye bob'd me.
Lop. No, no, by no means.
Bar. No, when I conſider'd
It was a jeſt, and carried off ſo quaintly,
It made me merry, very merry, Gentlemen.
I do confeſs I could not ſleep to think on't,
The Mirth ſo tickled me, I could not ſlumber.
Lop. Good Mirth does always work ſo: Honeſt Mirth,
Now, ſhould we've meant in earneſt ——
Bar. You ſay true, Neighbour.
Lop. It might have bred ſuch a diſtaſt and ſowrneſs,
Such fond imaginations in your Brains, Sir,
For things thruſt home in earneſt. ——
Bar. Very certain,
But I know y'all for merry Wags, and ere long
You ſhall know me too in another faſhion,
Though you are pamper'd, y' ſhall bear part o'th' burthen.

(40) *Welcome all: all over,*
And let's be merry.] The pointing of the firſt Line muſt be wrong, if he only reiterates their Welcome; but by the Inſertion I have made, the Senſe is quite different, and I think much better; *viz.* All Affronts are forgot, and let's be merry. Mr. *Sympſon.*

Enter Amaranta, *and* Leandro.

Come Wife; come, bid 'em welcome; come, my Jewel:
And Pupil, you ſhall come too; ne'er hang backward,
Come, come, the Woman's pleas'd, her Anger's over,
Come, be not baſhful.

Ama. What does he prepare here?
Sure there's no Meat i'th' Houſe, at leaſt not dreſt,
Does he mean to mock 'em? Or ſome new bred crotchet
Come o'er his Brains; I do not like his Kindneſs;
But Silence beſt becomes me: If he mean foul play,
Sure they're enough to right themſelves, and let 'em,
I'll ſit by, ſo they beat him not to Powder.

Bar. Bring in the Meat there, ha? Sit down, dear Neighbour,
A little Meat needs little Compliment;
Sit down, I ſay.

Ama. What do you mean by this, Sir?

Bar. Convey away their Weapons handſomly.

Ama. You know there's none i'th' Houſe to anſwer ye,
But the poor Girl; you know there's no Meat neither.

Bar. Peace and be quiet; I ſhall make you ſmoak elſe:
There's Men and Meat enough, ſet it down formally.

Enter Algazeirs, *with Diſhes.*

Ama. I fear ſome lewd trick, yet I dare not ſpeak on't.

Bar. I have no dainties for ye, Gentlemen,
Nor loads of Meat, to make the Room ſmell of 'em.
Only a Diſh to every Man I've dedicated,
And if I've pleas'd his Appetite.

Lop. O, a Capon,
A Bird of Grace, and be thy Will, I honour it.

Die. For me ſome forty Pound of lovely Beef,
Plac'd in a Mediterranean Sea of Brewis.

Bar. Fall to, fall to, that we may drink and laugh after.
Wait diligently, Knaves.

Mil. What rare bit's this?
An Execution! bleſs me!

Bar. Nay, take it to ye,
There's no avoiding it, 'tis ſomewhat tough, Sir,
But a good Stomach will endure it eaſily,

The

The ſum is but a thouſand Duckets, Sir,
Arſ. A Capias from my Surgeon, and my Silk-man!
(41) *Bar.* Your careful Makers, but they've mar'd your Diet.
Stir not, your Swords are gone: There's no avoiding me,
And theſe are Algazeirs, do you hear that paſſing Bell?
Lop. A ſtrong Citation, bleſs me!
Bar. Out with your Beads, Curate,
The Devil's in your Diſh: Bell, Book, and Candle.
Lop. A Warrant to appear before the Judges!
I muſt needs riſe, and turn to th' Wall.
Bar. Ye need not,
Your fear I hope will make ye find your Breeches.
All. We are betray'd.
Bar. Invited, do not wrong me,
Fall to, good Gueſts, you have diligent Men about ye,
Ye ſhall want nothing that may perſecute ye,
Theſe will not ſee ye ſtart; Have I now found ye?
Have I requited ye? You fool'd the Lawyer,
And thought it Meritorious to abuſe him,
A thick ram-headed Knave; you rid, you ſpur'd him,
And glorified your Wits, the more ye wronged him;
Within this hour ye ſhall have all your Creditors,
A ſecond Diſh of new Debts, come upon ye,
And new invitements to the Whip, *Don Diego*,
And Excommunications for the learned Curate,
A Maſque of all your Furies ſhall dance to ye.
Arſ. You dare not uſe us thus?
Bar. You ſhall be bob'd, Gentlemen:
Stir, and as I have a Life, ye go to Priſon,

(41) Bar. *Your careful Makers,*] As Mr. *Sympſon* thinks this obſcure, it may probably need Explanation. The Debauchees, who, in the next Play, are ſaid to be *daily mending like Dutch Watches*,

And plaiſtering like old Walls — may properly call their Surgeon their *Maker*; their Bodies are *made up* by him, and to him they owe their preſent Being. I have myſelf heard one boaſt, that his laſt Salivation *new made him*. It is likewiſe very common both in *Shakeſpear* and our Authors to call Taylors and Silk-men the *Makers* of Fops. Thus *Kent* in *King Lear* tells the foppiſh Steward, that a *Taylor made him*. 'Tis a nervous Expreſſion that ſeems to annihilate both the Soul and Body and to allow no worth or ev'n exiſtence to the Fop but in his Cloaths. *Seward.*

To Priſon, without pity inſtantly.
Before ye ſpeak another word to Priſon.
I have a better Guard without, that waits;
Do you ſee this Man, *Don* Curate? 'tis a Paratour
That comes to tell ye a delightful Story
Of an old Whore ye have, and then to teach ye
What is the Penalty; Laugh at me now, Sir,
What Legacy wou'd ye bequeath me now,
(And pay it on the Nail?) to fly my Fury?
Lop. O gentle Sir.
Bar. Do'ſt thou hope I will be gentle,
Thou fooliſh unconſiderate Curate?
Lop. Let me go, Sir.
Bar. I'll ſee thee hang firſt.
Lop. And as I am a true Vicar,
Hark in your Ear, hark ſoftly —
Bar. No, no Bribery.
I'll have my ſwinge upon thee. Sirrah? Raſcal?
You Lenten Chaps, you that lay ſick, and mockt me,
Mockt me abominably, abus'd me lewdly,
I'll make thee ſick at Heart, before I leave thee,
And groan, and die indeed, and be worth nothing,
Not worth a bleſſing, nor a Bell to knell for thee,
A ſheet to cover thee, but that thou ſteal'ſt, [with
Steal'ſt from the Merchant, and the Ring he was buried
Steal'ſt from his Grave; do you ſmell me now?
Die. Have mercy on me!
Bar. No Pſalm of Mercy ſhall hold me from hanging thee. [men,
How do you like your Breakfaſt? 'tis but ſhort, Gentle-
But ſweet and healthful; Your Puniſhment, and yours,
For ſome near Reaſons that concern my Credit, [Sir,
I will take to my ſelf.
Ama. Do Sir, and ſpare not:
I have been too good a Wife, and too obedient,
But ſince ye dare provoke me to be fooliſh —
(42) *Lean.* She has, yes, and too worthy for your Uſage;
Before the World I juſtifie her Goodneſs,
And turn that Man, that dares but taint her Virtues,

(42) — *Worthy of your Uſage*;] Former Editions.

To

To my Sword's point; that lying Man, that baſe Man,
Turn him, but Face to Face, that I may know him.
Bar. What have I here?
Lean. A Gentleman, a free Man,
One that made trial of this Lady's Conſtancy,
And found it ſtrong as Fate; leave off your fooling,
For if you follow this Courſe, you'll be Chronicled
For a Devil, whilſt a Saint ſhe's mention'd.
You know my name indeed; I'm now no Lawyer.

Enter Jamie *and Aſſiſtant.*

Die. Some comfort now, I hope, or elſe wou'd I were hang'd up.
And yet the Judge, he makes me ſweat.
Bar. What News now?
Jam. I'll juſtifie, upon my Life and Credit,
What you have heard for Truth, and will make Proof of.
Aſſiſt. I will be ready at the appointed hour there,
And ſo I leave ye.
Bar. Stay I beſeech your Worſhip,
And do but hear me.
Jam. Good Sir, intend this buſineſs,
And leave this bawling Fool; no more words, Lawyer,
And no more angers, for I gueſs your Reaſons:
This Gentleman I'll juſtifie in all Places,
And that fair Lady's worth; let who dare croſs it.
The Plot was caſt by me, to make thee jealous,
But not to wrong your Wife, ſhe's fair and virtuous.
Die. Take us to mercy too, we beſeech your Honour,
We ſhall be juſtified the way of all Fleſh elſe.
Jam. No more Talk, nor no more Diſſenſion, Lawyer,
I know your Anger, 'tis a vain and ſlight one,
For if you do, I'll lay your whole Life open,
A Life that all the World ſhall — I'll bring Witneſs,
And rip before a Judge the ulcerous Villanies,
You know I know ye, and I can bring witneſs.
Bar. Nay good Sir, noble Sir.
Jam. Be at peace then preſently,
Immediately take honeſt and fair Truce [tleman;
With your good Wife, and ſhake hands with that Gen-

H'as honour'd ye too much, and do it chearfully.
Lop. Take us along, for Heav'n ſake too.
Bar. I am Friends,
(There is no Remedy, I muſt put up all,
And like my Neighbours rub it out by th' Shoulders,)
And perfect Friends; *Leandro*, now I thank ye,
And there's my Hand, I have no more grudge to ye,
But I'm too mean henceforward for your Company.
Lean. I ſhall not trouble ye.
Arſ. We will be Friends too.
Mil. Nay Lawyer, you ſhall not fright us farther,
For all your Devils we will bolt.
Bar. I grant ye,
The Gentleman's your Bail, and thank his coming,
Did not he know me too well, you ſhou'd ſmart for't;
Go all in peace, but when ye fool next, Gentlemen,
Come not to me to Breakfaſt.
Die. I'll be bak'd firſt.
Bar. And pray ye remember, when y'are bold and merry,
The Lawyer's Banquet, and the Sawce he gave ye.
Jam. Come, go along; I have Employment for ye,
Employment for your lewd Brains too, to cool ye,
For all, for every one.
All. We're all your Servants.
Die. All, all for any thing, from this day forward
I'll hate all Breakfaſts, and depend on Dinners.
Jam. I'm glad you come off fair.
Lean. The Fair has bleſt me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Octavio, Jacintha, *and* Aſcanio.

Oct. This is the place, but why we are appointed
By *Don Jamie* to ſtay here, is a depth
I cannot ſound.
Aſc. Believe't he is too noble
To purpoſe any thing but for our good.
Had I aſſurance of a thouſand Lives,
And with them perpetuity of Pleaſure,

And

And ſhould loſe all, if he prov'd only falſe,
Yet I durſt run the hazard.
Jac. 'Tis our comfort,
We cannot be more wretched than we are.
And Death concludes all Miſery.
Oct. Undiſcover'd,
We muſt attend him.

Enter Henrique, *and* Jamie.

Aſc. Our ſtay is not long.
With him *Don Henrique?*
Jac. Now I fear; be ſilent.
Hen. Why doſt thou follow me?
Jam. To ſave your Life,
A Plot is laid for't, all my wrongs forgot,
I have a Brother's Love.
Hen. But thy falſe ſelf,
I fear no Enemy.
Jam. You have no Friend,
But what breathes in me: If you move a ſtep
Beyond this Ground you tread on, you are loſt.
Hen. 'Tis by thy practice then: I am ſent hither
To meet her, that prefers my Life and Safety
Before her own.
Jam. That you ſhould be abus'd thus
With weak Credulity! She for whoſe ſake
You have forgot we had one noble Father,
Or that one Mother bare us, for whoſe Love
You brake a Contract to which Heav'n was Witneſs,
To ſatisfie whoſe Pride and wilful Humour
You have expos'd a ſweet and hopeful Son
To all the miſeries that Want can bring him,
And ſuch a Son, though you are moſt obdurate,
To give whom entertainment Savages
Would quit their Caves themſelves, and keep him from
Bleak cold and hunger! This diſſembling Woman,
This Idol, whom you worſhip, all your Love
And Service trod under her Feet, deſigns you
To fill a Grave, or dead to lye a Prey
For Wolves and Vulturs.

Hen. 'Tis falſe; I defie thee,
And ſtand upon my Guard.

Enter Leandro, Milanes, Arſenio, Bartolus, Lopez, Diego, Octavio, Jacintha, Aſcanio, *and Servants.*

Jam. Alas 'tis weak:
Come on, ſince you will teach me to be cruel,
By having no Faith in me, take your Fortune:
Bring the reſt forth, and bind them faſt.
Oct. My Lord.
Aſc. In what have we offended?
Jam. I am deaf,
And following my will, I do not ſtand
Accountable to Reaſon: See her Ring,
The firſt pledge of your Love and Service to her,
Deliver'd as a Warrant for your Death:
Theſe Bags of Gold you gave up to her truſt,
The uſe of which you did deny your ſelf,
Beſtow'd on me, and with a prodigal Hand,
Whom ſhe pick'd forth to be the Architect
Of her moſt bloody Building; and to fee
Theſe Inſtruments, to bring Materials
To raiſe it up, ſhe bad me ſpare no coſt,
And as a ſurpluſage, offer'd her ſelf
To be at my Devotion.
Hen. O accurs'd!
Jam. But be incredulous ſtill; think this my Plot;
Faſhion Excuſes to your ſelf, and ſwear
That ſhe is Innocent, that ſhe doats on ye;
Believe this, as a fearful Dream, and that
You lie not at my Mercy, which in this
I will ſhew only: She her ſelf ſhall give
The dreadful Sentence, to remove all ſcruple
Who 'tis that ſends you to the other World.

Enter Violante.

Appears my *Violante?* Speak, my deareſt,
Do's not the Object pleaſe you?
Viol. More than if
All Treaſure that's above the Earth, with that

That

That lies conceal'd in both the *Indian* Mines,
Were laid down at my Feet: O bold *Jamie*,
Thou only canſt deſerve me.
Jam. I am forward,
And, as you eaſily may perceive, I ſleep not
On your Commands.

Enter Aſſiſtant, *and Officers.*

Viol. But yet they live: I look'd
To find them dead.
Jam. That was deferr'd, that you
Might triumph in their Miſery, and have the power
To ſay they are not.
Viol. 'Twas well thought upon:
This Kiſs, and all the pleaſures of my Bed
This Night, ſhall thank thee.
Hen. Monſter!
Viol. You Sir, that
Would have me Mother Baſtards, being unable
To honour me with one Child of mine own,
That underneath my Roof kept your caſt-Strumpet,
And out of my Revenues wou'd maintain
Her riotous Iſſue; now you find what 'tis
To tempt a Woman: With as little feeling
As I turn off a Slave, that is unfit
To do me ſervice; or a Horſe, or Dog,
That have out-liv'd their uſe, I ſhake thee off,
To make thy Peace with Heav'n.
Hen. I do deſerve this,
And never truly felt before, what Sorrow
Attends on wilful Dotage.
Viol. For you, Miſtreſs,
That had the pleaſure of his Youth before me,
And triumph'd in the Fruit that you had by him,
But that I think, to have the Baſtard ſtrangled
Before thy face, and thou with ſpeed to follow
The way he leads thee, is ſufficient Torture,
I would cut off thy Noſe, put out thine Eyes,
And ſet my Foot on thoſe bewitching Lips,
That had the ſtart of mine: But as thou art,

Go

Go to the Grave unpitied.
Aſſiſt. Who would believe
Such rage could be in Woman?
Viol. For this Fellow,
He is not worth my Knowledge.
Jam. Let him live then,
Since you eſteem him innocent.
Viol. No, *Jamie*,
He ſhall make up the Meſs: Now ſtrike together,
And let them fall.
Aſſiſt. Unheard of Cruelty!
I can endure no longer: Seize on her.
Viol. Am I betray'd?
Is this thy Faith, *Jamie?*
Jam. Cou'd your deſires
Challenge performance of a deed ſo horrid?
Or, though that you had ſold your ſelf to Hell,
I ſhould make up the bargain? Live, dear Brother,
Live long, and happy: I forgive you freely;
To have done you this ſervice, is to me
A fair Inheritance; and howe'er harſh Language,
Call'd on by your rough uſage, paſs'd my Lips,
I' m' Heart I ever lov'd you: all my labours
Were but to ſhew, how much your Love was cozen'd,
When it beheld it ſelf in this falſe Glaſs,
That did abuſe you; and I am ſo far
From envying young *Aſcanio* his good Fortune,
That if your State were mine, I wou'd adopt him.
Theſe are the Murtherers my noble Friends,
Which, to make trial of her bloody purpoſe,
I won, to come diſguis'd thus.
Hen. I am too full
Of Grief and Shame to ſpeak: But what I'll do,
Shall to the World proclaim my Penitence,
And howſoever I have liv'd, I'll die
A much chang'd Man,
Jam. Were it but poſſible
You could make ſatisfaction to this Woman,
Our Joys were perfect.
Hen. That's my only Comfort,

That

That it is in my pow'r : I ne'er was Married
To this bad Woman, though I doted on her,
But daily did defer it, ſtill expecting
When Grief would kill *Jacintha*.
Aſſiſt. All's come out,
And finds a fair ſucceſs: Take her, *Don Henrique*;
And once again embrace your Son.
Hen. Moſt gladly.
Aſſiſt. Your Brother hath deſerv'd all.
Hen. And ſhall ſhare
The Moiety of my State.
Aſſiſt. I have heard, Advocate,
What an ill Inſtrument you have been to him,
From this time ſtrengthen him with honeſt Counſels,
As you'll deſerve my Pardon.
Bar. I'll change my Copy :
But I am puniſh'd, for I fear I have had
A ſmart blow, though unſeen.
Aſſiſt. Curate, and Sexton,
I have heard of you too, let me hear no more,
And what's paſt, is forgotten. For this Woman,
Though her Intent were bloody, yet our Law
Calls it not Death; yet that her Puniſhment
May deter others from ſuch bad attempts,
The Dowry that ſhe brought with her, ſhall be employ'd
To build a Nunnery, where ſhe ſhall ſpend
The remnant of her Life.
Viol. Since I have miſs'd my ends,
I ſcorn what can fall on me.
Aſſiſt. The ſtrict Diſcipline
O' th' Church, will teach you better Thoughts. And Signiors,
You that are Batchelors, if you ever marry,
In *Bartolus* you may behold the Iſſue
Of Covetouſneſs and Jealouſie. And of Dotage,
And Falſhood in *Don Henrique*. Keep a Mean then;
For be aſſur'd, that weak Man meets all Ill,
That gives himſelf up to a Woman's Will. [*Exeunt.*

THE

THE

EPILOGUE.

THE Play is done, yet our Suit never ends,
Still when you part, you would ſtill part our Friends,
Our nobleſt Friends; if ought have faln amiſs,
O let it be ſufficient, that it is,
(42) *And you have pardon'd it. (In Buildings great*
All the whole Body cannot be ſo neat,
But ſomething may be mended.) Thoſe are fair,
And worthy Love, that may deſtroy, but ſpare.

(42) *But ſomething may be mended; Thoſe are fair,*] As the Text ſtood before, it had great obſcurity; *Buildings* ſeeming the antecedent to *Thoſe*; it means thoſe Perſons are fair or candid Judges, who ſpare what they might deſtroy. *Seward.*

P. S. *There is an Emendation accidentally omitted in the Part of this Play which Mr.* Theobald *publiſhed.*

P. 196. *All I've to loſe,* Diego, *is my Learning,*
And when he's gotten that he may put it in a Nutſhell.
It does not ſeem in Character to make *Lopez* in this place joke upon himſelf, but the ſecond Line exactly ſuits *Diego*'s Humour, and I believe a meer accidental Omiſſion depriv'd him of it. I read,
Lop. *All I've to loſe,* Diego, *is my Learning.*
Die. *And when he's gotten that he may put it in a Nutſhell.*

W I T

WITHOUT

M O N Y.

A

C O M E D Y.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Valentine, *a Gallant that will not be perſwaded to keep his Eſtate.*

Franciſco, *his younger Brother.*

Maſter Lovegood, *their Uncle.*

A Merchant, *Friend to Maſter* Lovegood.

Fountain, Bellamore, Hairbrain, } *Companions of* Valentine, *and Suitors to the* Widow.

Lance, *a Falkner, and an ancient Servant to* Valentine's *Father.*

Shorthoſe, *the Clown, and Servant to the* Widow.

Roger, Ralph, *and* Humphry, *three Servants to the* Widow.

Three Servants.

Muſicians.

WOMEN.

Lady Hartwel, *a Widow.*

Iſabella, *her Siſter.*

Luce, *a waiting Gentlewoman to the Widow.*

WIT

WIT WITHOUT MONEY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Uncle *and Merchant.*

MERCHANT.

WHEN saw you *Valentine?*

Unc. Not since the Horse-race, [dow.
He's taken up with those that woo the Wi-

Mer. How can he live by snatches from such People?

He bore a worthy Mind. *Unc.* Alas, he's sunk,
His Means are gone, he wants, and which is worse,
Takes a delight in doing so. *Mer.* That's strange.

(1) *Unc.* Runs Lunatick, if you but talk of States,
He can't be brought, now he has spent his own,
To think there is Inheritance or Means.
But all a common Riches, all Men bound
To be his Bailiffs. *Mer.* This is something dangerous.

(2) *Unc.* No Gentleman that has Estate 's to use it,

In

(1) —— *States*] *State* and *Estate* are generally used in the same Sense throughout this Play.

(2) *No Gentleman that has Estate to use it,*] The Verb which consists here of a single Letter, seems a very material Omission; I could make no Sense of the Passage before I added it. This Play was almost all printed as Prose, tho' the Reader will, I doubt not, be convinc'd, that the Authors wrote it in as true Metre as almost any of their other Plays. They always must be allowed the Liberty of *Alexandrines*, Hemisticks, and a mixture of Prose in some Passages

of

In keeping Houſe, or Followers, for thoſe ways
He cries againſt, for Eating Sins, dull Surfeits,
Cramming of Serving-men, muſtering of Beggars,
Maintaining Hoſpitals for Kites, and Curs,
Grounding their fat Faiths on old Country Proverbs,
(3) God bleſs the Founders; theſe he would have vented
(4) Into more manly uſes, Wit, and Carriage,
And never thinks of State, or Means, the Ground-works:
Holding it monſtrous, Men ſhould feed their Bodies,
And ſtarve their Underſtandings. *Mer.* That's moſt certain.
Unc. Yes, if he could ſtay there. *Mer.* Why let him marry,
And that way riſe again. *Unc.* It's moſt impoſſible,
He will not look with any handſomeneſs
Upon a Woman. *Mer.* Is h' ſo ſtrange to Women?
Unc. I know not what it is, a fooliſh glory
He's got, I know not where, to balk thoſe Benefits,
And yet he will converſe and flatter 'em,
Make 'em, or fair, or foul, rugged, or ſmooth,
As his impreſſion ſerves, for he affirms,
They're only lumps, and undigeſted pieces,
Lickt over to a Form by our Affections,
And then they ſhow. The Lovers let 'em paſs.

of low Humour or familiar Dialogue. Mr. *Theobald* had made ſome Progreſs in reſtoring the Metre of this Play, but he ſtopt very ſhort. By a more exact Obſervance of it, I ſometimes find great helps in reſtoring the Senſe. *Seward.*

(3) —— *theſe he would have ventur'd*] Mr. *Sympſon* has reſtored the true Reading from the old Quarto. By ſome accident the Quartos of this Play were ſent to him inſtead of me, but both Mr. *Theobald* and he collated them with accuracy, and this is the only one of Conſequence that the latter omitted.

(4) *Into more manly uſes, Wit, and Carriage,*] Mr. *Sympſon* would read *Wit and Courage*; taking, I believe, *manly* to ſignify *couragious*; but *manly* both here and in the next Scene is the ſame as *humane*, or what is proper to the Nature of Man. *Valentine* ſays that he teaches *The way of Nature, a manly Love*, &c. The ingenious Author of the Miſcellaneous Obſervations on *Macbeth*, has made the like Miſtake, Act 2. Sc. 5. *Their Daggers unmannerly breach'd with gore.* He reads, — *Unmanly drench'd*, interpreting *unmannerly* as *unpolitely*, and *unmanly* as *cowardly*. But who would talk of the Cowardice of the King's Murderers, more than their Unpoliteneſs? Were *Felton* or *Ravilliack* Cowards? *Unmannerly*, according to its ſtrict and genuine Senſe, ſignifies *immorally* and *unmanly* — *inhumanly* or *barbarouſly*. Either of them very proper Ideas in the Place.

Enter

Enter Fountain, Bellamore, Hairbrain.

Mer. He might be one, he carries as much Promiſe;
They are wondrous merry. *Unc.* O their hopes are high, Sir.
Fount. Is *Val'ntine* come to Town? *Bel.* Laſt night, I heard.
Fount. We miſs him monſtrouſly in our directions,
This Widow is as ſtately, and as crafty,
And ſtands I warrant you — *Hair.* Let her ſtand ſure,
She falls before us elſe. Come let's go ſeek *Valentine.*
Mer. This Widow ſeems a Gallant — *Unc.* Goodly Woman,
(5) And to her Handſomneſs ſhe bears her State
Reſerv'd and great; Fortune has made her Miſtreſs
Of a full means, and well ſhe knows to uſe it.
Mer. I would *Valentine* had her. *Unc.* There's no hope of that, Sir.
Mer. O' that condition, he had his Mortgage in again.
Unc. I would he had. *Mer.* Seek means, and ſee what I'll do,

(5) *And to her Handſomneſs ſhe bears her State reſerv'd, and great Fortune has made her Miſtreſs of a full means.*] The want of Attention to the Metre here cauſed the former Editors to ſpoil the Senſe by giving an unmeaning Epithet to Fortune. It may perhaps be asked, how the removal of a Stop from one Word to another can affect the Meaſure; let it be plac'd with its former Stop in its Station as a Verſe, and every Reader that has an Ear will perceive its harſhneſs.

——— ——— *ſhe bears her State*
Reſerv'd, and great Fortune has made her Miſtreſs
Of a full means ———

Remove the Stop to its right place, and the Verſe recovers its Harmony. They who would ſearch the Reaſon of this, muſt firſt know that the principal Rule by which the *Engliſh* Heroick Verſe is govern'd, is, *that the even Syllables*, viz. *the ſecond, fourth, ſixth, eighth, and tenth muſt have the Accents upon them*; and ſecondly, that there is one only Exception to this Rule, *viz. That where a Pauſe precedes an odd Syllable, there the odd Syllable may have the Accent.* Thus in the Caſe above, the firſt Syllable of *Fortune* is the fifth in the Verſe, and unleſs the Pauſe immediately precedes, it ſpoils the Metre. All the Writers upon the *Engliſh* Meaſure that I have ſeen, have not only been very deficient for want of knowing this Exception to the general Rule above, but have fall'n into great Errors and condemned Verſes that were remarkably harmonious.

However, let the Mony be paid in,
I never fought a Gentleman's undoing,
Nor eat the Bread of other Mens vexations.
The Mortgage ſhall be render'd back; take time for't.
You told me of another Brother. *Unc.* Yes Sir,
More miſerable than he, for he has eat him,
And drunk him up, a handſome Gentleman,
And a fine Scholar.

Enter three Tenants.

Mer. What are theſe? *Unc.* The Tenants,
They'll do what they can. *Mer.* It is well prepar'd,
Be earneſt, honeſt Friends, and loud upon him,
He's deaf to his own good. *Lance.* We mean to tell him
Part of our Minds, an't pleaſe you.
Mer. Do, and do't home,
And what my care may help, or my Perſwaſions,
When we meet next. *Unc.* Do but perſwade him fairly;
And for your Mony, mine, and theſe Mens Thanks too,
And what we can be able. *Mer.* You're moſt honeſt,
You ſhall find me no leſs, and ſo I leave you,
Proſper your buſineſs, Friends. [*Ex.* Mer.
Unc. Pray Heav'n it may, Sir.
Lance. Nay if he will be mad, I'll be mad with him,
And tell him that I'll not ſpare him,
His Father kept good Meat, good Drink, good Fellows,
Good Hawks, good Hounds, and bid his Neighbours welcome;
Kept him too, and ſupplied his Prodigality,
Yet kept his State ſtill;
Muſt we turn Tenants now, after we've lived
Under the Race of Gentry, and maintained
Good Yeomanry, to ſome one of the City,
To a great Shoulder of Mutton and a Cuſtard,
And have our State turn'd into Cabbage Gardens,
Muſt it be ſo? *Unc.* You muſt be milder to him.
Lance. That's as he makes his Game. *Unc.* Intreat him lovingly,
And make him feel. *Lance.* I'll pinch him to the Bones elſe.
Val. within.] And tell the Gentleman, I'll be wi' him preſently, Say

Say I want Mony too, I must not fail, Boy.
Lance. You will want Cloaths, I hope.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Bid the young Courtier
Repair to me anon, I'll read to him.
Unc. He comes, be diligent, but not too rugged,
Start him, but not affright him. *Val.* Phew, are you there?
Unc. We come to see you, Nephew, be not angry.
Val. Why do you dog me thus, with these strange People?
Why, all the World shall never make me rich more,
Nor Master of these Troubles. *Ten.* We beseech you
For our poor Childrens sake. *Val.* Who bid you get 'em?
Have you not threshing work enough, but Children
Must be bang'd out o'th' Sheaf too? Other Men
With all their Delicates, and healthful Diets,
Can get but wind Eggs: You wi' a Clove of Garlick,
A piece of Cheese would break a Saw, and sowr Milk,
Can mount like Stallions; and must I maintain
These Tumblers? *Lance.* You ought to maintain us, we
Have maintain'd you, and when you slept provided for you;
Who bought the Silk you wear? I think our Labours;
(6) Reckon you'll find it so: Who found you Horses?
Perpetual pots of Ale, maintain'd your Taverns,
And who extol'd you in the Half-crown Boxes,
Where you might sit and muster all the Beauties?
We had no hand in these; no, we're all Puppies?
Your Tenants base vexations. *Val.* Very well, Sir.
Lance. Had you Land, Sir,
And honest Men to serve your purposes,
Honest and faithful, and will you run away from 'em,
Betray your self, and your poor Tribe to misery;
Mortgage all us, like old Cloaks; where will you hunt
You had a thousand Acres, fair and open: [next?

(6) — *Who found your Horses perpetual pots of Ale,*] This is evidently corrupt. Mr. *Sympson* conjectures, *Who found your Horses perpetual Oats and Hay*? But as my Correction seems more easy, and is confirm'd by Mr. *Theobald*'s concurrence, I have ventured to insert it in the Text.

The Kings-bench is enclos'd, there's no good riding,
The Counter's full of Thorns and Brakes, take heed, Sir,
(7) And Bogs, you'll quickly find what both they're made
Val. You're short and pithy. [of.
Lance. They say you're a fine Gentleman, and of
Excellent Judgment, they report you've Wit; [you,
Keep your self out o'th' Rain, and take your Cloak with
Which by interpretation is your State, Sir,
Or I shall think your Fame belied you: you [prating,
Have Mony, and may have Means. *Val.* Prithee leave
Does my good lye within thy Brain to further,
Or my undoing in thy Pity? Go,
Go, get you home, there whistle to your Horses,
And let them edifie; away, sow Hemp
To hang your selves withal: what am I to you,
Or you to me? am I your Landlord, Puppies?
Unc. This is uncivil. *Val.* More unmerciful you,
To vex me with these Bacon Broth and Puddings,
They are the walking shapes of all my sorrows.
3 *Ten.* Your Father's Worship would have us'd us better.
Val. My Father's Worship was a Fool. *Lance.* Hey,
Old *Valentine* i'faith, the old Boy still. [hey boys,
Unc. Fie, Cousin.
Val. I mean besotted to his State, he'd never
Left me the misery of so much Means else,
Which till I sold, was a meer meagrim to me:
If you will talk, turn out these Tenants, for
They are as killing to my Nature, Uncle,
As Water to a Feaver. *Lance.* We will go,
But 'tis like Rams, to come again the stronger,
And you shall keep your State. *Val.* Thou lyest, I will not.

(7) — *What Broth they're made of.*] I am no Sportsman and don't know but *Broth* may be right, tho' I own to call the King's-Bench and Compter so, sounds odd to me. I would read *both*. Mr. *Sympson.*

In Confirmation of this, I shall add, that the Word *Brakes* in the Line above (when both Lines were wrote as they should be in Verse) would stand directly over the Word in dispute. And in such Cases 'tis very common for the Printer to put Letters belonging to one word into another.

Lance.

Lance. Sweet Sir, thou lyeſt, thou ſhalt, and ſo good morrow. [*Exeunt Tenants.*

Val. This was my Man, and of a noble breeding:
Now to your buſineſs, Uncle. *Unc.* To your State then.

Val. 'Tis gone, and I'm glad on't, name it no more,
'Tis that I pray againſt, and Heav'n has heard me:
I tell you, Sir, I am more fearful of it,
I mean of thinking of more Lands, or Livings,
Than ſickly Men are travelling o' *Sundays*,
For being quell'd with Carriers; out upon't,
(8) *Caveat emptor*, let the Fool out-ſweat it,
That thinks h'as got a catch on't. *Unc.* This is Madneſs
To be a wilful Beggar. *Val.* I am mad then,
And ſo I mean to be, will that content you?
How bravely now I live, how jocundly,
How near the firſt Inheritance, without fears,
How free from title-troubles! *Unc.* And from Means too.

Val. Means? Why all good Men are my Means; my Wit's my Plow,
The Town's my Stock, Tavern's my Standing-houſe,
And all the World knows there's no want; all Gentlemen
That love Society, love me; all Purſes
That Wit and Pleaſure opens, are my Tenants;
Every Man's Cloaths fit me, the next fair Lodging
Is but my next Remove, and when I pleaſe
To be more eminent, and take the Air,
A Piece is levied, and a Coach prepared,
And I go I care not where, what need ſtate here?

Unc. But ſay theſe means were honeſt, will they laſt, Sir?

Val. Far longer than your Jerkin, and wear fairer,
Should I take ought of you, 'tis true, I beg'd now,
Or which is worſe than that, I ſtole a kindneſs,
And which is worſt of all, I loſt my way in't;
Your Mind's enclos'd, nothing lies open nobly,
Your very Thoughts are Hinds that work for nothing

(8) — *Tool out-ſweat it,*] I happily found my Conjecture here confirm'd by the firſt Quarto. Mr. *Sympſon.*

Mr. *Theobald* did the ſame; I therefore admit it, tho' I am far from condemning the late Reading. *Valentine* who thinks Eſtates only pompous Troubles, may properly call thoſe who poſſeſs them the Slaves and *Tools* of their Wealth.

But daily ſweat and trouble: Were my way
So full of Dirt as this, 'tis true I'd ſhift it;
Are my Acquaintance Graſiers? But, Sir, know,
No Man that I'm allied to, in my living,
But makes it equal, whether his own uſe,
Or my neceſſity pull firſt; nor is this forc'd,
But the meer qual'ty and poiſure of Goodneſs,
And do you think I venture nothing equal?

Unc. You poſe me, Couſin.

Val. What's my Knowledge, Uncle,
Is't not worth Mony? What's my Underſtanding,
(9) My Travel, Reading, Wit, all theſe digeſted,
My daily making Men, ſome to ſpeak well,
That too much flegm had frozen up; ſome other
That ſpoke too much, to hold their Peace, and put
Their Tongues to Penſions; ſome to wear their Cloaths,
And ſome to keep 'em; theſe are nothing Uncle;
Beſides theſe ways, to teach the way of Nature,
A manly love, Community to all
That are deſervers, not examining
How much, or what's done for them, it is wicked,
And ſuch a one like you, chews his Thoughts double,
Making 'em only Food for his Repentance.

Enter two Servants.

1 *Ser.* This Cloak and Hat, Sir, and my Maſter's Love.

Val. Commend us to thy Maſter, and take that,
And leave 'em at my Lodging. 1 *Ser.* I ſhall do't, Sir.

Val. I do not think of theſe things. 2 *Ser.* Pleaſe you Sir,
I've Gold here for you. *Val.* Give't me, drink that and
Commend me to thy Maſter; look you, Uncle,
Do I beg theſe?

Unc. No ſure, it is your worth, Sir.

Val. 'Tis like enough, but pray now ſatisfie me,

(9) *My Travel,*] *My* is inſerted in Mr. *Theobald*'s Margin from the firſt Quarto, as is the word *other* three Lines below; which ſhews what little Omiſſions ſpoil the Metre; I often take Liberties of ſupplying ſuch Deficiencies by Conjecture, but will never willingly either add or drop any thing for the ſake of the Metre that ſhall injure the Senſe.

Are

Are not these ways as honest's persecuting
The starv'd Inheritance, with musty Corn,
The very Rats were fain to run away from,
Or selling rotten Wood by the Pound, like Spices,
Which Gentlemen do after burn by th' Ounces?
Do not I know your way of feeding Beasts
With Grains, and windy stuff, to blow up Butchers?
Your racking Pastures, that have eaten up
As many singing Shepherds, and their Issues,
As *Andeluzia* breeds? These are authentick;
I tell you, Sir, I wou'd not change ways with you,
Unless it were to sell your State that hour,
And if 'twere possible to spend it then too,
(10) For all your Beasts in *Rumney*; now you know me.

Unc. I wou'd you knew your self, but since you're
Such a strange Enemy to all that fits you, [grown
Give me but leave to make your Brother's Fortune.

Val. How?

Unc. From your Mortgage, which you may recover,
I'll find the means. *Val.* Pray save your labour, Sir,
My Brother and my self will run one Fortune,
And I think what I hold a meer vexation,
Cannot be safe for him; I love him better,
He's Wit at will, the World has Means, he'll live,
Without this trick of State, we are Heirs both,
And all the World before us. *Unc.* My last Offer,
And then I'm gone. *Val.* What is't, and then I'll answer.

Unc. What think you of a Wife yet to restore you,
And tell me seriously without these trifles.

Val. And you can find one, that can please my Fancy,
You shall not find me stubborn. *Unc.* Speak your Woman.

(10) *For all your Beans in* Rumnillo *now you know me.*] I would not conclude that there is no such Place in *England* as *Rumnillo* merely because I never heard of it; but it does not sound like an *English* name, and what weighs more with me, it gives a redundant Syllable to the Verse. The Uncle is before described as a great Grasier; his Beasts therefore are more likely to be mentioned, as the chief of his Wealth than his Beans. *Rumney* Marsh, in *Kent*, is remarkably famous for fatting Cattle; I think therefore my Conjecture was probably the true reading.

Val. One without Eyes, that is, Self-commendations,
For when they find they're handſome, they're unwholſome;
One without Ears, not giving time to Flatterers,
For ſhe that hears her ſelf commended, wavers,
And points Men out a way to make 'em wicked;
(11) One without Subſtance of her ſelf; that Woman
Without the pleaſure of her Life, that's wanton;
Though ſhe be young, forgetting it, though fair,
Making her Glaſs the Eyes of honeſt Men,
Not her own Admiration, all her ends
Obedience, all her hours new Bleſſings, if
There may be ſuch a Woman. *Unc.* Yes there may be.
Val. And without State too. *Unc.* You're diſpos'd to trifle;
Well, fare you well, Sir, when you want me next,
You'll ſeek me out a better ſenſe. *Val.* Farewel, Uncle,
And as you love your State, let me not hear on't. [*Exit.*
Unc. It ſhall not trouble you. I'll watch him ſtill,
And when his Friends fall off, then bend his Will. [*Exit.*

(11) *One without Subſtance of her ſelf.*] I have not diſturb'd the Text of this and the next Line, tho' I can't affix any Senſe to them. The only Conjecture I could hit upon is,

One without ſurfeiting on ſelf, that's Woman;
One without pleaſure in her Life, that's wanton;

One ingenious Friend would read as I do, only retaining the words, [*Subſtance of her ſelf*] and thinks he can fix a pretty clear Idea to them, but 'tis more than I am able to do. Mr. *Sympſon* would read. [*One without Subſtance, Ore, or Pelf, that Woman that's without the pleaſure of high Life; that's not wanton, tho' young;*] But Subſtance taken in this Senſe foreſtals what is deſigned as an arch Concluſion of the whole, totally to diſappoint the Uncle. [*And without State too.*] The changes of the next Line ſpoil the Meaſure, which I can by no means aſſent to, were there nothing more to be urged againſt them. I would not deprive the Reader of any of theſe Conjectures, tho' all very unſatisfactory, they perhaps may lead to ſome more fortunate one. Since this Play was prepared for the Preſs, Mr. *Sympſon* has much improved his own Conjecture; tho' I believe it will not ev'n now ſatisfy.

One without Science of her ſelf; that Woman
Who with the pleaſure of high Life's not wanton.

At the ſame time he informed me, that he had diſcovered the Injury done to our Poets, by turning their whole Play from Verſe into Proſe.

Enter

Enter Isabella, *and* Luce.

Luce. I know the cause of all this sadness now,
Your Sister has ingrost all the brave Lovers. [thee
Isab. She's wherewithal, much good may't do her, pri-
Speak softly, we are open to Mens Ears.
Luce. Fear not, we're safe, we may see all that pass,
Hear all, and make our selves merry with their Language,
And yet stand undiscover'd; be not melancholy,
You are as fair as she. *Isab.* Who I? I thank you,
I am as haste ordain'd me, a thing slubber'd,
My Sister is a goodly portly Lady,
A Woman of a Presence, she spreads Sattins,
As the King's Ships do Canvas, every where,
She may spare me her Misen, and her Bonnets,
Strike her main Petticoat, and yet out-sail me,
I am a Carvel to her. *Luce.* But a tight one.
Isab. She's excellent, well built too. *Luce.* Yet she's old.
Isab. She never saw above one Voyage, *Luce*,
And credit me, after another
Her Hull will serve again, a right good Merchant:
She plays, and sings too, dances and discourses,
Comes very near Essays, a pretty Poet,
Begins to piddle with Philosophy,
A subtil Chymick Wench, and can extract
The Spirit of Mens Estates, she has the Light
Before her, and can't miss her choice; for me,
'Tis reason I wait my mean Fortune. *Luce.* You're so
bashful.
Isab. 'Tis not at first word up and ride, thou'rt cozen'd,
That wou'd shew mad i'faith? Besides, we lose
The main part of our politick Government,
If we become provokers; then we're fair,
And fit for Mens Embraces, when like Towns,
They lie before us Ages, yet not carried,
Hold out their strongest Batteries, then compound too
Without the loss of Honour, and march off
With our fair Wedding-Colours flying. Who are these?

Enter

Enter Franciſco *and* Lance.

Luce. I know not, nor I care not. *Iſab.* Prithee peace [then,
A well built Gentleman. *Iſab.* But poorly thatcht.
Lance. Has he devour'd you too? *Fran.* H'as gulp'd me down, *Lance.* [thing:
Lance. Left you no means to ſtudy? *Fran.* Not a Far-
Diſpatcht my poor Annuity, I thank him,
Here's all the hope I have left, one bare ten Shillings.
Lance. You're fit for great Mens ſervices. *Fran.* I'm fit,
But who will take me thus? Mens miſeries
Are now accounted
Stains in their Natures. I have travelled,
And I have ſtudied long, obſerv'd all Kingdoms,
(12) Know all the Provinces of Art and Manners,
Yet that I am not bold, nor cannot flatter,
I ſhall not thrive, all theſe are but vain Studies;
Art thou ſo rich as to get me a Lodging, *Lance?*
Lance. (13) I'll ſell the Tiles o' my Houſe, my Horſe, my Hawk elſe,
Nay s'death I'll pawn my Wife: Oh Mr. *Francis*,
That I ſhould ſee your Father's Houſe fall thus!
Iſab. An honeſt Fellow.
Lance. Your Father's Houſe, that fed me,
That bred up all my Name? *Iſab.* A grateful Fellow.
Lance. And fall by ——
Fran. Peace, I know you're angry, *Lance*,
But muſt not hear with whom, he is my Brother,
And though you hold him ſlight, my moſt dear Brother:

(12) — *All the Promiſes of Art*] *Provinces* in this Place is Mr. *Theobald*'s Reading, and as it ſeems a more proper Word I have inſerted it, tho' the old Reading is certainly Senſe.

(13) *I'll ſell the* Titles *of my Houſe elſe, my Horſe, my Hawk*] Mr. *Theobald* has made a Query in his Margin whether this ſhould be *Title* or *Tiles*. I make no doubt of determining for the laſt, not becauſe it was my own and Mr. *Sympſon*'s Conjecture long ſince, but that the very ſame Expreſſion, [*I'll ſell the Tiles of my Houſe*] occurs in another Play of our Authors. The Argument from the Meaſure has not very great weight here, tho' it ought to have ſome, the ſlight Tranſpoſitions of the Particle [*elſe*] being all that is neceſſary to make the Verſe, and I ſeldom have occaſion to take greater Liberties in reſtoring the Metre thro' the whole Play.

A Gentleman, excepting ſome few rubs,
He were too excellent to live here elſe,
Fraughted as deep with noble and brave Parts,
The iſſues of a noble and manly Spirit,
As any he alive. I muſt not hear you;
Though I am miſerable, and he made me ſo,
Yet ſtill he is my Brother, ſtill I love him,
And to that tye of Blood link my Affections.

Iſab. A noble Nature! doſt thou know him, *Luce?*

Luce. No, Miſtreſs.

Iſab. Thou ſhou'dſt ever know ſuch good Men;
What a fair Body and a Mind are married!
Did he not ſay he wanted? *Luce.* What's that t' you?

Iſab. 'Tis true, but 'tis great pity. *Luce.* How ſhe changes!
Ten thouſand more than he, as handſome Men too.

Iſab. 'Tis like enough, but as I live, this Gentleman
Among ten thouſand thouſand! Is there no knowing him?
Why ſhou'd he want? Let Fellows of no merit,
(14) Slight and puft Souls, that walk like Shadows by,
(15) Leaving no print of what they are, or poiſe,
Let them complain. *Luce.* Her Colour changes ſtrangely.

Iſab. This Man was made, to mark his wants to waken us;
Alas poor Gentleman, but will that fledge him,
Keep him from cold? believe me he's well-bred,
And cannot be but of a noble Lineage,

(14) — *Puft Souls that walk like Shadows, by leaving no print of what they are,*] The neglect of Metre has here again cauſed a material Error in the Senſe; had it been attended to, it would almoſt have forced the Comma into its proper place. Mr. *Sympſon* too ſaw the Error in the Senſe, and corrected it.

(15) —— *Or poiſe,*] The Conſtruction of this is a little difficult, leaving no print of what they are, or of what poiſe or weight they were. Mr. *Sympſon* not admitting this, would put *voice* for *poiſe*, it being the property of Shadows neither to leave print or *voice* behind them. And Voice, he ſays, is uſed by our Authors for Fame. If this be not admitted he would read, — *for thoſe, let them complain.* But I cannot ſee ſufficient reaſon for any Change. Little Difficulties of Conſtruction and Incorrectneſſes of Language too frequently occur to ſuppoſe our Authors not ſometimes really guilty of them.

Mark

Mark him, and mark him well. *Luce.* 'Is a handſom Man.
Iſab. The ſweetneſs of his ſufferance ſets him off,
O *Luce*, but where go I? *Luce.* You can't hide it.
Iſab. I wou'd he had what I can ſpare.
Luce 'Tis charitable. [Tongue faſt,
Lance. Come Sir, I'll ſee you lodg'd, you've tied my
I'll ſteal before you want, 'tis but a hanging.
Iſab. That's a good Fellow too, an honeſt Fellow,
Why, this would move a Stone; I muſt needs know;
But that ſome other time. [*Exeunt* Lance, *and* Franciſco.
Luce. Is the wind there?
That makes for me. *Iſab.* Come, I forgot a buſineſs.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Widow, *and* Luce.

Wid. MY Siſter, and a Woman of ſo baſe a pity!
What was the Fellow? *Luce.* Why, an ordinary Man, Madam.
Wid. Poor? [neither.
Luc. Poor enough, and no Man knows from whence
Wid. What cou'd ſhe ſee? *Luce.* Only his miſery,
For elſe ſhe might behold a hundred handſomer.
Wid. Did ſhe change much? *Luce.* Extreamly, when he ſpoke,
And then her Pity, like an Orator,
(I fear her love) fram'd ſuch a commendation,
And follow'd it ſo far, as made me wonder.
Wid. Is ſhe ſo hot, or ſuch a want of Lovers,
That ſhe muſt doat upon Afflictions?
Why does ſhe not go romage all the Priſons,
And there beſtow her Youth, bewray her Wantonneſs,
And flie her Honour, common both to Beggary.
Did ſhe ſpeak to him? *Luce.* No, he ſaw us not,
But ever ſince ſhe hath been mainly troubled.
Wid. Was h' young? *Luce.* Yes, young enough.
Wid. And look'd he like

A Gentleman? *Luce.* Like ſuch a Gentleman,
(16) That wou'd pawn ten Oaths for twelve Pence.
Wid. My Siſter, and ſink baſely! 't muſt not be;
Does ſhe uſe means to know him? [*Shorthoſe.*
Luce. Yes Ma'm, and has employ'd a Squire call'd
Wid. O that's a precious Knave: Keep all this private,
But ſtill be near her Lodging: what you can
Gather by any means, let m' underſtand:
I'll ſtop her heat,
And turn her Charity another way,
To bleſs her ſelf firſt; be ſtill cloſe t' her Counſels;
A Beggar and a Stranger! There's a Bleſſedneſs!
I'll none of that; I have a Toy yet, Siſter,
Shall tell you this is foul, and make you find it;
And for your pains take the laſt Gown I wore;
This makes me mad, but I ſhall force a Remedy.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Fountain, Bellamore, Hairbrain, *and* Valentine.

Fount. Sirrah, we have ſo lookt for thee, and long'd for thee;
This Widow is the ſtrangeſt thing, the ſtatelieſt,
And ſtands ſo much upon her Excellencies.
Bel. She'th put us off, this Month now, for an Anſwer.
Hair. No Man muſt viſit her, nor look upon her,
No, not to ſay, Good morrow, or good even,
'Till that is paſt.
Val. Sh'as found what Dough you are made of, and ſo kneads you:
Are y' good at nothing, but theſe after-games?
I have told you often enough what things they are,
What precious things, theſe Widows ——
Hair. If we had 'em.

(16) *That would pawn ten Oaths for twelve Pence.*] I have not ventured to change this, tho' I think it very probable that the Original might have been

That would pawn twenty Oaths for twenty Pence.

The Players who were probably the Manglers as well as Editors of theſe Plays, and who entirely diveſted this of its Meaſure, in order to render the Dialogue more low and farcical, would perhaps think that twelve Pence founded droller than twenty Pence.

Val.

Val. Why
The Devil has not craft enough to woo 'em, [men,
There be three kinds of Fools, mark this Note, Gentle-
Mark it, and underſtand it. *Fount.* Well, go forward.
Val. An Innocent, a Knave Fool, a Fool Politick:
The laſt of which are Lovers, Widow Lovers.
Bel. Will you allow no Fortune. *Val.* No ſuch blind one.
Fount. We gave you Reaſons, why 'twas needful for us.
Val. As you're thoſe Fools, I did allow thoſe Reaſons,
But as my Scholars and Companions damn'd 'em:
Do you know what it is to woo a Widow?
Anſwer me coolly now, and underſtandingly.
Hair. Why, to lie with her, and t'enjoy her Wealth.
Val. Why, there you're Fools ſtill, crafty to catch your ſelves,
Pure politick Fools, I lookt for ſuch an Anſwer;
Once more hear me; It is,
To wed a Widow, to be doubted mainly,
Whether the ſtate you have be yours or no,
(17) Or thoſe old Boots you ride in. Mark me, Widows
Are long Extents in Law upon Men's Livings,
Their Bodies Winding-ſheets, they that enjoy 'em,
Lie but with dead Mens Monuments, and beget
Only their own ill Epitaphs: Is not this plain now?
Bel. Plain ſpoken.
Val. And plain Truth; but if you'll needs
Do things of danger, do but loſe your ſelves,
Not any part concerns your Underſtandings,
For then you are Meacocks, Fools, and Miſerable,

(17) — *Widows are long Extents in Law upon News, Livings upon their Bodies Winding-ſheet,*] News was an odd corruption: My firſt conjecture was, — *upon Men, living upon their Bodies Winding-ſheets.* Mr. *Theobald* read — *upon Men's Livings, upon their Bodies Winding-ſheet.* This ſeemed a better Reading than mine. But ſtill it had ſome Obſcurities. That Widows are long Extents in Law upon Mens Livings or Eſtates, is clear; but how are they Extents in Law upon their Bodies Winding-ſheets? A proper Attention to the Metre gives good Reaſon to conclude the ſecond *upon* to be an Interpolation; for the Verſe is perfect, and the Senſe clear without it. Widows are the Winding-ſheets and Monuments of their dead Husbands.

(18) March off amain, within an Inch of a Fircug,
Turn me on the toe like a Weather-cock,
Kill every day a Serjeant for a twelve Month,
Rob the Exchequer, and burn all the Rolls,
And these will make a shew. *Hair.* And these are trifles.

Val. Consider'd to a Widow, empty nothings;
For here you venture but your Persons, there
The varnish of your Persons, your Discretions;
Why, 'tis a monstrous thing to marry at all,
Especially as now 'tis made; methinks
(19) A Man, an understanding Man, 's more Wife
To me, and of a nobler tie, than all these trinkets;
What do we get by Women, but our Senses,
Which is the rankest part about us, satisfied,
And when that's done, what are we? Crest-fall'n Cowards,
What benefit can Children be, but Charges
And Disobedience? What's the love they render
At one and twenty years? I pray die, Father:
When they are young, they are like Bells rung backwards,
Nothing but noise and giddiness; and come to years once,
There drops a Son by th' Sword in his Mistress's quarrel,
A great joy to his Parents: A Daughter ripe too,
Grows high and lusty in her blood, must have
A heating, runs away wi' a supple ham'd Servingman:
His twenty Nobles spent, takes to a Trade,
And learns to spin Mens Hair off; there's another,
And most are of this Nature, will you marry?

Fount. For my part yes, for any doubt I feel yet,

(18) — *Within an Inch of a Fircug,*] I believe there is no such word as Fircug, Mr. *Theobald* alters it to *Firelock,* and was very fond of the Conjecture, for he sent it me among the few that he favoured me with by Letter, but I cannot see what danger there is in meerly marching near a Firelock, unless in the instant of Discharging, or what relation *turning o' the toe like a Weather-cock,* has to a Firelock. I dare say the Authors originally used a word that signified a Place to turn upon, where to slip was certain Death; the best Word I know is *Precipice,* but that's too far from the trace of the Letters. Whirlpool, Furnace, and Spire-top, would give the Sense required, but I shall not venture either of them in the Text.

19 —— *More wife to me,*] Good Sense, which is the best Manuscript, lets us see at once that *wife* is a Corruption, and that our Poets undoubtedly wrote *Wife.* Mr. *Sympson.*

Val.

Val. And this ſame Widow? *Fount.* If I may, and methinks,
However you are pleas'd t' diſpute theſe Dangers,
Such a warm match, for you, Sir, were not hurtful.
Val. Not half ſo killing as for you; for me,
She can't with all the Art ſhe has, make me more miſerable,
Or much more fortunate; I have no ſtate left,
A benefit that none of you can brag of,
And there's the Antidote againſt a Widow;
Nothing to loſe, but that my Soul inherits,
Which ſhe can neither law nor claw away;
To that, but little Fleſh, it were too much elſe;
And that unwholſom too, it were too rich elſe;
And to all this Contempt of what ſhe does:
I can laugh at her Tears, neglect her Angers,
Hear her without a Faith, ſo pity her
As if ſhe were a Traytor; moan her Perſon,
But deadly hate her Pride; if you cou'd do theſe,
And had but this Diſcretion, and like Fortune,
'Twere but an equal venture. *Fount.* This is Malice.
Val. When ſhe lies with your Land, and not with you,
Grows great with Joyntures, and is brought to bed,
With all the ſtate you have, you'll find this certain;
But is it come to paſs that you muſt Marry,
Is there no buff will hold you? *Bel.* Grant it be ſo.
Val. Then chuſe the tamer evil, take a Maid,
A Maid not worth a Penny; make her yours,
Knead her, and mould her yours, a Maid worth nothing,
There is a virtuous Spell in that word Nothing;
A Maid makes Conſcience of half a Crown
(20) A week for Pins and Puppet-ſhows, a Maid,
Will be content with one Coach and two Horſes,
Not falling out becauſe they are not matches;
With one Man ſatisfied, with one Rein guided,
(21) With one Faith, one Content, one Bed, one Good,
She

(20) —— *Pins and Puppets,*] As there is a Syllable wanting in the Meaſure here, I have ventured to ſupply it. *Pins and Puppet-ſhows* ſeem to me rather more expreſſive of a Lady's Pocket Expences than Pins and Puppets.

(21) —— *One Bed,* aged *ſhe makes the* wiſe,] Mr. *Theobald* reads, *the*

She makes the Wife, preſerves the Fame and Iſſue;
A Widow is a Chriſtmas-Box that ſweeps all.
Fount. Yet all this cannot ſink us. *Val.* You're my Friends,
And all my loving Friends, I ſpend your Mony,
Yet I deſerve it too, you are my Friends ſtill,
I ride your Horſes, when I want I ſell 'em;
I eat your Meat, I help to wear your Linnen,
Sometimes I make you drunk, and then you ſeal,
For which I'll do you this Commodity,
Be rul'd, and let me try her, I'll diſcover her,
The truth is, I will never leave to trouble her,
'Till I ſee through her, then if I find her worthy.
Hair. This was our meaning, *Valentine.*
Val. 'Tis done then.
I muſt want nothing. *Hair.* Nothing but the Woman.
Val. No Jealouſie, my Friends; for when I marry,
The Devil muſt be wiſer than I take him;
And the Fleſh fooliſher. Come let's to Dinner,
And when I'm whetted well with Wine, have at her.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Iſabella *and* Luce.

Iſab. But art thou ſure? *Luce.* No ſurer than I heard.
Iſab. That it was he, that flouting Fellow's Brother?
Luce. Yes, *Shorthoſe* told me ſo.
Iſab. Did he ſearch out the truth? *Luce.* It ſeems he did.
Iſab. I prithee *Luce* call him hither, if
He be no worſe, I ne'er repent my pity.
Now Sirrah, what was he we ſent you after,
The Gentleman i'th' black?

the wife from the old Quarto, and Mr. *Sympſon*, *thee wife*, both retaining the word *aged*, which, tho' not Nonſenſe, ſeems to add very little to the Senſe, eſpecially to Mr. *Theobald*'s reading, which to me ſeems as far as he alters, to be the true one. But what convinces me that [*aged*] is a ſpurious Word, is, that it utterly ſpoils the Meaſure; my reading is near the trace of the Letters, reſtores the Verſe, and gives, I think, a much better Senſe, *viz.* that a Maid when married has one Good, or the ſame Intereſt with her Husband, in contradiction to a Widow, who generally has a ſeparate One.

Enter Shorthoſe.

Short. I'th' torn black?
Iſab. Yes, the ſame Sir.
Short. What wou'd your Worſhip with him?
Iſab. Why, my Worſhip
Wou'd know his Name, and what he is.
Short. 'Is nothing,
He is a Man, and yet he is no Man.
Iſab. You muſt needs play the Fool.
Short. 'Tis my profeſſion.
Iſab. How is he a Man, and no Man?
Short. He's a Beggar,
Only the ſign of a Man, the Buſh pull'd down,
Which ſhows the Houſe ſtands empty.
Iſab. What's his Calling? *Short.* They call him Beggar.
Iſab. What's his Kindred? *Short.* Beggars.
Iſab. His Worth? *Short.* A learned Beggar, a poor
Iſab. How does he live? [Scholar.
Short. Like Worms, he eats old Books.
Iſab. Is *Valentine* his Brother? *Short.* 's Begging Brother.
Iſab. What may his Name be? *Short. Orſon.*
Iſab. Leave your fooling.
Short. You had as good ſay, leave your living.
Iſab. Once more
Tell me his Name directly. *Short.* I'll be hang'd firſt,
Unleſs I heard him Chriſtened, but I can tell
What fooliſh People call him. *Iſab.* What?
Short. Franciſco.
Iſab. Where lies this Learning, Sir?
Short. In *Paul*'s Church-yard forſooth.
Iſab. I mean the Gentleman, O Fool.
Short. O that Fool,
He lies in looſe Sheets every where, that's no where.
Luce. You have glean'd, *Shorthoſe*, ſince you came to *London*:
I' the Country,
You were an arrant Fool, a dull cold Coxcomb;
Here every Tavern teaches you, the pint Pot
Has ſo belabour'd you with Wit, your brave Acquaintance
That gives you Ale, ſo fortified your Mazard,
That

That there's no talking to you. *Isab.* 'Is much improv'd,
A Fellow, a fine Discourser. *Short.* I hope so,
I have not waited at the tail of Wit
So long to be an Ass. *Luce.* But say now, *Shorthose*,
My Lady shou'd remove into the Country.
Short. I had as lieve she should remove to Heav'n,
And 's soon I'd undertake to follow her.
Luce. Where no old Charnico is, nor no Anchoves,
Nor Master such-a-one, to meet at the Rose,
And bring my Lady such-a-ones chief Chamber-maid.
Isab. No bouncing Healths to this brave Lad, dear *Shorthose*,
Nor down o'th' knees to that illustrious Lady.
Luce. No Fiddles, nor no lusty noise of Drawer,
Carry this pottle to my Father *Shorthose*.
Isab. No Plays, nor gally Foists, no strange Embassadors
To run and wonder at, till thou bee'st Oyl,
And then come home again, and lye by th' Legend.
Luce. Say she shou'd go. *Short.* If I say, I'll be hang'd,
Or if I thought she'd go. *Luce.* What?
Short. I'd go with her.
Luce. But *Shorthose*, where thy Heart is ——
Isab. Do not fright him.
Luce. By this Hand Mistress 'tis a Noise, a loud one,
And from her own Mouth, presently to be gone too,
But why, or to what end? *Short.* Mayn't a Man die first?
She'll give him so much time. *Isab.* Gone o'th' sudden?
Thou dost but jest, she must not mock the Gentlemen.
Luce. She's put them off a Month, they dare not see her,
Believe me, Mistress, what I hear I tell you.
Isab. Is this true, Wench? Gone on so short a warning!
What trick is this? She never told me of it,
It must not be; Sirrah, attend me presently,
You know I've been a careful Friend unto you,
Attend me in the Hall, and next be faithful,
Cry not, we shall not go. *Short.* Her Coach may crack.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Valentine, Franciſco, *and* Lance.

Val. Which way to live! How dar'ſt thou come to
To ask ſuch an idle queſtion? [Town,
Fran. Methinks 'tis neceſſary,
Unleſs you cou'd reſtore that Annuity
You have tipled up in Taverns.
Val. Where haſt thou been,
And how brought up *Franciſco*, that thou talk'ſt
Thus out of *France?* Thou wert a pretty Fellow,
And of a handſom Knowledge; who has ſpoil'd thee?
Lance. He that has ſpoil'd himſelf, to make him ſport,
And by his Copy, will ſpoil all comes near him:
Buy but a Glaſs, if you be yet ſo wealthy,
And look there who? *Val.* Well ſaid, old Copihold.
Lance. My Heart's good Freehold, Sir, and ſo you'll find
This Gentleman's your Brother, y'r hopeful Brother, [it;
For there's no hope of you, uſe him thereafter.
Val. E'en 's well as I uſe my ſelf? what wou'dſt thou have, *Frank?*
Fran. Can you procure me 'a hundred pound?
Lance. Hark what he ſays to you,
O try your Wits, they ſay you're excellent at it,
Your Land has lain long Bed-rid, and unſenſible.
Fran. And I'll forget all wrongs; you ſee my State,
And to what wretchedneſs your will has brought me;
But what it may be, by this Benefit,
If timely done, and like a noble Brother,
Both you and I may feel, and to our Comforts.
Val. A hundred pound! doſt thou know what thou'ſt ſaid, Boy?
Fran. I ſaid a hundred pound. *Val.* Thou haſt ſaid more
Than any Man can juſtifie, believe it.
Procure a hundred pounds! I ſay to thee
There's no ſuch Sum in Nature, forty ſhillings
There may be now i'th' Mint, and that's a Treaſure;
I have ſeen five pound ere now, but let me tell it,
And 'tis as wonderful as Calves with five Legs; here's
Five ſhillings, *Frank*, the harveſt of five Weeks,
And a good Crop too, take't, and pay thy firſt Fruits,

I will come down and eat it out. *Fran.* 'Tis Patience
Muſt meet with you, Sir, and not Love.
Lance. Deal roundly,
And leave theſe fiddle faddles. *Val.* Leave thy prating,
Thou think'ſt thou art a notable wiſe Fellow,
Thou and thy rotten Sparrow-Hawk; two o' the reverent.
Lance. I think you are mad, or if you be not, will be,
With the next Moon; what wou'd you have him do?
Val. How? *Lance.* To get Mony firſt, that is to live,
You've ſhew'd him how to want. *Val.* 'Slife how do I live?
Why, what dull Fool wou'd ask that Queſtion?
(22) Three hundred three pilds more, ay and live bravely:
The better half o'th' Town live gloriouſly,
And ask what States they have, or what Annuities,
Or when they pray for ſeaſonable Harveſts:
Thou haſt a handſome Wit, ſtir int' the World, *Frank*,
Stir, ſtir for ſhame, thou art a pretty Scholar:
Ask how to live? write, write, write any thing,
The World's a fine believing World, write News.
Lance. Dragons in *Suſſex*, Sir, or fiery Battels
Seen in the Air at *Aſpurge*. *Val.* There's the way, *Frank*,
And in the tail of theſe, fright me the Kingdom
Wi'a ſharp Prognoſtication, that ſhall ſcowr them,
(23) (Dearth upon Dearth) like *Levant* Taffaties,
Predictions of Sea-breaches, Wars and want
Of Herrings on our Coaſt, with bloody Noſes.
Lance. Whirl-winds ſhall take off th' top o' *Grantham*
And clap it on St. *Paul*'s, and after theſe, [Steple,
A Lenvoy to the City for their Sins.
Val. Probatum eſt, thou canſt not want a Penſion,
Go ſwitch me up a Covey of young Sholars,
There's twenty Nobles, and two loads of Coals,
Are not theſe ready ways? Coſmography

(22) *Three hundred three pilds more,*] *i. e.* Three hundred who dreſs richly, or in three pil'd Velvets.

(23) *Like leven Taffaties,*] *Levant* or *Turky* Taffaties is good Senſe which the former Reading ſeems not to be; the Conjecture therefore, which is Mr. *Sympſon*'s, tho' advanc'd with doubt by him, I think a very happy one.

(24) Thou'rt deeply read in, draw me a Map o' the Mermaid,
I mean a Mid-night Map to ſcape the Watches,
And ſuch long ſenſleſs Examinations,
And Gentlemen ſhall feed thee, right good Gentlemen:
I cannot ſtay long. *Lance.* You've read learnedly,
(25) And wou'd you have him follow theſe Chimeras?
Did you begin with Ballads? *Fran.* Well, I'll leave you,
I ſee my Wants are grown ridiculous,
Yours may be ſo, I will not curſe you neither;
You may think, when theſe wanton Fits are over,
Who bred me, and who ruin'd me; look t' y'r ſelf, Sir,
A Providence I wait on. *Val.* Thou art paſſionate,
Haſt been brought up with Girls?

Enter Shorthoſe *with a Bag.*

Short. Reſt you merry, Gentlemen.
Val. Not ſo merry as you ſuppoſe, Sir.
Short. Pray ſtay a while, and let me take a View of you,
I may put my Spoon into the wrong Pottage-pot elſe.
Val. Why, wilt thou muſter us? *Short.* No you're not he,
You are a thought too handſome. [peep ſo?
Lance. Who wou'dſt thou ſpeak withal, why doſt thou
Short. I'm looking Birds neſts, but I can find none
In your Buſh-beard, I'd ſpeak with you, black Gentle-
Fran. With me, my Friend? [man.
Short. Yes ſure, and the beſt Friend, Sir,
It ſeems, you ſpake withal this Twelve-Month, Gentleman.
There's Mony for you. *Val.* How?
Short. There's none for you, Sir,
Be not ſo brief, law how it itches at it;
Stand off, you ſtir my Choler. *Lance.* Take't, 'tis Mony.
Short. You are too quick too, firſt be ſure you have it,
You ſeem to be a Faulkoner, but a fooliſh one.
Lance. Take't, and ſay nothing.

(24) —— *A Map from the Mermaid,*] Both Senſe and Meaſure confirm the trifling Alteration which I've made, but I ſhould have ventured it without a Note, had it not been neceſſary to mention that the Mermaid was probably a famous Tavern. *Valentine* in the next Scene bids *Franciſco* meet him at the Mermaid.

(25) ——*Megeras,*] Former Editions.

Short.

Short. You are cozen'd too,
'Tis take't, and ſpend it. *Fran.* From whom came it, Sir?
Short. Such 'nother word, and you ſhall have none on't.
Fran. I thank you, Sir, I doubly thank you.
Short. Well, Sir,
Then buy you better Cloaths, and get your Hat dreſt,
And tell your Laundreſs to waſh your Boots white.
Fran. Pray ſtay, Sir, may'nt you be miſtaken?
Short. I think I am,
Give me the Mony again, come quick, quick, quick.
Fran. I wou'd be loth render, till I'm ſure it be ſo.
Short. Hark in your Ear, is not your Name *Franciſco?*
Fran. Yes.
Short. Be quiet then, 't may Thunder a hundred times,
Before ſuch Stones fall: Don't you need it? *Fran.* Yes.
Short. And it is thought you have it.
Fran. Yes, I think
I have.
Short. Then hold it faſt, it is not fly-blown:
You may pay for the Poundage, you forget your ſelf,
I have not ſeen a Gentleman ſo backward,
A wanting Gentleman. *Fran.* Your Mercy, Sir.
Short. Friend, you have Mercy, a whole Bag full of Mercy.
Be merry with it, and be wiſe. *Fran.* I would fain,
If it pleaſe you, Sir, but know ——
Short. It does not pleaſe me,
Tell o'er your Mony, and be not mad, Boy.
Val. You have no more ſuch Bags?
Short. More ſuch there are, Sir,
But few I fear for you, I've caſt your Water,
You've Wit, you need no Mony. [*Exit.*
Lance. Ben't amaz'd, Sir,
'Tis good Gold, good old Gold, this is Reſtorative,
And in good time, it comes to do you good,
Keep it and uſe't, let honeſt Fingers feel it,
Yours be too quick, Sir.
Fran. He nam'd me, and he gave't me, but from whom.
Lance. Let 'em ſend more, and then examine it.
This can be but a Preface.

Fran. Being a Stranger,
Of whom can I deſerve this? *Lance.* Sir, of any Man
That has but Eyes, and manly Underſtanding
To find Mens wants, good Men are bound to do ſo.
Val. Now you ſee, *Frank*, there are more ways than certainties,
Now you believe: What Plow brought you this Harveſt,
What ſale of Timber, Coals, or what Annuities?
Theſe feed no Hinds, nor wait the Expectation
Of Quarter-days, you ſee it ſhow'rs in to you.
You are an Aſs, lie plodding, and lie fooling,
About this Blazing Star, and that bopeep,
Whining, and faſting, t' find the natural Reaſon
Why a Dog turns twice about before he lie down,
What uſe of theſe, or what Joy in Annuities,
Where every Man's thy ſtudy, and thy Tenant,
I am aſham'd on thee. *Lance.* Yes, I have ſeen
This Fellow, there's a wealthy Widow hard by.
Val. Yes, marry is there. *Lance.* I think he's her Servant,
Or I am cozen'd elſe, I am ſure on't.
Fran. I am glad on't. *Lance.* She's a good Woman.
Fran. I am gladder.
Lance. And young enough, believe.
Fran. I am gladdeſt of all, Sir.
Val. Frank, you ſhall lye with me ſoon.
Fran. Thank my Mony.
Lance. His Mony ſhall lye with me, three in a Bed, Sir,
Will be too much this weather. *Val.* Meet m' at the *Mer-* [*maid*,
And thou ſhalt ſee what things ——
Lance. Truſt to your ſelf, Sir. [*Exeunt* Fran. *and* Lan.

(26) *Enter* Fountain, Hairbrain, *and* Bellamore.

Fount. O *Valentine! Val.* How now, why do you look [ſo?
Bel. The Widow's going, Man,
Val. Why, let her go, Man.
Hair. She's going out o'th' Town.

(26) *Enter* Fountain, *and* Bellamore.] Mr. *Theobald* has juſtly added *Hairbain* to the other two, and has put the initial Letters of his Name to it, the uſual Mark to thoſe Emendations where he intended a Note.

Val.

Val. The Town's the happier,
I wou'd they were all gone. *Fount.* We can't come
To ſpeak with her. *Val.* Not ſpeak to her? *Bel.* She will
Be gone within this hour, either now *Val.*
Fount. Hair. Now, now, good *Valentine.* *Val.* I'd rather
March i'th' mouth o'th' Cannon; but adieu,
If ſhe be 'bove ground, go, away to your Pray'rs,
Away I ſay, away, ſhe ſhall be ſpoke withal. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Shorthoſe *with one Boot on,* Roger, *and* Humphry.

Rog. She will go, *Shorthoſe.*
Short. Who can help it, *Roger?*
Ralph. [*within.*] Help down with the Hangings.
Rog. By and by *Ralph,*
I am making up o'th' Trunks here. *Ralph. Shorthoſe.*
Short. Well.
Ralph. Who looks to my Lady's Wardrobe? *Humphry. Hum.* Here.
Ralph. Down with the Boxes in the Gallery, [rain,
And bring away th' Coach Cuſhions. *Short.* Will't not
No conjuring abroad, nor no devices
To ſtop this Journey? *Rog.* Why go now, why now,
Why o'th' ſudden now? what Preparation,
What Horſes have we ready, what Proviſion
Laid in i'th' Country? *Hum.* Not an Egg, I hope.
Rog. No nor one drop of good drink, Boys, there's th' Devil.
Short. I heartily pray the Malt be muſty, and then
We muſt come up again. *Hum.* What ſays the Steward?
Rog. He's at's wits end; for ſome four hours ſince,
Out of his haſte and providence, he miſtook
The Miller's mangy Mare, for his own Nagg. [ney.
Short. And ſhe may break his Neck, and ſave the Jour-
Oh, *London,* how I love thee! *Hum.* I've no Boots,
Nor none I'll buy: Or if I had, refuſe me
If I would venture my ability,
Before a Cloak-Bag, Men are Men. *Short.* For my part,
If I be brought, as I know't will be aim'd at,
To carry any dirty dairy Cream-pot,
Or any gentle Lady of the Laundry,

Chambring,

Chambring, or wantonneſs behind my Gelding,
With all her Streamers, Knap-ſacks, Glaſſes, Gugawes,
(27) As if I were a running Frippery,
I'll give 'em leave to cut my Girts, and flay me.
(28) I'll not be troubled with their Diſtillations,
At every half mile's end, I underſtand my ſelf,
And am reſolv'd. *Hum.* To morrow night at *Olivers!*
Who ſhall be there Boys, who ſhall meet the Wenches?
Rog. The well brew'd ſtand of Ale, we ſhould have met at!
Short. Theſe Griefs, like to another Tale of *Troy*,
Wou'd mollifie the Hearts of barbarous People,
And make *Tom Butcher* weep, *Æneas* enters,
And now the Town is loſt.

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Well whither run you?
My Lady's mad. *Short.* I wou'd ſhe were in Bedlam.
Ralph. The Carts are come, no Hands to help to load 'em?
The Stuff lies in the Hall, the Plate.
[*Widow within.*] Why Knaves there,
Where be theſe idle Fellows. *Short.* Shall I ride with one Boot?
Wid. Why where I ſay?
Ralph. Away, away, 't muſt be ſo.
Short. O for a tickling Storm, to laſt but ten days.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Iſabella, *and* Luce.

Luce. BY my Troth, Miſtreſs, I did't for the beſt.
Iſab. It may be ſo; but *Luce*, you've a Tongue,
A Diſh of Meat in your Mouth, which if 'twere minc'd, *Luce*,

(27) *Flippery.*]
(28) *Diſtibations*] Former Editions, both Mr. *Theobald*, Mr. *Sympſon*, and I agreed in theſe two Corrections.

Wou'd

Wou'd do a great deal better. *Luce.* I proteſt, Miſtreſs.
Iſab. 'Twill be your own one time or other: *Walter.*
Walter. [*within.*] Anon forſooth.
Iſab. Lay my Hat ready, and my Fan and Cloak,
You are ſo full of Providence; and *Walter,*
Tuck up my little Box behind the Coach,
And bid my Maid make ready, my ſweet ſervice
To your good Lady Miſtreſs; and my Dog;
Good let the Coachman carry him. *Luce.* But hear me.
Iſab. I am in Love, ſweet *Luce,* and you're ſo skilful,
That I muſt needs undo my ſelf; and hear me,
Let *Oliver* pack up my Glaſs diſcreetly,
And ſee my Curls well carried. O ſweet *Luce,*
You have a Tongue, and open Tongues have open——
You know what, *Luce.* *Luce.* Pray be ſatisfied.
Iſab. Yes, and contented too, before I leave you.
(29) There is a *Roger,* which ſome call a Butler,
I ſpeak of certainties, I don't fiſh, *Luce,*
Nay do not ſtare, I have a Tongue can talk too:
And a Green Chamber *Luce,* a Back-door
Opens t'a long Gallery; there was a Night, *Luce,*
Do you perceive, do you perceive me yet?
O do you bluſh, *Luce?* a Friday night
I ſaw your Saint, for t'other Box of Marmalade,
All's thine, ſweet *Roger*; this I heard and kept too.
Luce. As you're a Woman, Miſtreſs. *Iſab.* This I allow
As good and Phyſical ſometime, theſe Meetings,
And for the cheering of the Heart; but *Luce,*
To have your own turn ſerv'd, and to your Friend
To be a Dogbolt. *Luce.* I confeſs it, Miſtreſs.
Iſab. As you have made my Siſter jealous of me,
And fooliſhly, and childiſhly purſu'd it,
I have found out your haunt, and trac'd your purpoſes;
For which mine Honour ſuffers; your beſt ways
Muſt be applied to bring her back again,
And ſeriouſly and ſuddenly, that ſo
I may have Means to clear my ſelf, and ſhe

(29) —— *Call a Butcher,*] There was a *Roger* in the Family, but he was the Butler and not a Butcher, and there can ſcarce be any doubt of his being the Perſon ſpoke of here. Mr. *Sympſon.*

A fair Opinion of me, elſe you peeviſh——
Luce. My Pow'r and Pray'rs, Miſtreſs.
Iſab. What's the matter?

Enter Shorthoſe, *and* Widow.

Short. I have been with the Gentleman, he has it,
Much good may do him with it.
Wid. Come, are you ready?
(30) You love to delay time, the Day goes on.
Iſab. I've ſent for a few Trifles, when thoſe come;
And now I know your Reaſon. [fineſs,
Wid. Know your own Honour then; (about your bu-
See the Coach ready preſently,) I'll tell you more then.
[*Exe.* Luce, *and* Shorthoſe.
And underſtand it well, you muſt not think your Siſter
So tender-eyed as not to ſee your Follies;
Alas I know your Heart, and muſt imagine,
And truly too, 'tis not your Charity
Can coin ſuch Sums to give away as you've done,
In that you have no wiſdom *Iſabel*,
No nor Modeſty,
Where nobler uſes are at home; I tell you,
I am aſham'd to find this in your Years,
Far more in your Diſcretion, none to chuſe
But things for Pity, none to ſeal your Thoughts on,
But one of no abiding, of no name;
Nothing to bring you to but Cold and Hunger:
A jolly Joynture, Siſter, you are happy,
No Mony, not ten Shillings. *Iſab.* You ſearch nearly.
Wid. I know it as I know your folly, one
That knows not where he'll eat's next Meal, take's reſt,
Unleſs it be i'th' Stocks; what Kindred has'e,
But a more wanting Brother, or what Virtues?
Iſab. You have had rare Intelligence, I ſee, Siſter.
Wid. Or ſay the Man had Virtue,
Is Virtue in this Age a full Inheritance?

(30) —— *The Day grows on,*] Tho' this is Senſe, yet Mr. *Sympſon* thinks it neceſſary to make the Poets conſiſtent with themſelves, and reads *goes*, becauſe *Iſabella* uſes that Expreſſion to her Siſter when ſhe retorts upon her the Sarcaſms of this Scene.

What

What Jointure can he make you, *Plutarch*'s *Morals*,
Or ſo much penny rent in the ſmall Poets?
This is not well, 'tis weak, I grieve to know it.
Iſab. And this you quit the Town for? *Wid.* Is't not time?
Iſab. You are better read in my Affairs than I am,
That's all I have to anſwer; I'll go with you,
And willingly, and what you think moſt dangerous,
I'll ſit and laugh at. Siſter, 'tis not Folly
But good Diſcretion governs our mean Fortunes.
Wid. I'm glad to hear you ſay ſo. *Iſab.* I am for you. [*Exe.*

Enter Shorthoſe, *and* Humphry, *with riding Rods.*

Hum. The Devil cannot ſtay her, ſhe will on't,
Eat an Egg now, and then we muſt away.
Short. I am already gaul'd, yet I will pray,
May *London* ways henceforth be full of holes,
And Coaches crack their Wheels, may zealous Smiths
(31) So houſel all our Hackneys, that they may feel

(31) *So* houſel *all our Hackneys,*] I have had a literary Debate with a Gentleman of Learning on this Paſſage. *Houſel* ſignifies the *Euchariſt*, and there not ſeeming the leaſt Connexion between the Euchariſt and Smiths laming Horſes, he would read *hoze-well*, to *hoze* in the *Foreſt Laws* ſignifying *expeditare*, to draw the Soles of the Feet. The Conjecture is very ingenious, but I obſerv'd, that it would not correſpond with the Context, for *zealous* and *Compunction* being both *equivocal*, and evidently referring to ſome *religious Rite*, require the *intermediate Verb* to be equivocal alſo, and that *houſel* was probably the true one, if it had any Senſe applicable to Horſes as well as to the Sacrament. I therefore conjectur'd that it might ſignify *to prepare for a Journey*, as the *Euchariſt* given to dying Perſons is call'd *Viaticum*. On conſulting *Gloſſaries* I found this highly probable, if not certain. *Minſhew* ſays, *Houſel* is not the *Sacrament* in general, but only when adminiſtred to dying Perſons. (Thus *Shakeſpear* uſes it; *unhouſel'd, unanointed, unanel'd*, ſpoken by the Ghoſt in *Hamlet*.) *Spelman* explaining the *Viaticum*, gives *Houſel* as its Equivalent, and refers to *Forteſcue De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*, Cap. 22. *Cum ad Mortis articulum infirmaretur ultimum quoque Viaticum Chriſti videlicet Corpus ſumpſiſſet:* Which is thus tranſlated by the great *Selden*. Being brought in Deſpair of his Life, and thereupon receiving *his Howſel*. Had *Howſel* been the Sacrament in general, it would have been *the Howſel*. This ſeems *deciſive*. But the Gentleman does not admit it to be quite ſo, for he produces many Authorities for *Huſel*, *Howſel*, or *Houſel* (for it's ſpelt three ways) ſignifying the *Euchariſt* in general. He ſays the ſame *Spelman* renders *Huſel-Gang*, *Aditio Euchariſtiæ*, *a going to the Euchariſt*; I can't find this in *Spelman*, but doubt not its being there, tho' I believe the

Compunction in their Feet, and tire at *Highgate*,
May't rain above all Almanacks until
The Carriers fail, and the King's Fishmonger
Ride like *Arion* on a Trout to *London*.
Hum. At St. *Albans*,
Let all the Inns be drunk, not an Host sober
To bid her Worship welcome. *Short.* Not a Fiddle,
But all preach'd down with Puritans; no meat
But Legs of Beef. *Hum.* No Beds but Wool-packs.
Short. And all those so cramm'd
With Warrens of starv'd Fleas that bite like Bandogs;
Let *Mims* be angry at their St. *Bel Swagger*,
And we pass in the heat on't and be beaten,
Beaten abominably, beaten Horse and Man,
And all my Ladies Linnen sprinkled o'er
With Suds and Dish-water.
Short. Not a Wheel but out of Joint.

Enter Roger *laughing*.

Hum. Why dost thou laugh?
Rog. There's a Gentleman, the rarest Gentleman,
And makes the rarest sport. *Short.* Where, where?
Rog. Within here,
H'as made the gayest sport with *Tom* the Coachman,
So tew'd him up with Sack that he lies lashing
A But of Malmsie for his Mares. *Short.* 'Tis very good.
Rog. And talks and laughs, and sings the rarest Songs,

the *English* is false printed, because the *Latin* is falsly translated; for *Aditio Eucharistiæ* is *a going of the Eucharist*, and *Husel-Gang* is evidently the *Gang* of People attending it. So that *Spelman* still confirms the Interpretation. The next Authority is *Willis*'s *Notitia Parliamentaria*, Vol. 2. p. 343. who quotes an old Register of *Honeton*, *Devonshire*, of a Chapelry, which in Hen. VIIIth's Reign contain'd 700 *houseling People*. This may be understood in the restrain'd Sense of the Word, but if it is not, it only shews that the Word was sometimes understood of the Sacrament in general; but it does not annul the Authority of *Selden* above, as it is join'd with *Shakespear* and our Authors, who cannot be understood without interpreting *Housel* in the Sense of *Viaticum*. May *zealous* Smiths so *housel*, i. e. prepare our Horses for the Journey that they may feel *Compunction* in their Feet. It is indeed a little profane, but that I'm sorry for; our Authors are not so cautious of this as we might wish them, tho' they are much more so than most of the Comic Writers of their Age, or of any Age since.

And

And *Shorthoſe* he's ſo maul'd the Red Deer Pies,
Made ſuch an Alms i'th' Buttery. *Short.* Better ſtill.

Enter Valentine, *and* Widow.

Hum. My Lady in a rage with the Gentleman?
Short. May he anger her into a Fever. [*Exeunt.*
Wid. I pray you tell me, Sir, who ſent you hither?
For I imagine 'tis not your condition,
You look ſo temperately, and like a Gentleman,
To ask me theſe wild queſtions. *Val.* Do you think
I uſe to walk of Errands, gentle Lady,
Or deal with Women out of Dreams from others?
Wid. You have not known me ſure? *Val.* Not much.
Wid. What reaſon
Have y' then to be ſo tender of my Credit,
You are no Kinſman? *Val.* If you take it ſo,
The honeſt Office that I came to do you,
Is not ſo heavy but I can return it:
Now I perceive you're proud, not worth my Viſit.
(32) *Wid.* Pray ſtay a little, proud.
Val. Yes, monſtrous proud,
I griev'd to hear a Woman of your value,
And your abundant parts ſtung by the People,
But now I ſee 'tis true; you look upon me
As if I were a rude and ſawcy Fellow
That borrow'd all my Breeding from a Dunghil,
Or ſuch a one, as ſhou'd now fall and worſhip you
In hope of Pardon: You are cozen'd Lady,
I came to prove Opinion a loud Liar,
To ſee a Woman only great in Goodneſs,
And Miſtreſs of a greater Fame than Fortune,
But —— [now,
Wid. You're a ſtrange Gentleman, if I were proud
I ſhou'd be monſtrous angry, which I am not,
And ſhew the effects of Pride; I ſhou'd deſpiſe you,
But you are welcome, Sir: To think well of

(32) *Pray ſtay, a little proud.*] Mr. *Sympſon* reads, *Pray ſay a little proud.* But this as well as the old Reading ſeems to acknowledge the Charge in part, which afterwards ſhe abſolutely denies. The Change of the Points ſeems to give a much more natural Senſe.

Our

Our ſelves, if we deſerve it, it is,
Sir, a Luſtre in's, and every good we have,
(33) Strives to ſhew gracious, what uſe is't elſe old Age,
Which, like Sear-trees, is ſeldom ſeen affected,
Stirs ſometimes at rehearſal of ſuch Acts
As 'is daring Youth endeavour'd. *Val.* This is well,
And now you ſpeak to the purpoſe, you pleaſe me,
But to be Place-proud? *Wid.* If it be our own,
Why are we ſet here with diſtinction elſe,
Degrees, and Orders given us? In you Men,
'Tis held a coolneſs, if you loſe your Right,
Affronts and loſs of Honour: Streets, and Walls,
And upper ends of Tables, had they Tongues,
Could tell what Blood has follow'd, and what feud
About your Ranks; are we ſo much below you,
That 'till you have us, are the tops of Nature,
To be accounted Drones without a difference?
You'll make us Beaſts indeed.

Val. Nay worſe than this too,
Proud of your Cloaths, they ſwear a Mercers Lucifer,
A Tumour tackt together by a Taylor,
Nay yet worſe, proud of red and white, a varniſh
That Butter-milk can better. *Wid.* Lord, how little
(34) Will vex theſe poor blind People! If my Cloaths
Be ſometimes gay and glorious, does it follow,
My Mind muſt be my Mercer's too? Or ſay my Beauty
Pleaſe ſome weak Eyes, muſt it pleaſe them to think,
That blows me up, that every hour blows off?
This is an Infant's Anger. *Val.* Thus they ſay too,
What though you have a Coach lin'd through with Velvet,
And four fair *Flanders* Mares, why ſhou'd the Streets be troubled
Continually with you, till Car-men curſe you?
Can there be ought in this but pride of Shew, Lady,
And Pride of Bum-beating, till the learned Lawyers
With their fat Bags, are thruſt againſt the bulks
Till all their Cauſes crack? Why ſhould this Lady,

(33) — *Old Age, like Seer-trees is ſeldom ſeen affected, ſtirs ſometimes,*] Here a Monoſyllable dropt had hurt the Senſe and Meaſure.

(34) — — *Poor blind People,*] Mr. *Sympſon* would read *pur-blind*, but the Text does not ſeem to want any Amendment.

And

And t'other Lady, and the third ſweet Lady,
And Madam at *Mile-end*, be daily viſited,
(35) And your poor Neighbours with courſe Naps neglected,
Faſhions conferr'd about, Pouncings, and Paintings,
And young Mens Bodies read on like Anatomies?

Wid. You're very credulous,
And ſomewhat deſperate, to deliver this, Sir,
To her you know not, but you ſhall confeſs me,
And find I will not ſtart; in us all Meetings
Lie open to theſe lewd Reports, and our Thoughts at Church,
Our very Meditations, ſome will ſwear,
Which all ſhou'd fear to judge, at leaſt uncharitably,
Are mingled with your Memories; cannot ſleep,
But this ſweet Gentleman ſwims in our Fancies,
That ſcarlet Man of War, and that ſmooth Senior;
Not dreſs our Heads without new Ambuſhes,
How to ſurprize that Greatneſs, or that Glory;
Our very Smiles are ſubject to Conſtructions;
Nay Sir, it's come to this, we cannot piſh,
But 'tis a favour for ſome Fool or other:
Should we examine you thus, were't not poſſible
To take you without Perſpectives? *Val.* It may be,
But theſe excuſe not.

Wid. Nor yours, force no Truth, Sir,
What deadly Tongues you have, and to thoſe Tongues
What Hearts, and what Inventions? O' my Conſcience,
And 'twere not for ſharp Juſtice, you would venture
To aim at your own Mothers, and 'count it glory
To ſay you'd done ſo: All you think are Counſels,
And cannot err; 'tis we ſtill that ſhew double,
Giddy, or gorg'd with Paſſion; we that build
(36) Babels for Mens Confuſions, we that ſcatter,
As Day does his warm Light, our killing Curſes

(35) *Napſes*] Former Edit.

(36) —— *For Mens Concluſions,*] There would I think need no Proof of this Emendation, had I only my own Conjecture to rely upon; I ſent it Mr. *Theobald*, and he ſeems to have made it long before; for in very old Ink is wrote, *annòn Confuſions*, and then in new Ink, *ſic 1ſt Quarto*. Mr. *Sympſon* too ſends me Word that it was his Reading.

(37) Over God's Creatures, next to Devils in Malice:
Let us intreat your good words. *Val.* Well, this Woman
Has a brave Soul. *Wid.* Are not we gaily bleſt then,
(38) And much beholden to you for your ſufferance?
You may do what you liſt, we what beſeems us,
And narrowly do that too, and preciſely,
Our Names are ſerv'd in elſe at Ordinaries,
And belcht abroad in Taverns. *Val.* O moſt brave Wench,
And able to redeem an Age of Women.

Wid. You are no Whoremaſters? Alas, no, Gentlemen,
It were an impudence to think you vicious:
You are ſo holy, handſome Ladies fright you,
You are the cool things of the time, the Temperance,
Meer Emblems of the Law, and Veils of Virtue,
You are not daily mending like *Dutch* Watches,
And plaſtering like old Walls; they are not Gentlemen,
That with their ſecret ſins increaſe our Surgeons,
And lie in Foreign Countries, for new ſores;
Women are all theſe Vices; you're not envious,
Falſe, covetous, vain-glorious, irreligious,
Drunken, revengeful, giddy-eyed like Parrots,
Eaters of others Honours. *Val.* You are angry.

Wid. No by my Troth, and yet I cou'd ſay more too,
For when Men make me angry, I am miſerable.

Val. Sure 'tis a Man, ſhe cou'd not bear't thus bravely elſe.
It may be I am tedious. *Wid.* Not at all, Sir.
I am content at this time you ſhou'd trouble me.

Val. You are diſtruſtful.

Wid. Where I find no Truth, Sir.

Val. Come, come, you're full of Paſſion.

Wid. Some I have,
I were too near the Nature of a God elſe.

(37) —— *Next to the Devil's Malice,*] The ſlight Change here both improves the Senſe and Meaſure.

(38) —— *For your Subſtance?*] The Widow is declaiming at the Libertiniſm of Men; and as a Contraſt, ſhews the Reſtraint they on pain of Cenſure inflict on the Women. It is not the ſmall ſhare of Maintenance or Wealth that falls to the Female Sex which ſhe complains of; as the old Reading implies, and therefore it has no Connexion with the Context. My Reading ſeems to give the Idea required.

Val.

Val. You're monſtrous Peeviſh.
Wid. 'Cauſe they are monſtrous Fooliſh,
And know not how to uſe that ſhould try me.
Val. I was ne'er anſwer'd thus; were you ne'er Drunk, Lady?
Wid. No ſure, not Drunk, Sir; yet I love good Wine,
As I love Health and joy of Heart, but temperately;
Why do you ask that queſtion? *Val.* For that Sin
That they moſt charge you with, is this Sin's Servant,
They ſay you are monſtrous ——
Wid. What, Sir, what? *Val.* Moſt ſtrangely.
Wid. It has a name ſure? *Val.* Infinitely luſtful,
Without all bounds, they ſwear you kill'd your Husband.
Wid. Let's have it all, for Heav'n's ſake, 'tis good Mirth, Sir.
Val. They ſay you will have four now, and thoſe four
Stuck in four quarters, like four Winds to cool you:
Will ſhe not cry nor curſe? *Wid.* On with your Story.
Val. And that you're forcing out of diſpenſations
With ſums of Mony to that purpoſe.. *Wid.* Four
Husbands! Should not I be bleſt, Sir, for example?
Lord, what ſhou'd I do with them? Turn a Malt-mill,
Or Tithe them out like Town-bulls to my Tenants,
You come to make me angry, but you cannot.
Val. I'll make you merry then, you're a brave Woman,
And in deſpite of Envy a right good one,
Go thy ways, troth thou art as good a Woman,
As any Lord of 'em all can lay his Leg over,
I do not oft commend your Sex. *Wid*, It ſeems ſo,
Your Commendations are ſo ſtudied for.
Val. I came to ſee you and ſift you into Flowr,
To know your pureneſs, and I've found you excellent,
I thank you;
Continue ſo, and ſhew Men how to tread,
And Women how to follow: Get an Husband,
An honeſt Man, for you are a good Woman,
And live hedg'd in from Scandal, let him be too
An underſtanding Man, and to that ſtedfaſt;
'Tis pity your fair Figure ſhould miſcarry,
And then you're fixt: Farewel. *Wid.* Pray ſtay a little,

I love your company now you are ſo pleaſant,
And to my diſpoſition ſet ſo even.
Val. I can no longer. [*Exit.*
Wid. As I live a fine Fellow,
This manly handſom Bluntneſs ſhews him honeſt;
What is he, or from whence? Bleſs me, four Husbands!
How prettily he fooled me into Vices,
To ſtir my Jealouſie, and find my Nature;
A proper Gentleman: I am not well o'th' ſudden,
Such a Companion I cou'd live and die with;
His Angers are meer Mirth.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. Come, come, I'm ready.
Wid. Are you ſo? *Iſab.* What ails ſhe?
The Coach ſtays, and the People, the day goes on,
I am as ready now as you deſire, Siſter:
Fie, who ſtays now, why do you ſit and pout thus?
Wid. Prithee be quiet, I'm not well.
Iſab. For Heav'n's ſake
Let's not ride ſtaggering in the Night, come pray take
Some Sweet-meats in your Pocket, if your Stomach —
Wid. I have a little buſineſs. *Iſab.* To abuſe me,
(39) You ſhall not find new Dreams, and new Suſpicions,
To horſe there all.
Wid. Lord, who made you a Commander!
Hey ho, my Heart.
Iſab. What, is the Wind come thither,
And Coward like, do you loſe your Colours to 'em?
Are you ſick o'th' *Valentine?* Sweet-Siſter?

(39) — *Find new Dreams and new Suſpicions, to horſe withal,*] What, was any body to be hors'd with Dreams, *&c.* The abſolute Nonſenſe of this Paſſage a ſmall difference in pointing, and the addition of one Letter will clear up entirely. *New Dreams and new Suſpicions — To horſe withal.* i. e. *Iſabella* orders all the Servants to mount their Horſes, to which the Widow anſwers.

Lord, who made you Commander? Mr. *Sympſon.*

The old Reading does not ſeem to me to be Nonſenſe: It may mean, you ſhan't find new Suſpicions to make you horſe away from Town. But the Anſwer plainly ſhews that Mr. *Sympſon*'s Conjecture ought to be admitted, only I have changed a Particle to make the Senſe plainer.

Comt

Come let's away, the Country will ſo quicken you,
And we ſhall live ſo ſweetly; *Luce*, y'r Lady's Cloak;
Nay, you have put me int' ſuch a gog of going,
I wou'd not ſtay for all the World; if I live here,
You have ſo knock'd this love into my Head,
I ſhall love any Body, and I find my body,
I know not how, ſo apt— pray let's be gone, Siſter,
I ſtand on Thorns. *Wid.* I prithee *Iſabella*,
I'faith I have ſome buſineſs that concerns me,
I will ſuſpect no more; here, wear that for me, and
I'll pay the hundred pound you owe your Taylor.

Enter Shorthoſe, Roger, Humphry, Ralph.

Iſab. I had rather go, but——
Wid. Come walk in with me,
We'll go to Cards, unſaddle the Horſes there.
Short. A Jubile! a Jubile! we ſtay, Boys. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Uncle *and* Lance: Fountain, Bellamore *and* Hairbrain *following*.

Unc. Are they behind us?
Lance. Cloſe, cloſe, ſpeak aloud, Sir.
Unc. I'm glad my Nephew has ſo much Diſcretion,
At length to find his wants. Did ſh' entertain him?
Lance. Moſt bravely, nobly, and gave him ſuch a wel-
Unc. For his own ſake, do you think? [come!
Lance. Moſt certain, Sir,
And in his own Cauſe he beſtir'd himſelf too,
And wan ſuch liking from her, ſhe dotes on him,
H'as the command of all the Houſe already.
Unc. He deals not well with's Friends.
Lance. Let him deal on,
And be his own Friend, he has moſt need of her.
Unc. I wonder they wou'd put him——
Lance. You're in the right on't.
A Man muſt raiſe himſelf, I knew he'd cozen 'em,
And glad I am he has: He watch'd occaſion,
And found it i'th' nick. *Unc.* He has deceiv'd me.
Lance. I told you, howſoe'er he wheel'd about,
He wou'd charge home at length: How I cou'd laugh now,

To think of theſe tame Fools!
Unc. 'Twas not well done,
Becauſe they truſted him, yet ——
Bel. Hark you, Gentlemen.
Unc. We are upon a buſineſs, pray excuſe us;
They have it home.
(40) *Lance.* Come, let it work good even Gentlemen.
[*Exeunt* Uncle *and* Lance.
Fount. 'Tis true, he is a Knave, I ever thought it.
Hair. And we are Fools, tame Fools.
Bel. Come let's go ſeek him,
He ſhall be hang'd before he colt us baſely. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Iſabella *and* Luce.

Iſab. Art ſure ſhe loves him? *Luce.* Am I ſure I live?
And I have clapt on ſuch a Commendation
On your Revenge. *Iſab.* Faith he's a pretty Gentleman.
Luce. Handſom enough, and that her Eye has found out.
Iſab. He talks the beſt they ſay, and yet the maddeſt.
Luce. H'as the right way. *Iſab.* How is ſhe?
Luce. Bears it well,
As if ſhe car'd not, but a Man may ſee
With half an Eye through all her forc'd Behaviour.
And find who is her *Valentine*. *Iſab.* Come let's go ſee her,
(41) I long to perſecute. *Luce.* By no means, Miſtreſs,
Let her take better hold firſt. *Iſab.* I cou'd burſt now.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Valentine, Fountain, Bellamore, *and* Hairbrain.

Val. Upbraid me with your benefits, you Pilchers,
(42) You ſhotten-ſoul'd, ſlight Fellows? Was't not I
That undertook you firſt from empty Barrels,

(40) — *Good on Gentlemen.*] Former Edit. Amended by Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Sympſon.*

(41) — *To proſecute.*] The ſmall Change I have made ſeems warranted both by *Luce*'s Anſwer, and *Iſabella*'s Project of vexing her Siſter, which *Luce* afterwards expreſſes by the ſame Word; *Still they perſecute her.*

(42) *You ſhotten, ſold,*] The Reading I have ſubſtituted, is from Mr. *Theobald*'s Margin, and I think it a very happy Conjecture.

And

And brought thoſe barking Mouths that gap'd like Bung-holes
To utter Senſe? Where got you Underſtanding?
Who taught you Manners and apt Carriage
(43) To rank your ſelves? Who fil'd you in fit Taverns?
Were thoſe born with your Worſhips when you came hither?
What brought you from the Univerſities
Of moment matter to allow you,
(44) Beſides your Small-Beer Sentences?

Bel. 'Tis well, Sir.

Val. Long Cloaks with two-hand Rapiers, boot-hoſes
(45) With penny-poſes,
And twenty Fools opinions, who look'd on you,
(46) But piping Kites that knew you wou'd be prizes,
And Prentices in *Paul*'s Church-yard, that ſcented
(47) Your want of *Britain*'s Books.

(43) — *Who fil'd you*] The Emendation here I ſent Mr. *Theobald*, and I find that he had long ſince made it, for it ſtands in very old Ink, and then in new. *Firſt Quarto.*

(44) *Small baſe Sentences?*] Old *Quarto*, *Small-bare.* True Reading reſtored by Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Sympſon.*

(45) *With penny-poſes,*] I think it very probable that ſome Words are loſt here, that would have had more relation to *penny-poſes* than what now precedes them, and have completed the Verſe.

(46) *But piping Rites that knew you would be prizing,*] Kites is a Term for Sharpers, as in the firſt Page of this Play,

Maintaining Hoſpitals for Kites and Curs.

That this therefore is the true Reading here I cannot doubt, for the Epithet *piping* expreſſes the Noiſe which the Kite makes in ſeeking his Prey, and cannot, I believe, be joined to any other Word with Propriety. Both Mr. *Sympſon* and Mr. *Theobald* conjectur'd, *Wights*, but gave it up. The Change of the laſt Word is equally neceſſary to the Senſe.

(47 —— Britain's *Books.*] This was a voluminous Writer ſneer'd by ſeveral Wits of our Author's Age. The initial Letters of his Name were mentioned in the *Scornful Lady*, P. 300. And Mr. *Theobald* there calls him *Broughton*, quoting *Ben Johnſon*'s *Alchymiſt.* But Mr. *Sympſon* has found him mentioned by *Broome* in his *Merry Beggars*, where he is call'd *Britain*; and by Sir *John Suckling* in his *Goblins*, by the Name of *Briton:* And as they all agree in Character, there can be no doubt of their meaning the ſame Perſon. One may collect from them that his Works were full of formal high-flown Compliments, and are therefore very properly apply'd here.

Enter Widow *and* Luce.

Fount. This cannot ſave you.
Val. Taunt my Integrity, you Whelps?
Bel. You ma' talk
The ſtock we gave you out, but ſee no further.
Hair. You tempt our Patience, we have found you out,
And what your truſt comes to, you are well feather'd,
Thank us, and think now of an honeſt Courſe,
'Tis time; Men now begin to look, and narrowly
Into your tumbling tricks, they're ſtale.
Wid. Is not that he?
Luce. 'Tis he. *Wid.* Be ſtill and mark him.
Val. How mis'rable will theſe poor Wretches be
When I forſake 'em!
But things have their neceſſities. I'm ſorry, to what a
Vomit muſt they turn again;
Now to their own dear Dunghil breeding; ne'er hope,
After I caſt you off, you Men of *Motley*,
You moſt undone things below pity, any
That has a Soul and ſix Pence dares relieve you,
My Name ſhall bar that Bleſſing; there's your Cloak,
Sir, keep it cloſe to you, it may yet preſerve you
A fortnight longer from the Fool; your Hat,
Pray be cover'd,
And there's the Sattin that your Worſhip ſent me,
Will ſerve you at a Sizes yet. *Fount.* Nay, faith Sir,
You may e'en rub theſe out now. *Val.* No ſuch Relick,
Nor the leaſt rag of ſuch a ſordid weakneſs
Shall keep me warm; theſe Breeches are mine own,
Purchas'd, and paid for, without your Compaſſion,
A Chriſtian Breeches founded in *Black-Friers*,
And ſo I will maintain 'em. *Hair.* So they ſeem, Sir.
Val. Only the thirteen Shillings in theſe Breeches,
And the odd Groat, I take it, ſhall be yours, Sir,
A mark to know a Knave by, pray preſerve it,
Do not diſpleaſe more, but take it preſently.
Now help me off with my Boots.
Hair. We're no Grooms, Sir.
Val. For once you ſhall be, do it willingly,

Or

Or by this Hand I'll make you. *Bel.* To our own, Sir,
We may apply our Hands. *Val.* There's your Hangers,
You may deserve a strong pair, and a Girdle
Will hold you without Buckles; now I'm perfect,
And now the proudest of your Worships tell me,
I am beholding to you. *Fount.* No such matter!
Val. And take heed how you pity me, 'tis dangerous,
Exceeding dangerous to prate of pity;
(48) Which are the poorer, you or I now Puppies?
I without you, or you without my Knowledge?
Be Rogues. and so be gone, be Rogues, reply not,
For if you do ——
Bel. Only thus much, and then we'll leave you: Th' Air
Is sharper far than is our Anger, Sir,
And these you might reserve to rail in warmer.
Hair. Pray have a care, Sir, of your Health. [*Ex. Lovers.*
Val. Yes Hog-hounds,
More than you have o' your wits; 'tis cold, and I
Am very sensible, extreamly cold too,
Yet I'll not off, 'till I have sham'd these Rascals;
I have indur'd as ill heats as another,
(49) And almost every way that one can perish;
My Body, you'll bear *cold*, *but they* the blame on't;
I'm colder here, not a poor penny left.

Enter Uncle with a Bag.

Unc. 'Twas rarely ta'en, and now he's flead he will be ruled.
Lance. To him, and tew him, abuse him, nip him close.
Unc. Why how now, Cousin, sunning your self this weather?
Val. As you see, Sir, in 'a hot fit, thank my Friends.

(48) —— *Poorer. You are now Puppies?*] Here the Sense and Measure have equally suffered. How flat is it meerly to call them Puppies? He had called them Whelps, and worse Names before. I sent my Emendation to Mr. *Theobald*, and find it in his Margin. Mr. *Sympson* too says that he hit upon the same.

(49) *And every way if one could perish my Body, you'll bear the blame on't*;] Here both Sense and Measure seem entirely lost, nor can I restore either without taking Liberties, which I doubt will be thought unwarrantable. I have given the only tolerable Sense which I could pick out of the Wreck that is left; but am far from imposing my Additions as the genuine Text.

Unc.

Unc. But Couſin,
Where are your Cloaths, Man? Thoſe are no Inheritance,
Your ſcruple may compound with thoſe I take it,
This is no faſhion, Couſin. *Val.* Not much follow'd,
I muſt confeſs; yet Uncle, I determine
To try what may be done next Term.
(50) *Lance.* How came you thus, Sir, for you're ſtrangely mew'd.
Val. Rags, Toys and Trifles, fit only for thoſe Fools
That firſt poſſeſſed 'em, and t' thoſe Knaves they're rendred.
All Freemen, Uncle, ought t' appear like Innocents,
(51) Old *Adam*,
A fair Fig-leaf ſufficient. *Unc.* Take me with you,
Were theſe your Friends that clear'd you thus?
Val. Hang Friends,
And even Reckonings that make Friends.
Unc. I thought till now,
There had been no ſuch Living, no ſuch Purchaſe,
(For all the reſt is Labour) as a Liſt
Of honourable Friends; do ſuch Men as you, Sir,
In lieu of all your Underſtandings, Travels,
And thoſe great gifts of Nature, aim 't no more
Than caſting off your Coats? I'm ſtrangely cozen'd.
Lance. Should not the Town ſhake at the cold you feel now,
And all the Gentry ſuffer interdiction,
No more ſenſe ſpoken, all things *Goth* and *Vandal*,
'Till you be ſumm'd again, Velvets and Scarlets,
Anointed with Gold Lace, and Cloth of Silver
Turn'd into *Spaniſh* Cottons for a Penance,
Wits blaſted with your Bulls, and Taverns wither'd,
As though the Term lay at St. *Albans?*
Val. Gentlemen,
You've ſpoken long and level, I beſeech you,

(50) — *Strangely mew'd.*] Mr. *Theobald* ſays in his Margin that *mew'd* is a term in Falconry for ſhedding of Feathers; it is deriv'd from *muer* to change, and is a very juſt Emendation. The word ſumm'd below, is another term in Falconry, and ſignifies full-plumed, both proper to *Lance* who is a Falconer as well as Tenant.

(51) *Old* Adam.] Here, I believe, ſomething is loſt that would probably have filled up both Senſe and Meaſure.

Take

Take Breath a while and hear me; you imagine now,
By th' twirling of your Strings, that I'm at th' laſt, as alſo
That m' Friends are flown like Swallows after Summer.
Unc. Yes, Sir.
Val. And that I have no more in this poor Pannier,
To raiſe me up again above your Rents, Uncle.
Unc All this I do believe. *Val.* You have no mind
To better me. *Unc.* Yes, Couſin, and t' that end
I come, and once more offer you all that
My Pow'r is Maſter of. *Val.* 'Tis a match then,
Lay me down fifty Pounds there. *Unc.* There it is, Sir.
Val. And on it write, that you are pleas'd to give this,
As due unto my Merit, without caution
Of Land redeeming, tedious thanks, or thrift
Hereafter to be hop'd for. *Unc.* How?
[Luce *lays a Suit and Letter at the Door.*
Val. Without daring,
When you are Drunk, to reliſh of Revilings,
To which you're prone in Sack, Uncle.
Unc. I thank you, Sir.
Lance. Come, come away, let the young Wanton play awhile,
Away I ſay, Sir; let him go forward with
His naked Faſhion, he'll ſeek you to morrow;
Goodly weather, ſultry hot, ſultry, how I ſweat!
Unc. Farewel, Sir. [*Exeunt* Uncle *and* Lance.
Val. Wou'd I ſweat too, I'm monſtrous vext, and cold too;
And theſe are but thin Pumps to walk the Streets in;
Cloaths I muſt get, this Faſhion won't fadge with me;
Beſides, 'tis an ill Winter wear. — What art thou?
Yes, they are Cloaths, and rich ones, ſome Fool's left 'em:
And if I ſhou'd utter — What's this Paper here?
Let this be only worn by the moſt noble
And moſt deſerving Gentleman *Valentine*.
—Dropt out o'th' Clouds! I think they're full of Gold too; well,
I'll leave my wonder, and be warm again,
In the next Houſe I'll ſhift. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Franciſco, Uncle, *and* Lance.

Fran. WHY do you deal thus with him? 'Tis unnobly.

Unc. Peace, Couſin, peace, you are too tender of him.
He muſt be dealt thus with, he muſt be cured thus,
The violence of his Diſeaſe, *Franciſco*,
Muſt not be jeſted with, 'tis grown infectious,
And now ſtrong Corroſives muſt cure him.

Lance. H'as had a Stinger,
Has eaten off his Cloaths, the next his Skin comes.

Unc. And let it ſearch him to the Bones, 'tis better,
'Twill make him feel it.

Lance. Where be his noble Friends now?
Will his fantaſtical Opinions cloath him,
Or th' learn'd Art of having nothing feed him?

Unc. It muſt needs greedily,
For all his Friends have flung him off, he's naked,
And where to skin himſelf again, if I know,
Or can deviſe how he ſhou'd get himſelf Lodging,
His Spirit muſt be bow'd, and now we have him,
Have him at that we hoped for.

Lance. Next time we meet him
Cracking of Nuts, with half a Cloak about him,
For all means are cut off, or borrowing ſix Pence,
To ſhew his Bounty in the Pottage Ordinary?

Fran. Which way went he?

Lance. Pox, why ſhou'd you ask after him?
You have been trim'd already, let 'm take his Fortune,
He ſpun it out himſelf, Sir, there's no pity.

Unc. Beſides, ſome good to you now, from this Miſery.

Fran. I riſe upon his Ruins! fie, fie, Uncle,
Fie honeſt *Lance*. Thoſe Gentlemen were baſe People,
That cou'd ſo ſoon take fire to his Deſtruction.

Unc. You are a Fool, you are a Fool, a young Man.

Enter

Enter Valentine.

Val. Good morrow Uncle, morrow *Frank*, sweet *Frank*,
And how d'ye think now, how shew Matters?
Morrow Bandog.
Unc. How?
Fran. 'S this Man nak'd, forsaken of his Friends?
Val. Thou'rt handsome, *Frank*, a pretty Gentleman,
I'faith, thou look'st well, yet here may be those
That look as handsome. *Lance.* Surely he can Conjure,
And has the Devil for his Taylor. *Unc.* New and rich!
'Tis most impossible he should recover.
Lance. Give him this luck, and fling him into the Sea.
Unc. 'Tis not he,
Imagination cannot work this Miracle——
Val. Yes, yes, 'tis he, I will assure you, Uncle,
The very he, the he your Wisdom plaid with,
I thank you for't, neigh'd at his Nakedness,
And made his Cold and Poverty your Pastime;
You see I live, and th' best can do no more Uncle,
And though I have no State, I keep the Streets still,
And take my pleasure in the Town, like a poor Gentleman,
Wear Cloaths to keep me warm, poor things they serve me
Can make a shew too if I list, yes Uncle,
And ring a peal i' my Pockets, ding, dong, Uncle,
These are mad foolish ways, but who can help 'em?
Unc. I am amaz'd. *Lance.* I'll sell my Copyhold,
For since there are such excellent new nothings,
Why shou'd I labour? Is there no Fairy haunts him,
No Rat, nor no old Woman? *Unc.* You are *Valentine?*
Val. I think so, I can't tell, I have been call'd so,
And some say Christen'd; why do you wonder at me,
And swell, as if you had met a Serjeant fasting,
Did you e'er know Desert want? You are Fools,
A little stoop there may be to allay him,
He'd grow too rank else, a small Eclipse to shadow him,
But out he must break, glowingly again,
And with as great a lustre, look you Uncle,
Motion and Majesty. *Unc.* I am confounded.

Fran.

Fran. I'm of his Faith.

Val. Walk by his careleſs Kinſman,
And turn again and walk, and look thus, Uncle,
Taking ſome one by th' Hand whom he loves beſt,
Leave 'em to th' Mercy of th' Hog-market, come *Frank*,
Fortune is now my Friend, let me inſtruct thee.

Fran. Good morrow, Uncle, I muſt needs go with him.

Val. Flay me, and turn me out where none inhabits,
Within two hours I ſhall be thus again;
Now wonder on, and laugh at your own Ignorance,
[*Exe.* Val. *and* Fran.

Unc. I do believe him.

Lance. So do I, and heartily
Upon my Conſcience, bury him ſtark naked,
He'd riſe again, within two hours imbroider'd.
Sow Muſtard-ſeeds, they can't come up ſo thick
As his new Sattins do, and Cloths of Silver,
There is no ſtriving. *Unc.* Let him play awhile then,
And let's ſearch out what hand ———

Lance. Ay, there the Game lies. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Fountain, Bellamore, *and* Hairbrain.

Fount. Come, let's ſpeak for our ſelves, we've lodg'd him ſure enough,
His Nakedneſs dare not peep out to croſs us.

Bel. We can have no admittance.

Hair. Let's in boldly,
And uſe our beſt Arts, who ſhe deigns to favour,
We're all content.

Fount. Much good may do her with him,
No civil Wars. *Bel.* By no means. Now do I
Much wonder in what old tod Ivie he
Lies whiſtling; for Means, nor Cloaths he hath none,
Nor none will truſt him, we've made that ſide ſure,
We'll teach him a new wooing. *Hair.* Say it is
His Uncle's ſpite. *Fount.* 'Tis all one, Gentlemen,
'T has rid us fair of an incumberance,
And makes us look about to our own Fortunes.
Who are theſe?

Enter

Enter Iſabella *and* Luce.

Iſab. Not ſee this Man yet! well, I ſhall be wiſer:
But *Luce*, didſt e'er know a Woman melt ſo?
She's finely hurt to hunt.
Luce. Peace, the three Suitors.
Iſab. I cou'd ſo titter now and laugh; I was loſt, *Luce*,
And I muſt love, I know not what; O *Cupid*,
What pretty gins thou haſt to halter Woodcocks!
And we muſt into th' Country in all haſte, *Luce*.
Luce. For Heav'n's ſake, Miſtreſs.
Iſab. Nay, I've done,
I muſt laugh though; but Scholar, I ſhall teach you.
Fount. 'Tis 'r Siſter. *Bel.* Save you, Ladies.
Iſab. Fair met Gentlemen,
You're viſiting my Siſter, I aſſure my ſelf.
Hair. We wou'd fain bleſs our Eyes.
Iſab. Behold and welcome,
You'd ſee her? *Fount.* 'Tis our buſineſs.
Iſab. You ſhall ſee her,
And you ſhall talk with her.
Luce. She will not ſee 'em,
Nor ſpend a word.
Iſab. I'll make her fret a thouſand,
Nay now I've found the Scab, I will ſo ſcratch her.
Luce. She can't endure 'em.
Iſab. She loves 'em but too dearly;
Come follow me, I'll bring you to th' party,
Then make your own Conditions, Gentlemen.
Luce. She's ſick, you know.
Iſab. I'll make her well, or kill her;
And take no idle anſwer, you are Fools then,
Nor ſtand off for her State, ſhe'll ſcorn you all then,
But urge her ſtill, and though ſhe fret, ſtill follow her;
A Widow muſt be won ſo. *Bel.* She ſpeaks bravely.
Iſab. I'd fain ha' a Brother i' Law, I love Mens company,
And if ſhe call for Dinner to avoid you,
Be ſure you ſtay; follow her into her Chamber,
If ſhe retire to Pray, pray with her, and boldly,

Like

Like honeſt Lovers. *Luce.* This will kill her.
Fount. You've ſhewed us one way, do but lead the tother.
Iſab. I know you ſtand o'thorns, come I'll diſpatch you.
Luce. If you live after this.
Iſab. I've loſt my aim. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Valentine, *and* Franciſco.

Fran. Did you not ſee 'em ſince?
Val. No, hang 'em, hang 'em.
Fran. Nor won't you be ſeen by 'em?
Val. Let 'em alone, *Frank*,
I'll make 'em their own Juſtice, and a Jerker.
Fran. Such baſe diſcourteous Dog-whelps.
Val. I ſhall dog 'em,
And double dog 'em, ere I've done.
Fran. Will you go with me,
For I wou'd fain find out this piece of bounty,
It was the Widow's Man, that I am certain of.
Val. To what end wou'd you go?
Fran. To give her Thanks.
Val. Hang giving Thanks, haſt not thou Parts deſerve it?
'T includes a further will to be beholden;
Beggars can do no more at door; if you
Will go, there lies your way. *Fran.* I hope you'll go.
Val. No not in Ceremony, and t' a Woman,
With mine own Father, were he living, *Frank*;
I would to th' Court with Bears firſt, if it be
That Wench I think it is, for t'other's wiſer,
I wou'd not be ſo lookt upon, and laught at,
So made a Ladder for her Wit to climb upon,
(For 'tis the tarteſt Tit in Chriſtendom,
I know her well *Frank*, and have buckled with her,)
So lickt, and ſtroaked, flear'd upon, and flouted,
And ſhown to Chamber-maids, like a ſtrange Beaſt,
She'd purchas'd with her penny.
Fran. You're a ſtrange Man,
But do you think it was a Woman? *Val.* There's
No doubt on't, who can b' there to do it elſe?
Beſides the manner of the Circumſtances.

Fran.

Fran. Such Courteſies, who ever does 'em, Sir,
Saving your Wiſdom, muſt be more lookt into,
And better anſwer'd, than wi' deſerving ſlights,
Or what we ought to have conferr'd upon us.
Men may ſtarve elſe, Means are not gotten now
With crying I'm a gallant Fellow, a good Soldier,
A Man of Learning, fit to be employ'd,
Immediate Bleſſings ceaſe like Miracles,
And we muſt grow by ſecond Means. I pray
Go wi' me, ev'n as you love me, Sir.
Val. I'll come to thee,
But *Frank*, I will not ſtay to hear your Fopp'ries,
Diſpatch thoſe ere I come. *Fran.* You will not fail me.
Val. Some two hours hence expect me.
Fran. I thank you,
And will look for you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Widow, Shorthoſe, *and* Roger.

Wid. Who let in theſe Puppies?
You ſeveral blind Raſcals, drunken Knaves.
Short. Yes forſooth, I'll let 'em in preſently,——
Gentlemen.
Wid. Sprecious, you blown Pudding, bawling Rogue!
Short. I bawl as loud 's I can, wou'd you have me fetch 'em
Upon my back? [
Wid. Get 'em out, Raſcal, out with 'em,
I ſweat to have 'em near me.
Short. I ſhou'd ſweat more
To carry 'em out. *Roger.* They're Gentlemen, Madam.
Short. Shall we get 'em into th' Buttery, and make 'em Drunk?
Wid. Do any thing, ſo I be eas'd.

Enter Iſabella, Fountain, Bellamore, *and* Hairbrain.

Iſab. Now to her, Sir, fear nothing.
Rog. Slip aſide, Boy,
I know ſhe loves 'em, howſoe'er ſhe carries it,
And has invited 'em, m' young Miſtreſs told me ſo.
Short. Away to Tables then. [*Exe.* Short. Rog.
Iſab. I ſhall burſt with the ſport on't.

Fount. You are too curious, Madam, and too full
Of preparation, we expect it not. [cent,
Bel. Methinks the House is handsom, ev'ry place de-
What need you be so vext? *Hair.* We are no Strangers.
Fount. What though we come ere you expected us,
Do not we know your Entertainments, Madam,
Are free, and full at all times?
Wid. You are merry, Gentlemen.
Bel. We come to b' merry, Madam, very merry,
Love to laugh heartily, and now and then Lady
A little of our old Plea. *Wid.* I am busie,
And very busie too, will none deliver me?
Hair. There is a time for all, you may be busie,
But when your Friends come, you've as much pow'r,
Wid. This is a tedious Torment. [Madam.
Fount. How handsomly
This little piece of Anger shews upon her!
(52) Well, Madam, you know how to grace your self.
Bel. Nay every thing she does breeds a new sweetness.
Wid. I must go up, I must go up, I have
A business waits me; some Wine for th' Gentlemen.
Hair. Nay, we'll go with you, we ne'er saw your Chambers yet.
Isab. Hold there, my Boys.
Wid. Say I go my Prayers?
Fount. We'll pray with you, and help your Meditations.
Wid. This's boisterous; or say I go to sleep,
Will you go sleep with me? *Bel.* So suddenly
Before Meat will be dangerous, we know
Your Dinner's ready, Lady, you'll not sleep.
Wid. Give me my Coach, I'll take the Air.
Hair. We'll wait on you,
And then your Meat after a quickned Stomach.
Wid. Let it alone, and call my Steward to me,
And bid him bring his reckonings into th' Orchard:
Unmannerly rude Puppies —— [*Exit* Widow.
Fount. We'll walk after you,
And view the pleasure of the Place.

(52) *You know not how to grace your self.*] As the Negative seems to hurt both Sense and Measure, I have expung'd it.

Isab.

Iſab. Let 'er not reſt,
For if you give her breath, ſhe'll ſcorn and flout you,
Seem how ſhe will, this is the way to win her,
Be bold and proſper.
Bel. Nay if we do not tire her.— [*Exeunt Lovers.*
Iſab. I'll teach you to worm me, good Lady Siſter,
And peep into my Privacies to ſuſpect me,
I'll torture you, with that you hate, moſt daintily,
And when I've done that, laugh at that you love moſt.

Enter Luce.

Luce. What have you done? ſhe chafes and fumes outragiouſly,
And ſtill they Perſecute her. *Iſab.* Long may they do ſo,
I'll teach her to declaim againſt my Pities;
Why is ſhe not gone out o'th' Town, but gives
Occaſion for Men t' run mad after her?
Luce. I ſhall be hang'd.
Iſab. This in me 'd been high Treaſon,
Three at a time, and private in her Orchard!
I hope ſhe will caſt up her Reckonings right now.

Enter Widow.

Wid. Well, I ſhall find who brought 'em.
Iſab. Ha, ha, ha.
Wid. Why do you laugh, Siſter? I fear me 'tis
Your trick, 'twas neatly done of you, and well
Becomes your Pleaſure.
Iſab. What have you done with 'em? [dance
Wid. Lockt 'em i'th' Orchard, there I'll make 'em
And caper too, before they get their liberty,
Unmannerly rude Puppies.
Iſab. They're ſomewhat ſaucy,
(53) But yet I'll let 'em out, and once more hound 'em;
Why were they not beaten out? *Wid.* I was about it,
But 'cauſe they came as Suitors.
Iſab. Why did you not anſwer 'em?

(53) ——— *Sound 'em.*] I happily found my Conjecture here confirm'd by the old Quarto. *Mr. Sympſon.*

Wid. They are so impudent they will receive none: More yet! How came these in?

Enter Francisco *and* Lance.

Lance. At the Door, Madam.
Isab. It is that Face. *Luce.* This is the Gentleman.
Wid. She sent the Money to? *Luce.* The same.
Isab. I'll leave you,
They have some business.
Wid. Nay, you shall stay, Sister,
They're Strangers both to me; how her Face alters!
Isab. I'm sorry he comes now.
Wid. I am glad he is here now though.
Who wou'd you speak with, Gentlemen?
Lance. You Lady,
Or your fair Sister there, here is a Gentleman
That has receiv'd a benefit. *Wid.* From whom, Sir?
Lance. From one of you, as he supposes, Madam,
Your Man deliver'd it. *Wid.* I pray go forward.
Lance. And of so great a Goodness that he dares not,
Without the tender of his Thanks and Service,
Pass by the House. *Wid.* Which is the Gentleman?
Lance. This, Madam. *Wid.* What's your Name, Sir?
Fran. They that know me
Call me *Francisco*, Lady, one not so proud
To scorn so timely a Benefit, nor so wretched,
To hide a Gratitude. *Wid.* It is well bestow'd then.
Fran. Your fair self, or your Sister, as it seems,
For what Desert I dare not know, unless
A handsome Subject for your Charities,
Or aptness in your noble Will to do it,
Have showr'd upon my Wants a timely Bounty,
Which makes me rich in Thanks, my best Inheritance.
Wid. I'm sorry 'twas not mine, this is the Gentlewoman;
Fie, do not blush, go roundly to the matter,
The Man's a pretty Man.
Isab. You have three fine ones.
Fran. Then to you, dear Lady?
Isab. I pray no more, Sir, if I may perswade you,
Your only aptness to do this is Recompence,

And

And more than I expected. *Fran.* But good Lady.
Isab. And for me further to b' acquainted with it,
Besides the imputation of vain Glory,
Were greedy thankings of my self, I did it
Not to be more affected to; I did it,
And if it happen'd where I thought it fitted
I have my end; more to enquire is curious
In either of us, more than that suspicious.
Fran. But gentle Lady, 'twill be necessary.
Isab. About the right way nothing,
Do not fright it,
Being to pious use and tender-sighted,
With the blown Face of Complements, it blasts it.
Had you not come at all, but thought your Thanks
'T had been too much, 'twas not to see your Person.
Wid. A brave dissembling Rogue, and how she carries it?
Isab. Though I believe few handsomer; or hear you,
Though I affect a good Tongue well; or try you,
Though m' Years desire a Friend, that I reliev'd you.
Wid. A plaguy cunning Quean.
Isab. For so I carried it,
(54) My end's too glorious in mine Eyes, and better'd
The goodness I propounded with Opinion.
Wid. Fear her not, Sir.
Isab. You cannot catch me, Sister.
Fran. Will you both teach, and tie my Tongue up, Lady?
Isab. Let it suffice you have't, 'twas never mine,
Whilst good Men wanted it.
Lance. This is a Saint, sure.
Isab. And if you be not such a one, restore it.
Fran. To commend my self,
Were more officious than you think my Thanks are,
To doubt I may be worth your Gift a Treason,
(55) Both to mine own good and to your understanding,

I

(54) — *And better'd the Goodness,*] This Sentence has something dark in it, which I cannot clear up: She would seem to say, that she intended to enhance the Goodness of her Action by Concealment.

(55) *To mine own good and understanding,*] Here again the Measure and Sense were equally hurt. It is by no means consonant to the

I know my Mind clear, and though Modesty
Tells me, that he who doth intreat intrudes;
Yet I must think something, and of some Season,
Met with your better taste, this had not been else.
Wid. What ward for that, Wench?
Isab. 'Las, it never touch'd me.
Fran. Well, gentle Lady, yours is the first Mony
I ever took upon a forc'd ill Manners!
Isab. The last of me, if ever you use other.
Fran. How may I do, and your way, to be thought
A grateful Taker? *Isab.* Spend it, and say nothing,
Your Modesty may deserve more. *Wid.* O Sister,
Will you bar Thankfulness!
Isab. Dogs dance for Meat,
Wou'd ye have Men do worse? For they can speak,
Cry out like Wood-mongers, good deeds by the hundreds,
I did it that my best Friend should not know it,
Wine and vain Glory does as much as I else;
If you will force my Merit, against my Meaning,
Use it in well bestowing it, in shewing
It came to be a benefit, and was so;
And not examining a Woman did it,
Or to what end, in not believing sometimes
Your self, when Drink and stirring Conversation
May ripen strange persuasions. *Fran.* Gentle Lady,
I were a base Receiver of a Courtesie
And you a worse Dispoſer, were my Nature
Unfurnish'd of these fore-sights. Ladies honours
(56) Were ever in my Thoughts unspotted Ermines,
Their

Modesty of *Francisco* to commend his own Understanding, when it was not called in Question; but to say that he would not doubt his own Merit, since one of so good an Understanding had distinguish'd it, this is in Character. Mr. *Sympson* had made this Addition before I sent it him.

(56) ——— *Unspotted Crimes,*] My Conjecture in this place was *Shrines*, but Mr. *Theobald* has, I doubt not, hit upon the true Word; for besides its Propriety to the Epithet, he has proved it by a Parallel Passage of our Poets. Monsieur *Thomas*, Act 4. Scene 1.

——————— *O that Honesty*
That Ermine Honesty, unspotted ever.

'Till I saw this, I was fully satisfy'd with my own Emendation, which

I

Their good Deeds holy Temples, where the Incenſe
Burns not to common Eyes; your fears are virtuous,
And ſo I ſhall preſerve 'em. *Iſab.* Keep but this way,
And from this place to tell me ſo, you've paid me;
And ſo I wiſh you ſee all Fortune. [*Exit.*

Wid. Fear not,
The Woman will be thank'd, I do not doubt it.
Are you ſo crafty, carry it ſo preciſely?
(57) This is to awake my Fears, not to abuſe me;
I ſhall look narrowly; deſpair not Gentleman,
There is an hour to catch a Woman in,
If you be wiſe, ſo, I muſt leave you too;
Now I'll go laugh at m' Suitors. [*Exit.*

Lance. Sir, what courage? [tutes

Fran. (58) This Woman is a Founder, and cites Sta-
To all her benefits. *Lance.* I ne'er knew yet,
So few Years and ſo cunning, yet believe me
She has an itch, but how t' make her confeſs it,
For't is a crafty Tit, and plays about you,
Will not bite home, ſhe would fain, but ſhe dares not;
Carry your ſelf but ſo diſcreetly, Sir,
That want or wantonneſs ſeem not to ſearch you,

I now condemn, and mention it only to ſhew, how little Depen-dence one ought to have upon the moſt plauſible Conjecture; and that to be poſitive and dogmatical, does not become a verbal Critick. Mr. *Sympſon* read with me *Shrines*, but entirely agreed in the Prefe-rence of *Ermines*.

(57) —— Or *to abuſe me*,] This Reading ſeems wrong, could *Iſa-bella* carry it ſo preciſely on purpoſe to make her Siſter more watch-ful of her? The ſlight Change I have made gives this Senſe; your Behaviour which was intended to lull my Fears aſleep, ſhall not ſo abuſe me, but make me more vigilant. Mr. *Sympſon* does not admit this, but would read,

Is this to wake my Fears, or to abuſe me?

But how could ſhe ask ſo abſurd a Queſtion?

(58) —— *A Founder and cites Statutes*,] This is ſomewhat obſcure, but I believe the meaning is, This Woman is a Founder or Builder up of my Fortunes, and like the Founder of a College has no other Motive than the Statutes or Commands of Heaven to be Charitable. Or perhaps, ſhe is a Founder of my Fortunes, and mentions Statutes to me which ſhe expects me to conform to. Founder is uſed in the ſame Senſe in the *Captain*, Act 1. Scene 3.

——— *imagine Me*
A Founder of old Fellows!

And you ſhall ſee her open. *Fran.* I do love her,
And were I rich, wou'd give two thouſand pound,
(59) To wed her Wit but one hour, oh 'tis a Paragon,
And ſuch a ſpritely way of Pleaſure, ha *Lance.*

Lance. Your ha *Lance* broken once, you'd cry, ho, ho, *Lance.*

Fran. Some leaden landed Rogue will have this Wench now,
When all's done; ſome ſuch Youth will carry her,
And wear her, greaſie out like ſtuff, ſome Dunce
That knows no more but Markets, and admires nothing
But a long charge at Sizes: O the Fortunes!

Enter Iſabella *and* Luce.

Lance. Comfort your ſelf.

Luce. They are here yet, and alone too,
Boldly upon't; nay, Miſtreſs, I ſtill told you,
How you would find your truſt, this 'tis to venture
Your Charity upon a Boy.

Lance. Now, what's the matter?
Stand faſt, and like your ſelf.

Iſab. Prithee no more, Wench.

Luce. What was his want to you? *Iſab.* 'Tis true.

Luce. Or Miſery,
Or ſay he had been i'th' Cage, was there no Mercy
To look abroad but yours? *Iſab.* I am paid for fooling.

Luce. Muſt every ſlight Companion that can purchaſe
(60) A ſhew of Poverty and Beggary
Fall under your Compaſſion? *Lance.* Here's new matter.

Luce.

(59) —*'Tis a Dragon.*] This is an odd Animal for a Lover to compare his Miſtreſs to; had ſhe been a Termagant or a Spit-fire it might have been proper. Paragon is very near the trace of the Letters, and is uſed both by *Shakeſpear* and others of our Authors Age, for an unparagon'd Beauty.

(60) —— *And beggarly Planet.*] A ſhew of a beggarly Planet, does not look like a genuine Expreſſion; the word Planet, indeed, or Wanderer, ſeems proper in the Place, and if it be preſerved, we ſhould, I think, read,

A ſhew of Poverty, each beggarly Planet
Fall under your Compaſſion?

The Verſe runs better, as I have put it in the Text, but the Reader will

Luce. Nay, you are ſerv'd but too well, here he ſtays yet,
Yet as I live. *Fran.* How her Face alters on me!
Luce. Out of a confidence, I hope.
Iſab. I'm glad on't.
Fran. How do you, gentle Lady?
Iſab. Much aſham'd, Sir,
But firſt ſtand further off me, you're infectious,
To find ſuch Vanity, nay almoſt Impudence,
Where I believ'd a Worth: Is this your Thanks,
The Gratitude you were ſo mad to make me,
This your trim Counſel, Gentlemen?
Lance. What, Lady?
Iſab. Take your device again, it will not ſerve, Sir,
The Woman will not bite, you're finely cozen'd,
Drop it no more for ſhame.
Luce. D' you think you're here, Sir,
Amongſt your Waſt-coateërs, your baſe Wenches
That ſcratch at ſuch occaſions? You're deluded:
This is a Gentlewoman of a noble Houſe,
Born to a better Fame than you can build her,
And Eyes above your pitch. *Fran.* I do acknowledge—
Iſab. Then I beſeech you, Sir, what could you ſee,
(Speak boldly, and ſpeak truly, ſhame the Devil,)
In my behaviour of ſuch eaſineſs
That you durſt venture to do this?
Fran. You amaze me,
This Ring is none of mine, nor did I drop it.
Luce. I ſaw you drop it, Sir. *Iſab.* I took it up too,
Still looking when your Modeſty ſhould miſs it,
Why, what a Childiſh part was this? *Fran.* I vow.
Iſab. Vow me no Vows, for he that dares do this,
Has bred himſelf to boldneſs, to forſwear too;
There take your gewgaw, you are too much pamper'd,
And I repent my part, as you grow older
Grow wiſer if you can, and ſo farewel, Sir.

[*Exeunt* Iſabella, *and* Luce.

will pleaſe to take his choice. Mr. *Sympſon* does not admit either of theſe Conjectures, but would read,

A ſhew of Poverty and beggarly Plaint.

But a ſhew of a beggarly Plaint, ſeems as harſh to me as the old Reading.

Lance.

Lance. Grow wiſer if you can? She's put it to you,
'Tis a rich Ring, did you drop it? *Fran.* Never,
Ne'er ſaw't afore, *Lance.*

Lance. Thereby hangs a Tail then:
What flight ſhe makes to catch her ſelf: Look up, Sir,
You cannot loſe her if you would, how daintily
She flies upon the Lure, and cunningly
(61) She makes her ſtops! whiſtle and ſhe'll come to you.

Fran. I wou'd I were ſo happy.

Lance. Maids are Clocks,
The greateſt Wheel, they ſhow, goes ſloweſt to us,
And make us hang on tedious hopes; the leſſer,
Which are conceal'd, being often oyl'd with Wiſhes,
Flee like deſires, and never leave that Motion,
'Till the Tongue ſtrikes; ſhe is Fleſh, Blood, and Mar-row,
Young as her purpoſe, and as ſoft as pity;
No Monument to Worſhip, but a Mould
To make Men in, a neat one, and I know
How e'er ſh' appears now, which is near enough,
You are ſtark blind if yo' hit not ſoon; at Night
He wou'd venture forty Pounds more but to feel
A Flea in your Shape bite her: Drop no more Rings forſooth,
This was the prettieſt thing to know her Heart by.

Fran. Thou put'ſt me in much comfort.

Lance. Put your ſelf in
Good comfort, don't ſhe point you out the way?
Drop no more Rings, ſhe'll drop her ſelf into you.

Fran. I wonder m' Brother comes not.

Lance. Let him alone,
And feed your ſelf on your own Fortunes; come
Be frolick, and let me be monſtrous wiſe,
And full of counſel; drop no more Rings quoth-a.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Widow, Fountain, Bellamore, *and* Hairbrain.

Wid. If you will needs be fooliſh you muſt b' us'd ſo:
Who ſent for you? Who entertain'd you, Gentlemen?
Who bid you welcome hither? You came crowding,

(61) *Stops!*] Mr. *Sympſon* thinks it ſhould be *ſloops.*

And

And impudently bold; preſt on my Patience,
As if I kept a Houſe for all Companions,
And of all ſorts: Will have your Wills, will vex me
And force a liking from you I ne'er ow'd you?
Fount. F'r all this we will dine with you.
Bel. And f'r all this
Will have a better Anſwer from you. *Wid.* You
Shall neither have an Anſwer nor a Dinner,
Unleſs you uſe me with a more ſtaid Reſpect,
And ſtay my time too.

Enter Iſabella, Shorthoſe, Roger, Humphry, Ralph, *with Diſhes of Meat.*

Iſab. Forward with the Meat now.
Rog. Come, Gentlemen, march fairly.
Short. Roger, you [you;
Are a weak Serving-man, your white Broath runs from
Fie, how I ſweat under this Pile of Beef;
An Elephant can do more! Oh for ſuch a Back now,
And in theſe times, what might a Man arrive at!
Gooſe, graſe you up, and Woodcock march behind,
I'm almoſt foundred.
Wid. Who bid you bring the Meat yet?
Away you Knaves, I will not Dine theſe two hours:
How am I vext and chaf'd! go carry it back,
And tell the Cook that he's an arrant Raſcal,
To ſend before I call'd.
Short. Face about, Gentlemen,
Beat 'mournful March then, and give ſome Supporters,
Or elſe I periſh —— [*Exeunt* Servants.
Iſab. It does me much good
To ſee her chaſe thus.
Hair. We can ſtay, Madam, and will ſtay and dwell here,
'Tis a good Air.
Fount. I know you've Beds enough,
And Meat you never want.
Wid. You want a little ——
Bel. We dare to pretend no. Since you are churliſh,
We'll give you Phyſick, you muſt purge this Anger,
It burns you and decays you.

Wid.

Wid. If I'd you out once,
I'd be at the charge of a Portcullis for you.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Good morrow, noble Lady.
Wid. G'd morrow, Sir.
How ſweetly now he looks; and how full manly!
What Slaves were theſe to uſe him ſo!
Val. I come
To look a young Man I call Brother.
Wid. Such a one
Was here, as I remember your own Brother,
But gone almoſt an hour ago. *Val.* Good E'en then.
Wid. You muſt not go ſo ſoon, Sir; there are here
Some Gentlemen, it may be you're acquainted with.
Hair. Will nothing make him miſerable?
Fount. How glorious!
Bel. It is the very he; does it rain Fortunes,
Or has he a Familiar? *Hair.* How doggedly
He looks too?
Fount. 'Tis beyond Faith, let's be going.
Val. Where are theſe Gentlemen? *Wid.* Here.
Val. Yes, I know 'em,
And will be more familiar. *Bel.* Morrow, Madam.
Wid. Nay ſtay and dine.
Val. You'll ſtay till I talk with you,
(62) And not dine nei'er, but faſting fly my Fury;
You think you have undone me, think ſo ſtill,
And ſwallow that belief, 'till you be company
Only for Court-hand Clerks, and ſtarv'd Attornies,
'Till you break in at Plays like Prentices
For three a Groat, and crack Nuts with the Scholars
In penny Rooms again, and fight for Apples,
'Till you return to what I found you, People
Betray'd into the hands of Fencers, Challengers,
Tooth-drawers Bills, and tedious Proclamations

(62) — *But faſtingly my Fury,*] Mr. *Sympſon* reads *but faſting on my Fury*: My firſt Conjecture was, *bide my Fury*, butas *fly* is neareſt the trace of the Letters, and ſeems to me good Senſe, I think it moſt probably the Original. Mr. *Theobald* reads, *bide.*

In

In Meal-markets, with throngings to ſee Cut-purſes.
Stir not, but hear, and mark, I'll cut your Throats elſe,
'Till Water-works, and rumours of New-Rivers
Ride you again, and run you into Queſtions
Who built the *Thames*, 'till you run mad for Lotteries,
And ſtand there with your Tables to glean up
The Golden Sentences, and cite 'em ſecretly
To Serving-men for ſound Eſſays, 'till Taverns
Allow you but a Towel-room to Tipple
Wine in, that th' Bell hath gone for twice, and Glaſſes
That look like broken Promiſes, tied up
With wicker Proteſtations, *Engliſh* Tobacco
With half Pipes, not in half a Year once burnt, and Bisket
That Bawds have rub'd their Gums upon like Corals
To bring the mark again,
(63) 'Till this hour, Raſcals, ſhall,
'Till this moſt fatal hour ſhall come again,
Think I ſit down the Loſer.
Wid. Will you ſtay, Gentlemen?
A piece of Beef, and a cold Capon's all,
You know you're welcome.
Humph. That was caſt t' abuſe us.
Bel. Steal off, the Devil's in his Anger.
Wid. Nay I am ſure
You will not leave me ſo diſcourteouſly,
Now I've provided for you. *Val.* What do you here?
Why do ye vex a Woman of her Goodneſs,
Her State and Worth? Can yo' bring a fair Certificate
That you deſerve to be her Footmen? Husbands, Puppies?
Husbands for Whores and Bawds, away you Wind-ſuckers;
Do not look big, nor prate, nor ſtay, nor grumble,
And when you're gone, ſeem to laugh at my fury,
And ſlight this Lady, I ſhall hear, and know this:
And though I am not bound to fight for Women,

(63) *Tell this hour Raſcals ſo, this moſt fatal hour will come again,*] Tho' I have departed a good deal from the old Reading, yet as I have reſtored what I think to be the Senſe, and the Meaſure, I hope it will be allowed.

As

As far as they are good I dare preſerve 'em:
Be not too bold, for if you be I'll ſwinge you,
And ſwinge you monſtrouſly without all pity,
Your Honours now may go, avoid me mainly. [*Exeunt.*
Wid. Well, Sir, you have deliver'd me, I thank you,
And with your Nobleneſs prevented Danger,
Their Tongues might utter, we'll all go and eat, Sir.
Val. No, no, I dare not truſt my ſelf with Women;
Go to your Meat, eat little, take leſs eaſe,
And tie your Body to a daily Labour,
You may live honeſtly, and ſo I thank you. [*Exit.*
Wid. Well, go thy ways, thou art a noble Fellow,
And ſome means I muſt work to have thee know it.
[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Uncle and Merchant.

Unc. MOST certain 'tis her Hands that hold him up,
And 'er Siſter relieves *Frank.*
Mer. I'm glad to hear it:
But wherefore do they not purſue this Fortune
To ſome fair end? *Unc.* The Women are too crafty,
And *Valentine* too coy, and *Frank* too baſhful;
Had any wiſe Man hold of ſuch a Bleſſing,
They'd ſtrike it out o'th' flint but they would form it.

Enter Widow and Shorthoſe.

Mer. The Widow ſure, why does ſhe ſtir ſo early?
Wid. 'Tis ſtrange, I cannot force him t' underſtand me,
And make a Benefit of what I'd bring him:
Tell my Siſter I'll
Uſe my Devotions at home this Morning,
She may if ſhe pleaſe go to Church. *Short.* Hey ho.
Wid. And do you wait upon her with a Torch, Sir.
Short. Hey ho. *Wid.* You lazy Knave.
Short. Here's ſuch a tinkle tanklings

That

That we can ne'er lie quiet, and ſleep our Prayers out.
Ralph, empty my right Shoe, pray, that you made
Your Chamber-pot, and burn a little Roſemary in't,
I muſt wait upon my Lady. This Morning Prayer
Has brought me into a Conſumption,
I've nothing left but Fleſh and Bones about me.
Wid. You drouſie Slave, nothing but Sleep and Swilling? [been,
Short. Had you been bitten with Bandog-fleas as I've
And haunted with the night Mare.
Wid. With an Ale-pot.
Short. You wou'd have little liſt to Morning Prayers,
Pray take my fellow *Ralph*, he has a Pſalm Book,
I am an ingrum Man. *Wid.* Get ready quickly,
And when ſhe's ready, wait upon her handſomely;
No more, be gone. *Short.* If I do ſnore my part out —
[*Exit* Short.

Unc. Now to our purpoſes.
Mer. Good morrow, Madam.
Wid. Good morrow, Gentlemen.
Unc. Good Joy and Fortune.
Wid. Theſe are good things, and worth my thanks, I thank you, Sir. [late
Mer. Much Joy I hope you'll find, we came to gratu-
Your new knit Marriage-band. *Wid.* How?
Unc. He's a Gentleman,
Although he be my Kinſman, my fair Neice.
Wid. Neice, Sir?
Unc. Yes, Lady, now I may ſay ſo,
'Tis no ſhame t' you, I ſay a Gentleman,
And winking but at ſome light Fantaſies,
Which you moſt happily m' affect him for,
As bravely carried, 's nobly bred and manag'd.
Wid. What is all this? I underſtand you not,
What Neice, what Marriage-knot?
Unc. I'll tell you plainly,
You are my Neice, and *Valentine* the Gentleman,
Has made you ſo by Marriage.
Wid. Marriage? *Unc.* Yes, Lady,
And t'was a noble and a virtuous Part,

To

To take a falling Man to your Protection,
And buoy him up again to all his Glories.
Wid. The Men are surely mad.
Mer. What though he wanted
These outward things, that fly away like Shadows,
Was not his Mind a full one, and a brave one?
You've Wealth enough to give him gloss and outside,
And he has Wit enough to love a Lady.
Unc. I ever thought he wou'd do well.
Mer. Nay, I knew,
(64) Howe'er he wheel'd about like a loose Carbine,
He wou'd charge home at length, like a brave Gentleman;
Heav'n's Blessing o'your Heart, Lady, we're so bound
To honour you, in all your Service so
Devoted to you.
Unc. Do not look so strange, Widow,
It must be known, better a general Joy;
No stirring here yet, come, come, you can't hide it.
Wid. Pray be not impudent, these are th' finest Toys,
Belike then I am married? *Mer.* You are in
A miserable Estate i'th' World's account else,
I wou'd not for your Wealth it come to doubting.
Wid. And I am great with Child?
Unc. No, great they say not,
But 'tis a full opinion you're with Child,
And there's great joy among the Gentlemen,
Your Husband hath bestirred himself fairly.
Mer. Alas, we know his private hours of Entrance,
How long, and when he staid, cou'd name the Bed too,
Where he paid down his first Fruits.
Wid. I shall believe anon.
Unc. And we consider for some private Reasons,
You'd have it private, yet take your own Pleasure;

(64) *Cabine,*] —— A Carbine is a Term for a Horse Soldier, and us'd by our Authors in another Play, so that I cannot doubt of its being the genuine Reading, tho' Mr. *Theobald* did, for I sent it him, and find it in his Margin with a Q. He probably did not know whether it was in use in our Author's Time. I have Mr. *Sympson*'s Concurrence, who says he had corrected it so at first Reading.

And

And ſo good morrow, my beſt Neice, my ſweeteſt.
Wid. No, no, pray ſtay.
Unc. I know you wou'd be with him,
Love him, and love him well.
Mer. You'll find him noble.
This may beget———
Unc. It muſt needs work upon her.
[*Exeunt Uncle and Merchant.*
Wid. Theſe are fine bobs i'faith, married, and with Child too!
How long's this been, I trow? They ſeem grave Fellows,
They ſhould not come to flout; married, and bedded;
The World takes notice too! Where lies this May-game?
I cou'd be vext extreamly now, and rail too,
But 'tis to no end; though I itch a little,
Muſt I be ſcratcht I know not how? Who waits there?

Enter Humphry *a Servant.*

Humph. Madam.
Wid. Make ready my Coach quickly, and wait you only,
And hark you, Sir, be ſecret and be ſpeedy,
Inquire out where he lies. *Humph.* I ſhall do't, Madam.
Wid. Married, and got with Child i' a dream! 'tis fine i'faith;
Sure he that did this, would do better waking. [*Exit.*

Enter Valentine, Franciſco, Lance, *and a Boy with a Torch.*

Val. Hold thy Torch handſomely: How doſt thou, *Frank?* *Peter Baſſel*, bear up. *Fran.* You've fried me ſoundly, Sack do you call this Drink?
Val. A ſhrewd Dog, *Frank*,
Will bite abundantly. *Lance.* Now cou'd I fight,
And fight with thee.
Val. With me, thou Man of *Memphis?*
Lance. But that thou'rt m' own natural Maſter, yet
My Sack ſays thou'rt no Man, thou art a Pagan,
And pawn'ſt thy Land, which is a noble Cauſe.

Val. (65) No arms, nor harms, good *Lancelot*, dear *Lance*,
No fighting here, we will have Lands, Boy, Livings,
And Titles, thou ſhalt be a Vice-Roy, *Lance*;
Hang fighting, hang't, 'tis out of faſhion.
Lance. I wou'd
Fain labour you into your Lands again,
Go to, it is behoveful. *Fran.* Fie *Lance*, fie.
Lance. I muſt beat ſome Body, and why not my Maſter,
Before a Stranger? Charity and beating
Begins at home.
Val. Come, thou ſhalt beat me. *Lance.* I
Won't be compelled, and you were two Maſters,
I ſcorn the Motion.
Val. Wilt thou ſleep? *Lance.* I ſcorn ſleep.
Val. Wilt thou go eat?
Lance. I ſcorn Meat, I come for rompering,
I come to wait upon my Charge diſcreetly;
For look you, if you will not take your Mortgage again,
Here do I lie St. *George*, and ſo forth.
Val. And here do I, St. *George*, beſtride the Dragon,
Thus with my Lance.
Lance. I ſting, I ſting wi' my Tail.
Val. Do you ſo, do you ſo, Sir? I'll Tail you preſently.
Fran. By no means, do not hurt him.
Val. Take this, *Nelſon*;
Now riſe, thou Maiden-Knight of *Malligo*,
Lace on thy Helmet of inchanted Sack,
And charge again.
Lance. I'll play no more, yo' abuſe me, will you go?
Fran. I will
Bid you good morrow, Brother, for ſleep I can't,
I have a thouſand Fancies. *Val.* Now thou'rt arriv'd,
Go bravely to the matter, and do ſomething
Of worth, *Frank.*
Lance. You ſhall hear from 's. [*Exe.* Lance *and* Fran.

(65) — *Nor arms.*] Either it muſt be a repetition of both Words, [*No arms, no arms,*] or elſe the Letter I have added is neceſſary, which gives ſome little humour, and therefore was probably the Original. I find it confirm'd by Mr. *Theobald.*

Val.

Val. This Rogue,
If he'd been ſober, ſure had beaten me,
Is the moſt tettiſh Knave.

Enter Uncle, Merchant, and Boy with a Torch.

Unc. 'Tis he. *Mer.* Good morrow. [luſty.
Val. Why, Sir, good morrow t' you too, and you're ſo
Unc. You've made your Brother a fine Man, we met him.
Val. I made him a fine Gentleman, he was
(66) A Fool before, brought up amongſt the Miſt
Of Small-Beer Brew-houſes; what would you have with me?
Mer. I come to tell y', your lateſt hour is come.
Val. Are you my Sentence?
Mer. Th' Sentence of your State.
Val. Let it be hang'd then, and be hang'd high enough, I may not ſee it. *Unc.* A gracious Reſolution.
Val. What would you have elſe with me, will you go drink,
And let the World ſlide, Uncle? Ha, ha, ha, Boys,
Drink Sack like Whey, Boys.
Mer. Have you no feeling, Sir?
Val. Come hither, Merchant: Make m' a Supper, thou
Moſt reverend Land-catcher, 'a Supper o' forty pounds.
Mer. What then, Sir?
Val. Then bring thy Wife along, and thy fair Siſters,

(66) —— *Amongſt the midſt of Small-Beer Brew-houſes,*] How much the ſlight Change I have made improves the Senſe, the Reader of Taſte will inſtantly ſee. He will probably wonder how any one could miſs it, and think it ſcarce deſerves a Note. But for my own part, I ſeveral times read o'er the Paſſage without ſeeing the Corruption, and am at laſt the Diſcoverer, tho' Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Sympſon* (whoſe Abilities no one will I believe doubt) had very accurately ſtudied the Play. The ſame thing has frequently happen'd to me with regard to their Emendations; and I doubt not but every ſenſible Reader will find out many more, which we have all three miſſed, as obvious and certain as this. What therefore I would often inculcate is, that the Reader ſhould not be too ſevere upon us for ſuch Overſights: Becauſe the ſame thing has happened to all Editors of Books which abound with ſuch numerous Corruptions as do our Authors Plays.

Thy Neighbours and their Wives, and all their Trinkets,
Let me have forty Trumpets, and such Wine,
We'll laugh at all the Miseries of Mortgage,
And then in state I'll render thee an Answer.

Mer. What say you t' this?

Unc. I dare not say, nor think neither. [Sir.

Mer. Will you redeem your State? speak to the point,

Val. No, not if it were mine Heir in the *Turks* Gallies.

Mer. Then I must take an order?

Val. Take a thousand,
I will not keep it, nor thou shalt not have it,
Because thou cam'st i'th' nick, thou shalt not have it,
Go take Possession, and be sure you hold it,
Hold fast wi' both Hands, for there b' those Hounds uncoupled,
Will ring you such a Knell; go down in Glory,
And march upon my Land, and cry, All's mine;
Cry as the Devil did, and be the Devil,
Mark what an Echo follows, build fine March-panes,
To entertain Sir Silk-worm and his Lady,
And pull the Chappel down, and raise a Chamber
For Mistress Silver-pin, to lay her Belly in,
Mark what an Earthquake comes. Then foolish Merchant,
My Tenants are no Subjects, they obey nothing,
And they are People too were never Christen'd,
(67) They know no Law nor Conscience, they'll devour thee,
An thou art mortal Staple; they'll confound thee
Within three Days; no Bit nor Memory
Of what thou wert, no not the Wart upon

(67) ——— *They'll devour thee; and*
Thou Mortal, the Stopple, they'll confound thee,] Out of this Abyss of Darkness I hope that I have retrieved both Sense and Measure, and I have the less doubt of it, as they mutually confirm each other. My Reading gives this Sense, They'll devour thee, if thou art made of mortal Stuff, or according to mortal Standard; it might perhaps be wrote *An thou art mortal, Staple*; calling the Merchant by that Name. Mr. *Sympson* had hit off the word *Staple* before he received my Note, and read,
Thou Mortal of the Staple; i. e. Thou Man of Merchandise. When different Readings are equally Sense, Conjecture cannot decide, which was the Original.

Thy

Thy Noſe there, ſhall be ever heard of more;
Go take Poſſeſſion,
And bring thy Children down, to roſt like Rabbets,
They love young Toaſts and Butter, *Bow-bell* Suckers;
As they love miſchief, and hate Law, they're Cannibals;
Bring down thy Kindred too, that be not fruitful,
There be thoſe Mandrakes that will mollifie 'em,
Go take Poſſeſſion. I'll go to my Chamber;
Afore Boy. [*Exit.*

Mer. He's mad ſure. *Unc.* He's half drunk, ſure:
And yet I like th' unwillingneſs to loſe it,
This looking back. *Mer.* Yes, if he did it handſomely,
But he's ſo harſh and ſtrange.

Unc. Believe it 'tis his Drink, Sir,
And I am glad his Drink has thruſt it out.

Mer. Cann'bals? if e'er I come to view his Regiment,
If fair Terms may be had. *Unc.* He tells you true, Sir,
They are a Bunch of the moſt boiſterous Raſcals
Diſorder ever made, let 'em be mad once,
The Pow'r of the whole Country can't cool 'em;
Be patient but a while. *Mer.* As long as you will, Sir,
Before I buy a bargain of ſuch Runts,
I'll buy a College for Bears, and live among 'em.

Enter Franciſco, Lance, *and Boy with a Torch.*

Fran. How doſt th' now?

Lance. Better than I was, and ſtraighter,
But m' Head's a Hogſhead ſtill, it rowls and tumbles.

Fran. Thou'rt cruelly paid.

Lance. I may live to requite it,
To put a Snaffle of Sack i'm' Mouth and then ride me
Very well. [now,

Fran. 'Twas all but Sport, I'll tell thee what I mean
I mean to ſee this Wench.

Lance. Where a Devil is ſhe?
And there were two, 'twere better.

Fran. Doſt thou hear
The Bell ring? *Lance.* Yes, yes.

Fran. Then ſhe comes to Pray'rs,

Early each Morning thither: Now if I
Cou'd but meet her, now I'm another mettle.

Enter Iſabel, *and* Shorthoſe *with a Torch.*

Lance. What light's yon? [her.
Fran. Ha, 'tis a light, take her by the Hand and court
Lance. Take her below the Girdle, you'll ne'er ſpeed elſe,
It comes on this way ſtill, oh that I had
But ſuch an Opportunity in a Saw-pit,
How it comes on, comes on! 'tis here.
Fran. 'Tis ſhe:
Fortune, I kiſs thy Hand — Good morrow, Lady.
Iſab. What voice is that, Sirra, do you ſleep
As you go? 'tis he, I'm glad on't. Why, *Shorthoſe?*
Short. Yes, forſooth, I was dreamt, I w's going to
Lance. She ſees you 's plain as I do. [Church.
Iſab. Hold the Torch up.
Short. Here's nothing but a Stall, and a Butchers Dog aſleep in't,
Where did you ſee the Voice?
Fran. She looks ſtill angry.
Lance. To her, and meet, Sir. *Iſab.* Here, here.
Fran. Yes, Lady,
Ne'er bleſs your ſelf, I am but a Man,
And like an honeſt Man, now I will thank you ——
Iſab. What do you mean, who ſent for y', who deſir'd you?
Short. Shall I put out the Torch, Forſooth?
Iſab. Can I
Not go about my private Meditations
But ſuch Companions as you muſt ruffle me?
You'd beſt go with me, Sir? *Fran.* It was my purpoſe.
Iſab. Why, what an Impudence is this! you'd beſt,
Being ſo near the Church, provide a Prieſt,
And perſwade me to Marry you.
Fran. 'Twas my meaning,
And ſuch a Husband, ſ' loving, and ſo careful,
My Youth, and all my Fortunes ſhall arrive at ——
Hark you?

Iſab.

Isab. 'Tis ſtrange you ſhou'd be thus unmannerly,
Turn home again, Sirra; you'd beſt now force
My Man to lead your way.
Lance. Yes, marry ſhall he, Lady,
Forward my Friend. *Isab.* This is a pretty Riot,
It may grow to a Rape. *Fran.* D' you like that better?
I can raviſh you an hundred times, and never hurt you.
Short. I can ſee nothing, I am aſleep ſtill,
When you have done tell me, and then I'll wake, Miſtreſs.
Isab. Are you in earneſt, Sir, do you long to be hang'd?
Fran. Yes, by my troth, Lady, in theſe fair Treſſes.
Isab. Shall I call out for help?
Fran. No by no means,
That were a weak trick, Lady,
I'll kiſs, and ſtop your Mouth.
Isab. You'll anſwer all theſe?
Fran. A thouſand Kiſſes more.
Isab. I was ne'er abus'd thus,
You'd beſt give out too, that you found me willing,
And ſay I doted on you? *Fran.* That's known already,
And no Man living ſhall now carry you from me.
Isab. This is fine i'faith.
Fran. It ſhall be ten times finer.
Isab. Well, ſeeing you're ſo valiant, keep your way,
I will to Church. *Fran.* And I'll wait upon you.
Isab. And 'tis moſt likely that there is a Prieſt.
If you dare venture as you now profeſs,
I'd wiſh you look about you tho', to do
Theſe rude Tricks, for you know the Recompences,
And truſt not to my Mercy. *Fran.* But I will, Lady.
Isab. For I'll ſo handle you.
Fran. That's it I look for.
Lance. Afore, thou Dream. *Short.* Have you done?
Isab. Go on;
Sir, follow if you dare. *Fran.* If I don't, hang me.
Lance. 'Tis all thine own, Boy, an it were a Million,
God a Mercy Sack, when wou'd Small-Beer have done this? [*Exeunt.*

Knocking within. *Enter* Valentine.

Val. Who's that that knocks and bounces, what a Devil
Ails you, is Hell broke looſe, or do you keep
An Iron Mill?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. 'Tis a Gentlewoman, Sir,
That muſt needs ſpeak with you. *Val.* A Gentlewoman?
What Gentlewoman, what have I to do with Gentlewomen?

Serv. She'll not be anſwer'd, Sir.

Val. Fling up the Bed
And let her in, I'll try how gentle ſhe is—[*Exit Servant.*
(68) This Sack has fill'd my Head ſo full of Babels,
I'm almoſt mad; what Gentlewoman ſhould this be?
I hope ſh'as brought no butter Print along with her
To lay to my Charge, if ſhe have I'll forſwear it.

Enter Widow and Servant.

Wid. O you're a noble Gallant, ſend off your Servant pray. [*Exit Servant.*

Val. She will not raviſh me? by this light ſhe looks
As ſharp ſet 's 'Sparrow-hawk; what wou'dſt thou, Woman?

Wid. O you have us'd me kindly, and like a Gentleman,
This is to truſt t' you. *Val.* Truſt to me, for what?

Wid. Becauſe I ſaid in Jeſt once, that you were
A handſom Man, and one I could like well,
And fooling, made you to believe I lov'd you,
And might be brought to marry.

Val. Th' Widow's drunk too.

Wid. You out of this, which is a fine Diſcretion,
Give out the matter's done, you've won and wed me,
And that you have put fairly for an Heir too,
Theſe are fine Rumours to advance my Credit:
I'th' name of miſchief what d' you mean?

Val. That you lov'd me,

(68) —— *Bables*] Former Editions.

And

And that you might be brought to marry me?
Why, what do you mean, Widow?
Wid. 'Twas a fine trick too,
To tell the World that though you had enjoy'd
Your firſt Wiſh which you wiſh'd, the Wealth you aim'd at,
That I was poor, which is moſt true, I am,
Have ſold my Lands,
Becauſe I love not thoſe Vexations,
Yet for mine Honour's ſake, if y' muſt be prating,
And for my Credit ſake i'th' Town.
Val. I tell thee, Widow,
I like thee ten times better, now thou'ſt no Lands,
For now thy hopes and cares lye on thy Husband,
If e'er thou marry'ſt more.
Wid. Have not you married me,
And for this main cauſe, now as you report it,
To be your Nurſe?
Val. My Nurſe? why, what am I grown,
Give me the Glaſs; my Nurſe?
Wid. You ne'er ſaid truer,
I muſt confeſs I did a little favour you,
And with ſome labour might have been perſwaded,
But when I found I muſt be hourly troubled,
With making Broths, and dawbing your Decays
With Swadling, and with ſtitching up your Ruins,
For the World ſo reports. *Val.* Do not provoke me.
Wid. And half an Eye may ſee.
Val. Do not provoke me,
The World's a lying World, and thou ſhalt find it,
Have a good Heart, and take a ſtrong Faith to thee,
And mark what follows, m' Nurſe, yes, you ſhall rock me:
Widow, I'll keep you waking.
Wid. You're diſpos'd, Sir.
Val. Yes marry am I, Widow, and you'll feel it,
Nay and they touch my freehold, I am a Tiger.
Wid. I think ſo.
Val. Come.
Wid. Whither?
Val. Any whither. [*Sings.*

The

The Fit's upon me now, the Fit's upon me now,
Come quickly, gentle Lady, the Fit's upon me now,
The World shall know they're Fools,
And so shalt thou do too,
Let the Cobler meddle with his Tools,
The Fit's upon me now.

Come take me quickly, while I'm in this vein,
Away with me, for if I have but two hours t' consider,
All th' Widows i'th' World cannot recover me.
Wid. If you'll go with me, Sir.
Val. Yes, marry, will I,
But 'tis in anger yet, and I will marry thee,
Don't cross me, yes, and I will lie with thee,
And get a whole bundle o' Babies, and I'll kiss thee;
Stand still and kiss me handsomely, but don't provoke me,
Stir neither Hand nor Foot, for I am dangerous,
I drunk Sack Yesternight, don't allure me:
Thou art no Widow of this World, come i' Pity,
And i' spite I'll marry thee, not a word more,
And then I may be brought to love thee, Widow.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Merchant, and Uncle, at several Doors.

Mer. Well met again, and what good news yet?
Unc. Faith nothing.
Mer. No Fruits of what we sowed?
Unc. Nothing I hear of.
Mer. No turning in this tide yet?
Unc. 'Tis all flood,
And 'till that fall away, there's no expecting.

Enter Francisco, Isabella, Lance, Shorthose, *a Torch.*

Mer. Is not this 's younger Brother?
Unc. With a Gentlewoman
The Widow's Sister, as I live he smiles,
He's got good hold; why well said *Frank* i'faith,
Let's stay and mark.
Isab. Well, you're the prettiest Youth,
And so you've handled me, think you have me sure.
Fran.

Fran. As ſure as Wedlock.
Iſab. You'd beſt lye with me too.
Fran. Yes, indeed will I, and get ſuch black-ey'd Boys.
Unc. God a Mercy, *Frank.*
Iſab. This is a merry World, poor ſimple Gentlewomen
That think no harm, can't walk about their Buſineſs,
But they muſt be catcht up I know not how.
Fran. I'll tell you, and I will inſtruct ye too,
Ha' I caught you, Miſtreſs?
Iſab. Well, and 'twere not for
Pure Pity, I would give you the ſlip yet,
But being as it is. *Fran.* It ſhall be better.

Enter Valentine, *Widow, and* Ralph, *with a Torch.*

Iſab. My Siſter, as I live, your Brother with her!
I think you're the King's Takers. *Unc.* Now it works.
Val. Nay, you ſhall know I am a Man.
Wid. I think ſo.
Val. And ſuch proof you ſhall have.
Wid. I pray, ſpeak ſoftly.
Val. I'll ſpeak 't out, Widow, yes, and y' ſhall confeſs too,
I am no Nurſe-child, I went for a Man,
A good one, if y'can beat me out o'th' pit:
Wid. I did but Jeſt with you. *Val.* I'll handle you,
In earneſt, and ſo handle you: Nay, when
My Credit calls. *Wid.* Are y' mad.
Val. I am mad, I am mad.
Fran. Good morrow, Sir, I like your Preparation.
Val. Thou haſt been at it, *Frank.*
Fran. Yes, faith, 'tis done, Sir.
Val. Along with me then, never hang an Arſe, Widow.
Iſab. 'Tis to no purpoſe, Siſter.
Val. Well ſaid, Black-brows,
Advance your Torches, Gentlemen.
Unc. Yes, yes, Sir.
Val. And keep your Ranks.
Mer. Lance, carry this before him.
Unc. And carry it in State.

Enter

Enter Muſicians, Fountain, Hairbrain, Bellamore.

Val. What're you, Muſicians?
(69) I know you, come you in, and what are thoſe
Behind you? *Muſi.* Gentlemen that ſent us, Sir,
To give the Lady a good Morrow. *Val.* O
I know them, come, Boy, ſing the Song I taught you,
And ſing it luſtily; come forward, Gentlemen,
You're welcome, now we're Friends, go get th' Prieſt ready,
And let him not be long, we have much buſineſs:
Come, *Frank*, rejoyce with me, thou'ſt got the ſtart, Boy,
But I'll ſo tumble after; come, my Friends, lead,
Lead cheerfully, and let your Fiddles ring, Boys,
My Follies and my Fancies have an end here,
Diſplay the Mortagage, *Lance*, Merchant I'll pay you,
And every thing ſhall be in joynt again.
Unc. Afore, afore.
Val. And now confeſs and know,
Wit without Mony, ſometimes gives the Blow.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

(69) *I know you coming*,] Beſide the obſcurity of this Expreſſion, which I take to have been a meer typographical Error, [*coming* for *come in*] a Syllable is wanting to the Meaſure, which I have taken the Liberty to ſupply, believing either [*you*] or ſome other Monoſyllable as indifferent to the Senſe has been dropt. One may eaſily believe, that ſuch Miſtakes may have frequently happened in a Play, where there have been viſibly ſuch numerous Corruptions, and where the Meaſure was ſo ſhockingly diſregarded, that not twenty Lines in the whole were deſignedly printed as ſuch, in any former Edition. This I hope I have generally reſtored; and that by the aſſiſtance of Mr. *Sympſon* and Mr. *Theobald*'s Margin, I have retrieved many Paſſages which were corrupted. I am far from preſuming that all our Conjectures are right; or that ſeveral Blunders are not ſtill left untouched.

BEGGARS BUSH.

A

COMEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

WOLFORT, *an Uſurper of the Earldom of* Flanders.
Gerrard, *falſely called* Clauſe, *King of the Beggars, Father-in-Law to* Florez.
Hubert, *an honeſt Lord, a Friend to* Gerrard.
Florez, *falſely called* Goſwin, *a rich Merchant of* Bruges.
Hempskirke, *a Captain under* Wolfort.
Herman, *a Courtier*, } *Inhabitants of* Flanders.
A Merchant, }
Vandunke, *a drunken Merchant friend to* Gerrard, *falſely called Father to* Bertha.
Vanlock, *and* } *of* Bruges.
4 Merchants, }
Higgen, }
Prigg, } *Three Knaviſh Beggars.*
Snapp, }
Ferret, } *Two Gentlemen diſguiſed under thoſe*
Ginkes, } *Names, of* Gerrard's *Party.*
Clown.
Boors.
Servants.
Guard.
A Sailor.

WOMEN.

Jaculin, *Daughter to* Gerrard, *belov'd of* Hubert.
Bertha, *called* Gertrude, *Daughter to the Duke of* Brabant, *Miſtreſs to* Florez.
Margaret, *Wife to* Vandunke.
Mrs. Frances, *a Frow, Daughter to* Vanlock.

SCENE *FLANDERS.*

BEGGARS

BEGGARS BUSH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter a Merchant *and* Harman.

MERCHANT.

IS he then taken?
Her. And brought back ev'n now, Sir.
Mer. He was not in disgrace?
Her. No Man more lov'd,
Nor more deserv'd it, being the only Man
That durst be honest in this Court.
Mer. Indeed
We've heard abroad, Sir, that the State hath suffer'd
A great change, since the Countess's Death.
Her. It hath, Sir.
Mer. My five years absence hath kept me a Stranger
So much to all th' Occurrents of my Country,
As you shall bind me for some short Relation
To make me understand the present Times.
Her. I must begin then with a War was made,
And sev'n Years with all cruelty continued,
Upon our *Flanders* by the Duke of *Brabant*,
The cause grew thus, during our Earl's Minority,
Wolfort, who now usurps, was employ'd thither,
To treat about a Match between our Earl and
Th' Daughter and Heir of *Brabant*: During which Treaty
The *Brabander* pretends, this Daughter was

Stoln

Stoln from his Court, by practice of our State,
Though we are all confirm'd, 'twas a ſought Quarrel
To lay an unjuſt gripe upon this Earldom,
It being here believ'd the Duke of *Brabant*
Had no ſuch loſs. This War upon't proclaim'd,
Our Earl, being then a Child, although his Father
Good *Gerrard* liv'd, yet in reſpect he was
Chos'n by th' Counteſs's favour for her Husband,
And but a Gentleman, and *Florez* holding
His Right unto this Country from his Mother,
The State thought fit in this defenſive War,
Wolfort being then the only Man of mark,
To make him General.

Mer. Which place we've heard
He did diſcharge with Honour.

Her. Ay, ſo long,
And with ſo bleſt Succeſſes, that the *Brabander*
Was forc'd (his Treaſures waſted, and the choice
Of his beſt Men of Arms tyr'd, or cut off)
To leave the Field, and ſound a baſe Retreat
Back to his Country: But ſo broken both
In Mind and Means, e'er to make head again,
That hitherto he ſits down by his loſs.
Nor daring, or for Honour, or Revenge,
Again to tempt his Fortune. But this Victory
More broke our State, and made a deeper hurt
In *Flanders*, than the greateſt Overthrow
She e'er receiv'd: For *Wolfort*, now beholding
Himſelf, and Actions, in the flattering Glaſs
Of Self-deſervings, and that cheriſh'd by
The ſtrong aſſurance of his Pow'r, for then
All Captains of the Army were his Creatures,
The common Soldier too at his Devotion,
Made ſo by full indulgence to their Rapines,
And ſecret Bounties; this Strength too well known,
And what it cou'd effect, ſoon put in practice,
As further'd by the Child-hood of the Earl,
And their improvidence, that might have pierc'd
The heart of his Deſigns, gave him occaſion
To ſeize the whole, and in that plight you find it.

Mer.

Mer. Sir, I receive the knowledge of thus much,
As a choice favour from you.
Her. Only I muſt add,
Bruges holds out.
Mer. Whither, Sir, I am going.
For there laſt Night I had a Ship put in,
And my Horſe waits me.
Her. I wiſh you a good Journey. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Wolfort, Hubert, *&c.*

Wol. What? *Hubert* ſtealing from me? Who diſarm'd him?
'Twas more than I commanded; take your Sword,
I am beſt guarded with it in your Hand,
I've ſeen you uſe it nobly.
Hub. And will turn it
On my own Boſom, ere it ſhall be drawn
Unworthily or rudely.
Wol. Wou'd you leave me
Without a farewel, *Hubert?* Flie a Friend
Unwearied in his ſtudy to advance you?
What have I e'er poſſeſs'd which was not yours?
Or either did not court you to command it?
Who ever yet arriv'd to any Grace,
Reward or Truſt from me, but his Approaches
Were by your fair Reports of him prefer'd?
And what is more, I made my ſelf your Servant,
In making you the Maſter of thoſe Secrets
Which not the rack of Conſcience cou'd draw from me,
Nor I, when I askt Mercy, truſt my Prayers with;
Yet after theſe aſſurances of Love,
Theſe tyes and bonds of Friendſhip, to forſake me?
Forſake me as an En'my? Come, you muſt
Give me a Reaſon.
Hub. Sir, and ſo I will,
If I may do't in private; and you hear it.
Wol. All leave the Room: You have your Will, ſit down
And uſe the liberty of our firſt Friendſhip.
Hub. Friendſhip? When you prov'd Traitor firſt, that vaniſh'd.

Nor do I owe you any thought but hate,
I know my flight hath forfeited my Head;
And ſo I may make you firſt underſtand
What a ſtrange Monſter you have made your ſelf;
I welcome it.

Wol. To me this is ſtrange Language.

Hub. To you? Why what are you?

Wol. Your Prince and Maſter,
The Earl of *Flanders*.

Hub. By a proper Title!
Rais'd to't by Cunning, Circumvention, Force,
Blood, and Proſcriptions.

Wol. And in all this Wiſdom,
Had I not Reaſon? When by *Gerrard*'s Plots
I ſhou'd have firſt been call'd t' a ſtrict Accompt
How, and which way I had conſum'd that maſs
Of Mony, as they term it, in the War,
Who underhand had by his Miniſters
Detracted my great Actions, made my Faith
And Loyalty ſuſpected, in which failing
He ſought my Life by Practice.

Hub. With what Fore-head
Do you ſpeak this to me? Who, as I know't,
Muſt, and will ſay 'tis falſe.

Wol. My Guard there.

Hub. Sir,
You bad me ſit, and promis'd you would hear,
Which I now ſay you ſhall; not a ſound more,
For I that am Contemner of mine own,
Am Maſter of your Life; then here's a Sword
Between you, and all aids, Sir: though you blind
The credulous Beaſt, the Multitude, you paſs not
Theſe groſs Untruths on me.

Wol. How? Groſs Untruths?

Hub. Ay, and it is a favourable Language,
They had been in a mean Man Lies, and foul ones.

Wol. You take ſtrange Licence.

Hub. Yes, were not thoſe Rumours
Of being call'd unto your Anſwer, ſpread
By your own Followers? And weak *Gerrard* wrought,

But

But by your cunning practice, to believe
That you were dangerous; yet not to be
Puniſh'd by any formal courſe of Law,
But firſt to be made ſure, and have your Crimes
Laid open after, which your quaint Train taking,
You fled unto the Camp, and there crav'd humbly
Protection for your innocent Life, and that,
Since you had ſcap'd the fury of the War,
You might not fall by Treaſon: And for proof,
You did not for your own ends make this danger;
Some that had been before by you ſuborn'd,
Came forth and took their Oaths they had been hir'd
By *Gerrard* to your Murther. This once heard,
And eaſily believ'd, th' inraged Soldier
Seeing no further than the outward Man,
Snatch'd haſtily his Arms, ran to the Court,
Kill'd all that made reſiſtance, cut in pieces
Such as were Servants, or thought Friends to *Gerrard*,
And vow'd the like to him. *Wol.* Will you yet end?

Hub. Which he foreſeeing, with his Son, the Earl,
Forſook the City; and by ſecret ways,
As you give out, and we would gladly have it,
Eſcap'd their Fury: Though 'tis more than fear'd
They fell among the reſt: Nor ſtand you there
To let us only mourn the impious means
By which you got it, but your Cruelties ſince
So far tranſcend your former bloody Ills,
As if compar'd, they only wou'd appear
Eſſays of Miſchief; do not ſtop your Ears,
More are behind yet.

Wol. O repeat them not,
'Tis Hell to hear them nam'd.

Hub. You ſhould have thought,
That Hell would be your Puniſhment when you did them,
A Prince in nothing but your Princely Luſts,
And boundleſs Rapines.

Wol. No more, I beſeech you.

Hub. Who was the Lord of Houſe or Land, that ſtood
Within the proſpect of your covetous Eye?

Wol. You are in this to me a greater Tyrant,
Than e'er I was to any.
Hub. I end thus
The general Grief. Now to my private wrong;
The loſs of *Gerrard*'s Daughter *Jaculin:*
The hop'd-for Partner of my lawful Bed,
Your Cruelty hath frighted from mine Arms;
And her I now was wandring to recover.
Think you that I had reaſon now to leave you,
When you are grown ſo juſtly odious,
That ev'n my ſtay here, with your Grace and Favour,
(1) Makes my Life irkſome? Here, Sir, freely take it,
And do me but this Fruit of all your Friendſhip,
That I may die by you, and not your Hang-man.
Wol. Oh *Hubert*, theſe your Words and Reaſons have
As well drawn drops of Blood from my griev'd Heart,
As theſe Tears from mine Eyes; Deſpiſe them not.
By all that's ſacred, I am ſerious, *Hubert*,
You now have made me ſenſible, what Furies,
Whips, Hangmen, and Tormentors, a bad Man
Do's ever bear about him: Let the good
That you this Day have done be ever number'd
The firſt of your beſt Actions. Can you think,
Where *Goſwin* is, or *Gerrard*, or your Love,
Or any elſe, or all that are proſcrib'd?
I will reſign, what I Uſurp, or have
Unjuſtly forc'd; the Days I have to live
Are too too few to make them Satisfaction
With any Penitence: Yet I vow to practiſe
All of a Man.
Hub. O that your Heart and Tongue

(1) *Here* ſurely *take it,*] This Adverb does not look like a genuine one; it may indeed be underſtood, but not without ſtraining it from its uſual meaning. But what weighs moſt with me is that a Syllable is loſt in the Verſe, which I ſuppoſe to be the firſt of the Adverb *freely*, and then it would ſtand in the Manuſcript *Sirely*; which the Printer would naturally make *ſurely*. Mr. *Sympſon* has ſince ſent me his Reading, *ſecurely*. This had occurr'd to me, but when compar'd with the former, it appeared not quite ſo natural to the Context.

Did

Did not now differ!

Wol. By my Griefs they do not.
Take the good Pains to ſearch them out: 'Tis worth it.
You have made clean a Leper: Truſt me, you have,
And made me once more fit for the Society,
I hope, of good Men.

Hub. Sir, do not abuſe
My aptneſs to believe.

Wol. Suſpect not you
A Faith that's built upon ſo true a Sorrow:
Make your own Safeties; ask thee all the ties
Humanity can give, *Hempskirke* too ſhall
Along with you to this ſo wiſh'd diſcov'ry,
And in my Name profeſs all that you promiſe;
And I will give you this help to't: I have
Of late receiv'd certain Intelligence,
That ſome of them are in or about *Bruges*
To be found out: Which I did then interpret,
The cauſe of that Town's ſtanding out againſt me;
But now am glad, it may direct your purpoſe
Of giving them their Safety, and me Peace.

(2) *Hub.* Be conſtant to your Goodneſs, and you'll have it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter three Merchants.

1 *Mer.* 'Tis much that you deliver of this *Goſwin.*

2 *Mer.* But ſhort of what I cou'd, yet have the Country
(3) Confirm it true, and by a general Oath,

(2) —— You *have it.*] Former Edit.

(3) ——— *Yet have the Country*
Confirm'd it true, and by a general Oath,
And not a Man hazard his Credit in it.] This is not Grammar, nor, if it were, could it be ſuppoſed that the whole Country had really taken an Oath to the Truth of this Account. The Miſtake aroſe from the Editors taking *have* for the Sign of the Perfect Tenſe; whereas it is here not the auxiliary but an active Verb. *I could have the whole Country to confirm what I ſay.*

And not a Man hazard his Credit in it:
He bears himſelf with ſuch a Confidence
As if he were the Maſter of the Sea,
And not a Wind, upon the Sailors Compaſs,
But from one part or other was his Factor,
To bring him in the beſt Commodities
Merchant e'er ventur'd for.

1 *Mer.* 'Tis ſtrange.

2 *Mer.* And yet
This do's in him deſerve the leaſt of wonder,
Compar'd with other his peculiar Faſhions,
Which all admire: He's Young, and Rich, at leaſt
Thus far reputed ſo, that ſince he liv'd
In *Bruges*, there was never brought to Harbour
So rich a Bottom, but his Bill wou'd paſs
Unqueſtion'd for her Lading.

3 *Mer.* Yet he ſtill
Continues a good Man.

2 *Mer.* So good, that but
To doubt him, wou'd be held an Injury
Or rather Malice, with the beſt that Traffick;
But this is nothing, a great Stock, and Fortune,
Crowning his Judgment in his Undertakings
May keep him upright that way: But that Wealth
Shou'd want the Pow'r to make him dote on it,
Or Youth teach him to wrong it, beſt commends
His conſtant Temper; for his outward Habit,
'Tis ſuited to his preſent courſe of Life:
His Table furniſh'd well, but not with Dainties
That pleaſe the Appetite only for their rareneſs,
Or their dear Price: Not giv'n to Wine or Women,
Beyond his Health, or warrant of a Man,
I mean a good one; And ſo loves his State
He will not hazard it at Play; nor lend
Upon the aſſurance of a well-pen'd Letter,
Although a Challenge ſecond the Denial,
From ſuch as make th' opinion of their Valour
Their means of Feeding.

1 *Mer.* Theſe are ways to thrive,

(4) And yet the means not curs'd. What follows?
2 *Mer.* This
Makes many Venturers with him, in their Wiſhes,
For his Proſperity: For when Deſert
Or Reaſon leads him to be liberal,
His noble Mind and ready Hand contend
Which can add moſt to his free Courteſies,
Or in their Worth, or ſpeed to make them ſo.
Is there a Virgin of good Fame wants Dower?
He is a Father to her; or a Soldier
That in his Country's Service, from the War
Hath brought home only Scars, and Want? His Houſe
Receives him, and relieves him, with that care
As if what he poſſeſs'd had been laid up
For ſuch good uſes, and he Steward of it.
But I ſhould loſe my ſelf to ſpeak him further
And ſtale, in my Relation, the much good
You may be witneſs of, if your remove
From *Bruges* be not ſpeedy.
1 *Mer.* This Report,
I do aſſure you, will not haſten it,
Nor wou'd I wiſh a better Man to deal with
For what I am to part with.
3 *Mer.* Never doubt it,
He is your Man and ours, only I wiſh
His too much forwardneſs t' embrace all Bargains
Sink him not in the end.
2 *Mer.* Have better hopes,
For my part I am confident; here h' comes.

Enter Goſwin, *and the fourth* Merchant.

Goſ. I take it at your own rates, your Wine of *Cyprus*;
But for your *Candy* Sugars, they have met
With ſuch foul Weather, and are priz'd ſo high,
I cannot ſave in them.
4 *Mer.* I am unwilling

(4) 2 Mer. *What follows, this*
Makes] Laſt Edition. — *What follows this.*] Old Folio. The attempt to amend the firſt Reading by the Addition of a Comma does not ſeem ſufficient. I hope I have more effectually corrected it.

To ſeek another Chapman: Make me offer
Of ſomething near the Price, that may aſſure me
You can deal for them.

Gof. I both can, and will,
But not with too much loſs; your Bill of Lading
Speaks of two hundred Cheſts, valued by you
At thirty thouſand Gilders, I will have them
At twenty eight; ſo, in the payment of
Three thouſand Sterling, you fall only in
Two hundred pound.

4 *Mer.* You know, they are ſo cheap ——

Gof. Why look you, I'll deal fairly; there's in Priſon,
And at your ſuit, a Pirate, but unable
To make you Satisfaction, and paſt hope
To live a Week, if you ſhou'd proſecute
What you can prove againſt him: Set him free,
And you ſhall have your Mony to a Stiver,
And preſent Payment.

4 *Mer.* This is above wonder,
A Merchant of your Rank, that have at Sea
So many Bottoms in the danger of
Theſe Water-Thieves, ſhou'd be a means to ſave 'em;
It more importing you for your own ſafety,
To be at charge to ſcour the Sea of them
Than ſtay the Sword of Juſtice, that is ready
To fall on one ſo conſcious of his Guilt
That he dares not deny it.

Gof. You miſtake me,
If you think I wou'd cheriſh in this Captain
The wrong he did to you, or any Man;
I w's lately with him, (having firſt, from others
True Teſtimony, been aſſur'd a Man
Of more deſert never put from the Shore)
I read his Letters o' Mart from this State granted
For the recov'ry of ſuch Loſſes, as
He had receiv'd in *Spain*, 'twas that he aim'd at,
Not at three Tuns of Wine, Biſket, or Beef,
Which his Neceſſity made him take from you.
If he had pillag'd you near, or ſunk your Ship,
Or thrown your Men o'er-board, then he deſerv'd

The

The Laws extreameſt Rigour. But ſince want
Of what he cou'd not live without, compell'd him
To that he did (which yet our State calls Death)
I pity his Misfortunes, and to work you
To ſome Compaſſion of them, I come up
To your own Price: Save him, the Goods are mine;
If not, ſeek elſe-where, I'll not deal for them.

4 *Mer.* Well, Sir, for your Love, I will once be led
To change my Purpoſe.

Goſ. For your Profit rather.

4 *Mer.* I'll preſently make means for his Diſcharge,
Till when, I leave you.

2 *Mer.* What do you think of this?

1 *Mer.* As of a deed of noble Pity, guided
By a ſtrong Judgment.

2 *Mer.* Save you, Maſter *Goſwin.*

Goſ. Good Day to all.

2 *Mer.* We bring you the refuſal
Of more Commodities.

Goſ. Are you the Owners
O' the Ship that laſt Night put into the Harbour?

1 *Mer.* Both of the Ship, and Lading.

Goſ. What's the Fraight?

1 *Mer. Indico, Cochineel,* choice *Chyna* Stuffs.

3 *Mer.* And Cloth of Gold, brought from *Cambal.*

Goſ. Rich Lading.
For which I were your Chapman, but I am
Already out of Caſh.

1 *Mer.* I'll give you Day
For the moiety of all.

Goſ. How long?

3 *Mer.* Six Months.

Goſ. 'Tis a fair Offer; which, if we agree
About the Prices, I, with thanks, accept of,
And will make preſent Payment of the reſt;
Some two hours hence I'll come aboard.

1 *Mer.* The Gunner
Shall ſpeak you welcome.

Goſ. I'll not fail.

3 *Mer.* Good Morrow. [*Exeunt Merchants.*

Goſ.

Goſ. Heav'n grant my Ships a ſafe Return, before
The Day of this great Payment: As they are
Expected three Months ſooner; and my Credit
Stands good with all the World.

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. Bleſs my good Maſter,
The Prayers of your poor Beadſ-man ever ſhall
Be ſent up for you.
Goſ. God o'mercy *Clauſe*,
There's ſomething to put thee in mind hereafter
To think of me.
Ger. May he that gave it you,
Reward you for it, with encreaſe, good Maſter.
Goſ. I thrive the better for thy Pray'rs.
Ger. I hope ſo.
Theſe three Years have I fed upon your Bounties,
And by the Fire of your bleſt Charity warm'd me,
And yet, good Maſter, pardon me, that muſt,
Though I have now receiv'd your Alms, preſume
To make one ſute more to you.
Goſ. What is't, *Clauſe?*
Ger. Yet do not think me Impudent I beſeech you,
Since hitherto your Charity hath prevented
My Begging your relief, 'tis not for Mony
Nor Cloaths, good Maſter, but your good Word for me.
Goſ. That thou ſhalt have, *Clauſe*, for I think thee honeſt.
Ger. To Morrow then, dear Maſter, take the trouble
Of walking early unto *Beggars Buſh*;
And as you ſee me, among others, Brethren
In my Affliction, when you are demanded
Which you like beſt among us, point out me,
And then paſs by, as if you knew me not.
Goſ. But what will that advantage thee?
Ger. O much, Sir.
'Twill give me the preheminence of the reſt,
Make me a King among 'em, and protect me
From all abuſe, ſuch as are ſtronger, might
Offer my Age; Sir, at your better leiſure

I will inform you further of the good
It may do to me.
Gof. 'Troth thou mak'ſt me wonder;
Have you a King and Common-wealth among you?
Ger. We have, and there are States are govern'd worſe.
Gof. Ambition among Beggars?
Ger. Many great ones
Wou'd part with half their States, to have the Place,
And Credit, to beg in the firſt File, Maſter:
But ſhall I be ſo much bound to your Furtherance
In my Petition?
Gof. That thou ſhalt not miſs of,
Nor any worldly Care make me forget it,
I will be early there.
Ger. Heav'n bleſs my Maſter. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Higgen, Ferret, Prigg, Clauſe, Jaculin, Snap, Ginks, *and other Beggars.*

Hig. COME Princes of the Ragged Regiment,
You o' the Blood, *Prigg*, my moſt upright Lord,
And theſe, what Name or Title, e'er they bear,
1 *Jarkman*, or 2 *Patrico*, 3 *Cranke*, or 4 *Clapperdudgeon*,
5 *Frater*, or 6 *Abram-man*; I ſpeak to all
That ſtand in fair Election for the Title
Of King of *Beggars*, with the Command adjoyning,
Higgen, your Orator, in this Inter-regnum,
That whilom was your 7 Dommerer, doth beſeech you
All to ſtand fair, and put your ſelves in Rank,
That the firſt Comer, may at his firſt View

Mr. *Theobald* has given us in his Margin an Explanation of all the Cant Terms. 1. One who makes Counterfeit Licences, or Paſſes. 2. Stroling Prieſts that marry under a Hedge. 3. A genteel Impoſtor, appearing in divers Shapes. 4 A Beggar born and bred. 5. Such as beg with Sham Patents. 6. Beggars pretending to be Mad. 7. Pretending to have his Tongue cut out.

Make

(5) Make a free choice, to ſave us further Queſtion.
Fer. Prigg. 'Tis done, Lord *Higgen.*
Hig. Thanks to Prince *Prigg*, Prince *Ferret.*
Fer. Well, pray my Maſters all, *Ferret* be choſen,
Y'are like to have a merciful mild Prince of me.
Prigg. A very Tyrant, I, an arrant Tyrant,
If e'er I come to Reign; therefore look to't.
Except you do provide me 8 Hum enough
And 9 Lour to 10 Bouze with: I muſt have my Capons
And Turkeys brought me in, with my green Geeſe,
And Ducklings i'th' Seaſon: Fine fat Chickens,
Or if you chance where an Eye of tame Pheſants
Or Partridges are kept, ſee they be mine,
Or ſtraight I ſeize on all your Privilege,
Places, Revenues, Offices, as forfeit,
Call in your Crutches, wooden Legs, falſe Bellies,
(6) Forc'd Eyes and Tongues, with your dead Arms; not leave you
A dirty Clout to Beg with on your Heads,
Or an old Rag with Butter, Frankincenſe,
Brimſton and Rozen, Birdlime, Blood, and Cream,
To make you an old Sore; not ſo much Soap
As you may ſome with i'th' Falling-ſickneſs;
The very Bag you bear, and the brown Diſh
Shall be eſcheated. All your daintieſt 11 Dells too
I will deflower, and take your deareſt 12 Doxyes

8. Strong Liquor. 9. Mony. 10. Drink. 11. Young Wenches undebauch'd. 12. Strumpets.

(5) —— *To ſay up the Queſtion.*] Unleſs this be a cant Expreſſion it does not ſeem to be Senſe; and what more confirms me in believing it a Corruption, is the want of a Syllable to the Verſe. I hope that I've retrieved the Original, for my Reading is very near the trace of the Letters, tho' I alter three Words, and the Context plainly ſhews it to be the Senſe intended. Mr. *Sympſon* has ſent me a Conjecture much to the ſame Effect, *viz.* What ſay you? put the Queſtion.

(6) *Forc'd Eyes and Teeth,*] By forc'd Eyes I ſuppoſe are meant, Eyes ſo diſtorted as to ſhew only the White, ſo that the Perſon appears blind; but what *forc'd Teeth* can mean, I cannot conceive; it is ſaid to be common with Beggars to force their Tongues into their Throats, ſo that they ſhall appear to be cut off. I think therefore my Conjecture highly probable.

From

From your warm Sides; and then ſome one cold Night
I'll watch you what old Barn you go to rooſt in,
And there I'll ſmother you all i'th' muſty Hay.
Hig. This's Tyrant-like indeed: But what would *Ginks*,
Or *Clauſe* be here, if either of them ſhould Reign?
Cla. Beſt ask an Aſs, if he were made a Camel,
What he wou'd be; or a Dog, and he were a Lyon.
Ginks. I care not what you are, Sirs, I ſhall be
(7) A Beggar ſtill I'm ſure, I find my ſelf there.

Enter Goſwin.

Snap. O here a Judge comes.
Hig. Cry, a Judge, a Judge.
Goſ. What ail you, Sirs? what means this Outcry?
Hig. Maſter,
A ſort of poor Souls met: God's Fools, good Maſter,
Have had ſome little Variance 'mongſt our ſelves
Who ſhou'd be honeſteſt of us, and which lives
Uprighteſt in his Calling: Now, 'cauſe we thought
We ne'er ſhould 'gree on't o'r ſelves, becauſe indeed
(8) 'Tis hard to ſay; we all reſolv'd to put it
To him that ſhould come next, and that's your Maſterſhip,
Who, I hope, will 'termine it as your Mind ſerves you,
Right, and no otherwiſe we ask it: Which?

(7) — *I find my ſelf there.*] This is ſomewhat obſcure, Mr. *Sympſon* would place it to *Goſwin*, who coming in ſhould ſay that he finds himſelf at the appointed Place, but the Expreſſion in that Senſe ſeems too ſtiff to be admitted as an Emendation, becauſe a better Senſe with as little Stiffneſs may, I think, be affixt to the old Text. *Ginks* was a Nobleman in Diſguiſe, he ſeems therefore to regret his long continuance in Beggary, and to fear it will be for Life. *I find my ſelf there*, or in that State.

(8) —— *We all diſſolv'd,*] I rather think this a Miſtake of the Preſs, than a deſigned Blunder, which would be proper to an ignorant Clown; but not to ſo arch a Beggar as *Higgen*, whoſe Congratulatory Speech, in the two next Pages, has as much Burleſque Humour in it as almoſt any thing ev'n in *Hudibraſs*; who evidently imitated it in his Deſcription of his Heroe's Beard. In the latter part of it, there's a Banter on *Shakeſpear*'s Prophecy of Queen *Elizabeth* and King *James* at the end of *Harry* the Eighth, but ſo elegant and pretty that it could give no Offence.

Which

Which does your Worſhip think is he? ſweet Maſter
Look o'er us all, and tell us; we're ſev'n of us,
Like to the ſeven wiſe Maſters, or the Planets.
Gof. I ſhould judge this the Man with the grave Beard,
And if he be not ———
Cla. Bleſs you, good Maſter, bleſs you. [you
Gof. I would he were; there's ſomething too amongſt
To keep you all honeſt. [*Exit.*
Snap. King of Heav'n go with you.
Omn. Now good reward him,
May he ne'er want it, t' comfort ſtill the Poor,
In a good hour.
Fer. What is't? ſee: *Snap* has got it.
Snap. A good Crown, marry.
Prig. A Crown of Gold.
Fer. For our new King: good luck.
Ginks. To th' common Treaſury with it; if't be Gold,
Thither it muſt.
(9) *Prigg.* Spoke like a Patriot, *Ginks.*
King *Clauſe*, I bid God ſave thee firſt, firſt, *Clauſe*,
After this Golden Token of a Crown.
Where's Orator *Higgen* with his gratulating Speech now
In all our Names?
Fer. Here he is pumping for it.
Gin. H'has cough'd the ſecond time, 'tis but once more
And then it comes.
Fer. So, out with all: Expect now ———
Hig. That thou art choſen, venerable *Clauſe*,
Our King and Soveraign; Monarch o'th' 13 Maunders,
Thus we throw up our 14 Nab-cheats, firſt for joy,
And then our 15 Filches; laſt, we clap our 16 Fambles,
Three ſubject ſigns, we do it without Envy;
For who is he here did not wiſh thee choſen,
Now thou art choſen? Ask 'em: All will ſay ſo,
Nay ſwear't: 'Tis for the King, but let that paſs.

(9) *Spoke like a Patriot*, Ferret—] As this Speech has neither Paſſion nor Accident to interrupt it, I can ſee no reaſon to ſuppoſe it a broken one. I believe it a meer accidental Miſtake in the Name *Ferret* for *Ginks*. The firſt Editors not ſuſpecting this intended to ſolve the Difficulty by putting a Break or Daſh to it.

13. Beggars. 14. Hats. 15. Staves. 16. Hands. When

When laſt in Conference at the 17 bouzing ken
This other Day we ſat about our dead Prince
Of famous Memory; reſt go with his Rags,
And that I ſaw thee at the Tables end,
Riſe mov'd, and gravely leaning on one Crutch,
Lift t'other like a Scepter at my Head,
I then preſag'd thou ſhortly wou'dſt be King,
And now thou art ſo: But what need preſage
To us, that might have read it in thy Beard
As well, as he that choſe thee? By that Beard
Thou wert found out, and mark'd for Soveraignty.
O happy Beard! But happier Prince, whoſe Beard
Was ſo remark'd, as marked out our Prince,
Not bating us a hair. Long may it grow,
And thick, and fair, that who lives under it,
May live as ſafe, as under *Beggars Buſh*,
Of which this is the thing, that but the Type.

Omn. Excellent, excellent Orator, forward good *Higgen*,
Give him leave to ſpit: The fine well-ſpoken *Higgen*.

Hig. This is the Beard, the Buſh, or Buſhy-beard,
Under whoſe Gold and Silver Reign 'twas ſaid
So many Ages ſince, we all ſhould ſmile
No Impoſitions, Taxes, Grievances,
Knots in a State, and whips unto a Subject,
Lye lurking in this Beard, but all kemb'd out:
If now, the Beard be ſuch, what is the Prince
(10) That owes the Beard? A Father; no, a Grandfather;

17. Ale-houſe.

(10) *That ow's the Beard,*] *Owe* in the Senſe of *own*, or poſſeſs is very common in all the old Writers: Thus in the firſt old Folio of *Shakeſpear* it occurs in almoſt every Play: *e.g. The Tempeſt.* Act 1. Sc. 3d.

This is no mortal Buſineſs, nor no Sound
That the Earth owes ——

Again in the ſame Page,

—— —— *thou doſt here uſurp*
The Name thou ow'ſt *not.*

I mention this becauſe the former Octavo adds an unneceſſary Apoſtrophe, which neither of the Folios have, ſuppoſing the Word to be a Contraction of *owns*? and the late ingenious Editor of *Macbeth* ſeems twice to have been led into Error by not obſerving this.

Nay

Nay the great Grand-father of you his People.
He will not force away your Hens, your Bacon,
When you have ventur'd hard for't, nor take from you
The fatteſt of your Puddings: Under him
Each Man ſhall eat his own ſtol'n Eggs, and Butter,
In his own ſhade, or ſun-ſhine, and enjoy
His own dear Dell, Doxy, or 18 Mort, at Night
In his own Straw, with his own Shirt, or Sheet,
That he hath 19 filch'd that day, ay, and poſſeſs
What he can purchaſe, 20 Back, or Belly-cheats
To his own 21 prop: He will have no Purveyers
For Pigs, and Poultry.

Cla. That we muſt have, my learned Orator,
It is our Will, and every Man to keep
In his own path and circuit. *Hig.* Do you hear?
You muſt hereafter 22 maund on your own 23 pads, he ſays.

Cla. And what they get there, is their own, beſides
To give good words.

Hig. Do you mark? 24 To cut been whids,
That is the ſecond Law. *Cla.* And keep a-foot
The humble and the common phraſe of Begging,
Leſt Men diſcover us.

Hig. Yes; and cry ſometimes
To move Compaſſion: Sir, there is a Table,
That doth command all theſe things, and enjoyns 'em,
Be perfect in their Crutches, their feign'd Plaiſters,
And their torn Paſs-ports, with the ways to Stammer,
And to be Dumb, and Deaf, and Blind, and Lame,
There, all the halting Paces are ſet down,
I'th' learned Language.

Cla. Thither I refer 'em,
Thoſe, you at leiſure ſhall interpret to 'em.
We love no heaps of Laws, where few will ſerve.

Omn. O gracious Prince, 'ſave, 'ſave the good King *Clauſe.*

18. Women or Wenches. 19. Stole. 20. Raiment, or Food ſtolen. 21. Either to his own Support, or elſe by abbreviation to his own Property. 22. Beg. 23. Road or Way. 24. To give good Words.

Hig.

Hig. A Song to Crown him.
Fer. Set a Centinel out first.
Snap. The word?
Hig. A 25 Cove comes, and 26 fumbumbis to it.—
[*Strike.*

The S O N G.

CAst our Caps and Cares away: This is Beggars Holy-day!
At the Crowning of our King, thus we ever Dance and Sing.
In the World look out and see: Where's so happy a Prince as he?
Where the Nations live so free, and so merry as do we?
Be it Peace, or be it War, here at liberty we are,
And enjoy our ease and rest; To the Field we are not Prest;
Nor are call'd into the Town, to be troubled with the Gown.
Hang all Officers we cry, and the Magistrate too, by;
When the Subsidie's encreast, we are not a penny Sest.
Nor will any go to Law, with the Beggar for a Straw.
All which Happiness he brags, he doth owe unto his Rags.

Enter Snap, Hubert, *and* Hempskirke.

Snap. A Cove comes: Fumbumbis.
Prigg. To your Postures; Arm.
Hub. Yonder's the Town: I see it.
Hemp. There's our danger
Indeed afore us, if our Shadows save not.
Hig. Bless your good Worships.
Per. One small piece of Mony,
Prigg. Among us all poor Wretches.
Cla. Blind, and Lame.
Ginks. For his sake that gives all.
Hig. Pitiful Worships.
Snap. One little Doyt.

Enter Jaculin.

Jac. King, by your leave, where are you?
Fer. To buy a little Bread.

25. A Man, one not of the Gang. 26. To your Guard and Postures.

Hig. To feed ſo many
Mouths, as will ever pray for you.
Prigg. Here be ſeven of us.
Hig. Seven, good Maſter, O remember ſeven,
Seven Bleſſings ——
Fer. O Remember, gentle Worſhip.
Hig. Againſt ſeven deadly Sins.
Prigg. And ſeven Sleepers.
Hig. If they be hard of Heart, and will give nothing—
Alas, we had not a Charity theſe three days.
Hub. There's amongſt you all.
Fer. Heav'n reward you.
Prigg. Lord reward you.
Hig. The Prince of Pity bleſs thee.
Hub. Do I ſee? Or is't my Fancy that wou'd have it ſo?
Ha? 'Tis her Face: Come hither, Maid.
Jac. What ha' you,
Bells for my Squirrel? I ha' giv'n Bun Meat,
You do not love me, do you? Catch me a Butterfly,
And I'll love you again, when? Can you tell?
Peace, we go a birding: I ſhall have a fine thing. [*Exit.*
Hub. Her Voice too ſays the ſame; but for my Head
I wou'd not that her Manners were ſo chang'd.
Hear me, thou honeſt Fellow; what's this Maiden,
That lives amongſt you here?
Gin. Ao, ao, ao, ao.
Hub. How? Nothing but ſigns?
Gin. Ao, ao, ao, ao.
Hub. This is ſtrange,
I would fain have it her, but not her thus.
Hig. He is de-de-de-de-de-de-deaf, and du-du-dude—dumb, Sir.
Hub. 'Slid they did all ſpeak plain ev'n now methought.
Do'ſt thou know this ſame Maid?
Snap. Why, why, why, why, which, gu, gu, gu, gu, Gods fool
She was bo-bo-bo-bo-born at the Barn yonder,
By-be-be-be-be-Beggars Buſh-bo-bo-Buſh,
Her Name is, My-my-my-my-my-match: So was her Mo-mo-mo-Mothers too-too.

Hub.

Hub. I underſtand no word he ſays; how long
Has ſhe been here?
Snap. Lo-lo-long enough to be 27 ni-ni-nigled, and ſhe ha' go-go-go-good luck.
Hub. I muſt be better inform'd, than by this way.
Here was another Face too, that I mark'd
Of the old Man's: But they are vaniſh'd all
Moſt ſuddenly: I will come here again.
O, that I were ſo happy as to find it,
What I yet hope: It is put on.
Hemp. What mean you, Sir,
To ſtay there with that Stammerer?
Hub. Farewel, Friend, ———
It will be worth return, to ſearch: Come,
Protect us our Diſguiſe now, prithee *Hempskirke*
If we be taken, how doſt thou imagine
This Town will uſe us, that hath ſtood ſo long
Out againſt *Wolfort?*
Hemp. Ev'n to hang us forth
Upon their Walls a ſunning, to make Crows Meat,
If I were not aſſur'd o' the *Burgomaſter*,
And had a pretty excuſe to ſee a Neice there,
I ſhould ſcarce venture.
Hub. Come, 'tis now too late
To look back at the Ports: Good luck, and enter. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Goſwin.

Goſ. Still blow'ſt thou there? And from all other parts,
Do all my Agents ſleep, that nothing comes?
There's a Conſpiracy of Winds, and Servants,
If not of Elements, to ha' me break;
What ſhould I think, unleſs the Seas and Sands
Had ſwallow'd up my Ships? Or Fire had ſpoil'd
My Warehouſes? Or Death devour'd my Factors?
I muſt ha' had ſome Returns.

27 Layn with, debauch'd.

Enter Merchants.

1 *Mer.* 'Save you, Sir.
Goſ. 'Save you.
1 *Mer.* No News yet o' your Ships?
Goſ. Not any yet, Sir.
1 *Mer.* 'Tis ſtrange. [*Exit.*
Goſ. 'Tis true, Sir: What a Voice was here now;
This was one Paſſing-bell, a thouſand Ravens
Sung in that Man now, to preſage my Ruins.
2 *Mer. Goſwin*, good day, theſe Winds are very conſtant.
Goſ. They are ſo, Sir; to hurt——
2 *Mer.* Ha' you had no Letters
Lately from *England*, nor from *Denmark?*
Goſ. Neither. [Land,
2 *Mer.* This Wind brings them; nor no News over
Through *Spain*, from the *Straits?*
Goſ. Not any.
2 *Mer.* I am ſorry, Sir. [*Exit.*
Goſ. They talk me down: And as 'tis ſaid of Vulturs
They ſcent a Field fought, and do ſmell the Carkaſſes
By many hundred Miles: So do theſe, my Wracks
At greater diſtances. Why, thy will Heav'n
Come on, and be: Yet if thou pleaſe, preſerve me;
But in my own Adventure, here at home,
Of my chaſt Love, to keep me worthy of her,
It ſhall be put in ſcale 'gainſt all ill Fortunes:
I am not broken yet: Nor ſhou'd I fall,
Methinks with leſs than that, that ruins all. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Vandunke, Hubert, Hempskirke, Margaret, *and Boors.*

Vand. Captain, you're welcome; ſo is this your Friend
Moſt ſafely welcome; though our Town ſtand out
Againſt your Maſter, you ſhall find good quarter:
The troth is, we not love him: *Margaret*, ſome Wine,
Let's talk a little Treaſon, if we can

Talk

Talk Treaſon, 'gainſt the Traitors; by your leave, Gentlemen,
We, here in *Bruges*, think he do's uſurp,
And therefore I'm bold with him.
Hub. Sir, your boldneſs,
Happ'ly becomes your Mouth, but not our Ears,
While we're his Servants, and as we come here,
Not to ask Queſtions, walk forth on your Walls,
Viſit your Courts of Guard, view your Munition,
Ask of your Corn-proviſions, nor enquire
Into the leaſt, as Spies upon your Strengths,
So let's entreat, we may receive from you
Nothing in Paſſage or Diſcourſe, but what
We may with gladneſs, and our honeſties hear,
And that ſhall ſeal our welcome.
Vand. Good: Let's drink then,
Fill out, I keep mine old Pearl ſtill, Captain.
Marg. I
Hang faſt, Man.
Hemp. Old Jewels commend their Keeper, Sir.
Vand. Here's to you with a Heart, my Captain's Friend,
With a good Heart, and if this make us ſpeak
Bold words, anon, 'tis all under the Roſe
Forgotten: Drown all Memory, when we drink.
Hub. 'Tis freely ſpoken, noble *Burgomaſter*,
I'll do you right.
Hemp. Nay Sir, Min heer *Vandunke*
Is a true Stateſman, [*Wolfort*
Vand. Fill m' Captain's Cup there, O that your Maſter
Had been an honeſt Man.
Hub. Sir?
Vand. Under the Roſe.
Hemp. Here's to you, *Margaret*.
Marg. Welcome, welcome, Captain.
Vand. Well ſaid my Pearl ſtill.
Hemp. And how does my Neice?
Almoſt a Woman? I think? This Friend of mine
I drew along with me, through ſo much hazard,
Only to ſee her: She was my Errand here.
Vand. Ay, a kind Uncle you are (fill him his Glaſs)

That in ſev'n Years, could not find leiſure —
Hemp. No,
It's not ſo much.
Vand. I'll bate you ne'er an hour on't,
It was before the *Brabander* 'gan his War,
For Moon-ſhine i' the Water there, his Daughter
(11) That ne'er was loſt: Yet you could not find time
To ſee a Kinſwoman: But ſhe is worth the ſeeing, Sir,
Now you are come. You ask if ſhe were a Woman?
She is a Woman, Sir; fetch her forth, *Margaret.*
[*Ex.* Marg.
And a fine Woman, and has Suitors.
Hemp. How?
What Suitors are they?
Vand. Bachelors; young Burgers:
And one, a Gallant, the young Prince of Merchants
We call him here in *Bruges.*
Hemp. How? A Merchant?
I thought, *Vandunke*, you'd underſtood me better,
And my Neice too, ſo truſted to you by me,
Than t' admit of ſuch in name of Suitors.
Vand. Such? He is ſuch a ſuch, as were ſhe mine
I'd give him thirty thouſand Crowns with her.
Hemp. But the ſame things, Sir, fit not you and me. [*Ex.*
Vand. Why, give's ſome Wine, then; this will fit us all:
Here's to you ſtill, my Captain's Friend: All out:
And ſtill, wou'd *Wolfort* were an honeſt Man,
Under the Roſe I ſpeak it: But this Merchant
Is a brave Boy: He lives ſo, i' the Town here,
We know not what to think on him: At ſome times
We fear he will be Bankrupt; he do's ſtretch-
Tenter his Credit ſo; embraces all,

(11) *That* never *was loſt.*] Mr. *Theobald* reads *near*, and quotes as a Proof the laſt Scene of the Play where *Wolfort* ſays,

Hempskirke *had hid her till ſhe was* near *loſt.*

But he hapned not to obſerve that *Vandunke* did not know this, but believed with the reſt of the People, as mention'd in the firſt Scene,

——— *That the Duke of* Brabant
Had no ſuch Loſs. ———

Without this there would be no Propriety in his calling her *Moon-ſhine in the Water*, viz. a meer Shadow without a Reality.

And

And to't, the Winds have been contrary long.
But then, if he ſhould have all his Returns,
We think he would be a King, and are half ſure on't.
Your Maſter is a Traitor, for all this,
Under the Roſe: Here's to you; and uſurps
The Earldom from a better Man.
Hub. Ay marry, Sir,
Where is that Man?
Vand. Nay, ſoft: And I cou'd tell you
'Tis ten to one I wou'd not: Here's my Hand,
I love not *Wolfort:* Sit you ſtill, with that:
Here comes m' Captain again, and his fine Neice,
And there's my Merchant; view him well: Fill Wine here.

Enter Hempskirke, Gertrude, *and* Goſwin.

Hemp. You muſt not only know me for your Uncle
Now, but obey me: You, go caſt your ſelf
Away, upon a Dunghil here? A Merchant?
A pretty Fellow? One that makes his Trade
With Oaths and Perjuries?
Gof. What's that you ſay, Sir?
If it be me you ſpeak of, as your Eye
Seems to direct, I wiſh you'd ſpeak to me, Sir.
Hemp. Sir, I do ſay, ſhe is no Merchandize;
Will that ſuffice you?
Gof. Merchandize, good Sir?
Though you be Kinſman to her, take no leave thence
To uſe me with Contempt: I ever thought
Your Neice above all Price.
Hemp. And do ſo ſtill, Sir,
I 'ſure yo', her rates are more than you are worth.
Gof. You don't know what a Gentleman's worth, Sir,
Nor can you value him.
Hub. Well ſaid, Merchant.
Vand. Nay,
Let him alone, and ply your Matter.
Hemp. A Gentleman?
What, of the Wool-pack? Or the Sugar-cheſt?
Or liſts of Velvet? Which is't, Pound, or Yard,
You vent your Gentry by?

Hub. O *Hempskirke*, fye.

(12) *Vand.* Come, do not mind 'em, drink, he is no *Wolfort.*

Goſ. Captain, I 'dviſe you ——

Hemp. 'Las, my pretty Man,
I think't be angry, by its look: Come hither,
Turn this way a little: If it were the Blood
Of *Charlemaine*, as't may, for ought I know,
Be ſome good Botcher's Iſſue, here in *Bruges.*

Goſ. How?

Hemp. Nay, I'm not certain o' that; of this I am,
If it once buy, and ſell, its Gentry's gone.

Goſ. Ha, ha.

Hemp. You're angry, though ye laugh.

Goſ. No, now 'tis pity
Of your poor Argument. Do not you, the Lords
Of Land, if you be any, ſell the Graſs,
The Corn, the Straw, the Milk, the Cheeſe?

Vand. And Butter:
Remember Butter; do not leave out Butter.

Goſ. The Beefs and Muttons that your Grounds are ſtor'd with?
Swine, with the very Maſt, beſide the Woods?

Hemp. No, for thoſe ſordid uſes we have Tenants,
Or elſe our Bailiffs.

Goſ. Have not we, Sir, Chap-men,
And Factors, then to anſwer theſe? Your Honour
Fetch'd from the Heralds *A B C*, and ſaid over
With your Court Faces, once an hour, ſhall never
Make me miſtake my ſelf. Do not your Lawyers
Sell all their Practice, as your Prieſts their Pray'rs?
What is not bought, and ſold? The Company
That you had laſt, what had you for't, i'faith?

Hemp. You now grow ſawcy.

(12) —— —— *He is no* Wolfort;
Captain, I adviſe you.] *Vandunke* blames *Hubert* for interfering, and immediately does it himſelf, but I take it to be an accidental Omiſſion of the Speaker. It is not probable that *Goſwin* ſhould make no Return to the Scoffs above, and a broken Speech ſeems quite proper to him.

Goſ.

(13) *Goſ.* Sir, I have been bred
Still, with my honeſt Liberty, and muſt uſe it.
Hemp. Upon your Equals then.
Goſ. Sir, he that will
Provoke me firſt, doth make himſelf my Equal.
Hemp Do ye hear? No more.
Goſ. Yes, Sir, this little, I pray you,
And't ſhall be aſide, then after, as you pleaſe.
Y' appear the Uncle, Sir, to her I love
More than mine Eyes; and I have heard your Scorns
With ſo much ſcoffing, and with ſo much ſhame,
As each ſtrive which is greater: But, believe me,
I ſuck'd not in this Patience with my Milk.
Do not preſume, becauſe you ſee me young,
Or caſt deſpights on my Profeſſion,
For the civility and tameneſs of it.
A good Man bears a Contumely worſe
Than he would do an Injury. Proceed not
To my Offence: Wrong is not ſtill ſucceſsful,
Indeed it is not: I'd approach your Kinſwoman
With all reſpect, due to your ſelf and her.
Hemp. Away Companion: Handling her? Take that.
[*Strikes him.*
Goſ. Nay, I do love no blows, Sir, there's exchange.
[*He gets* Hempskirke's *Sword, and cuts him on the Head.*
Hub. Hold, Sir.
Mar. O murther.
Gert. Help my *Goſwin.*
Mar. Man.
Vand. Let 'em alone; my Life for one.
Goſ. Nay come,
If you have Will.
Hub. None to offend you, I, Sir.
Goſ. He that had, thank himſelf: Not hand her? yes Sir,
And claſp her, and embrace her; and (would ſhe
Now go with me) bear her through all her Race,
Her Father, Brethren, and her Uncles, arm'd,

(13) *Sure I have been bred*] This Reading, if admitted, would make him doubt whether he had been bred with an honeſt Liberty or no. But I believe it a mere Typographical Error.

And

And all their Nephews, though they ſtood a Wood
Of Pikes, and Wall of Cannon. Kiſs me, *Gertrude*,
Quake not, but kiſs me.
Vand. Kiſs him, Girl, I bid you;
My Merchant Royal; fear no Uncles: Hang 'em,
Hang up all Uncles: Are not we in *Bruges?*
Under the Roſe here?
Gof. In this Circle, Love,
Thou art as ſafe, as in a Tower of Braſs;
Let ſuch as do wrong, fear.
Vand. Ay, that's good,
Let *Wolfort* look to that.
Gof. Sir, here ſhe ſtands,
Your Neice, and my belov'd. One of theſe Titles
She muſt apply too; if unto the laſt,
Not all the Anger can be ſent unto her,
(14) In Frown, or Voice, or other Act, ſhall force her,
Had *Hercules* a Hand in't. Come, my Joy,
Say thou art mine, aloud Love, and profeſs it.
Vand. Do; and I drink to it.
Gof. Prithee ſay ſo, Love.
Gert. 'Twould take away the Honour from my Bluſhes:
Do not you play the Tyrant, Sweet: They ſpeak it.
Hemp. I thank you, Neice.
Gof. Sir, thank her for your Life,
And fetch your Sword within.
Hemp. Yo' inſult too much
With your good Fortune, Sir. [*Exeunt* Gof. *and* Gert.
Hub. A brave clear Spirit;
Hempskirke, you were to blame: A civil Habit
Oft covers a good Man; and you may meet
In Perſon of a Merchant, with a Soul
As reſolute, and free, and all ways worthy,
As elſe in any file of Mankind: Pray you,
What meant you ſo to ſlight him?
Hemp. 'Tis done now,
Ask no more of it; I muſt ſuffer. [*Exit.*

(14) —— *Other Art*] Mr. *Theobald* corrected this, I have known ſeveral Inſtances of this Miſtake between Art and Act, and tho' the former might be Senſe here, the latter is much better. *Hub.*

Hub. This
Is ſtill the Puniſhment of Raſhneſs, Sorrow.
Well; I muſt to the Woods, for nothing here
Will be got out. There, I may chance to learn
Somewhat to help m' Enquiries further.
Vand. Ha,
A Looking-glaſs.
Hub. How now, brave *Burgomaſter?*
Vand. I love no *Wolforts*, and my Name's *Vandunke.*
Hub. *Van-drunk* it's rather: Come, go ſleep within.
Vand. Earl *Florez* is right Heir; and this ſame *Wolfort*,
Under the Roſe I ſpeak it——
Hub. Very hardly.
Vand. Uſurps: And's a rank Traitor, as e'er breath'd,
And all that do uphold him. Let me go,
(15) No Man ſhall hold me up, that upholds him;
Do you uphold him?
Hub. No.
Vand. Then hold me up. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Goſwin, *and* Hempskirke.

Hemp. Sir, I preſume, you have a Sword o' your own,
That can ſo handle another's.
Goſ. Faith you may, Sir.
Hemp. And ye've made me have ſ' much better thoughts of you,
As I am bound to call you forth.
Goſ. For what, Sir?
Hemp. To the repairing of mine Honour, and Hurt here.
Goſ. Expreſs your way.
Hemp. By fight, and ſpeedily.
Goſ. You have your Will: Require you any more?
Hemp. That you be ſecret: And come ſingle.
Goſ. I will.
Hemp. As you're the Gentleman you would be thought.

(15) *No Man ſhall hold he,*] That *he* ſhould be *me* is certain, but the want of a Syllable in the Verſe, makes it probable that one was loſt, which I hope I have retrieved, for the Particle added greatly improves honeſt *Vandunk*'s drunken Humour. Mr. *Sympſon* has ſince ſent me the ſame Correction.

Goſ.

Goſ. Without the Conjuration: And I'll bring
Only my Sword, which I will fit to yours,
I'll take its length within.
Hemp. Your Place now, Sir?
Goſ. By the Sand-hills.
Hemp. Sir, nearer to the Woods,
If you thought ſo, were fitter.
Goſ. There, then.
Hemp. Good.
Your time.
Goſ. 'Twixt ſeven and eight.
Hemp. You'll give me, Sir,
Cauſe to report you worthy of my Neice,
If you come, like your Promiſe.
Goſ. If I do not,
Let no Man think to call m' unworthy firſt,
I'll do't my ſelf, and juſtly wiſh to want her. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter three or four Boors.

(16) 1 *Boor.* COme, *Engliſh* Beer, Hoſteſs, *Engliſh* Beer by th' Barrel.
2 *Boor.* Stark Beer, Boy, ſtout and ſtrong Beer: So, ſit down, Lads,
And drink me Upſey-Dutch:
Frolick, and fear not.

Enter Higgen *like a Sow-gelder, Singing.*

Hig. *Have ye any work for the Sow-gelder, hoa,*
My Horn goes too high too low, too high too low.
Have ye any Pigs, Calves, or Colts,
Have ye any Lambs in your Holts

(16) As I can make no Senſe of this, I ſuppoſe it a Miſtake and read *Barrel.* — But what is Upſey-Dutch? Mr. *Sympſon.*
I wiſh I could anſwer Mr. *Sympſon*'s Queſtion; but I can find no ſuch Word in any Dictionary, or Gloſſary of mine.

To

To cut for the Stone,
Here comes a cunning one.
Have ye any Braches to ſpade,
Or e'er a fair Maid
That would be a Nun;
Come kiſs me, 'tis done.
Hark how my merry Horn doth blow,
Too high too low, too high too low.

1 *Boor.* O excellent! two Pence a piece, Boys, two Pence a piece.
Give the Boy ſome drink there. Piper, whet your Whiſtle, Canſt tell me a way now, how to cut off my Wife's Con-
Hig. I'll ſing ye a Song for't. [cupiſcence?

The S O N G.

Take her, and hug her,
And turn her, and tug her,
And turn her again Boy, again,
Then if ſhe mumble,
Or if her Tail tumble,
Kiſs her amain, Boy, amain;
Do thy endeavour,
To take off her Feaver,
Then her Diſeaſe no longer will reign.
If nothing will ſerve her,
Then thus to preſerve her,
Swinge her amain, Boy, amain.
Give her cold Jelly
To take up her Belly,
And once a day ſwinge her again.
If ſhe ſtand all theſe Pains,
Then knock out her Brains,
Her Diſeaſe no longer will reign.

1 *Boor.* More excellent, more excellent, ſweet Sow-gelder.
2 *Boor.* Three Pence a piece, three Pence a piece.
Hig. Will you hear a Song how the Devil was gelded?
3 *Boor.* Ay, ay, let's hear the Devil roar, Sow-gelder.

SONG.

SONG.

I.

He ran at me firſt in the ſhape of a Ram,
And over and over the Sow-gelder came;
I roſe and I halter'd him faſt by the Horn,
I pluck'd out his Stones as you'd pick out a Corn.
Baa, quoth the Devil, and forth he ſlunk,
And left us a Carcaſe of Mutton that ſtunk.

II.

The next time I rode a good Mile and a half,
Where I heard he did live in diſguiſe of a Calf,
I bound and I gelt him, ere he did any evil;
He was here at his beſt, but a young ſucking Devil.
Maa, yet he cry'd, and forth he did ſteal,
And this was ſold after, for excellent Veal.

III.

Some half a Year after, in form of a Pig
I met with the Rogue, and he look'd very big;
I catch'd at his Leg, laid him down on a Log,
Ere a Man could fart twice, I had made him a Hog.
Owgh, quoth the Devil, and forth gave a Jerk,
That a Jew was converted, and eat of the Pork.

1 *Boor.* Groats apiece, Groats apiece, Groats apiece. There ſweet Sow-gelder.

Enter Prigg *and* Ferret.

Prigg. Will ye ſee any feats of Activity, Some ſlight of Hand, Legerdemain? Hey paſs, Preſto, be gone there?

2 *Boor.* Sit down, Jugler.

Prigg. Sirrah, play you your Art well; draw near Piper: Look you, my honeſt Friends, you ſee my Hands; Plain dealing is no Devil: Lend me ſome Mony, Twelve Pence apiece will ſerve.

1, 2 *Boor.* There, there.

Prigg.

Prigg. I thank you,
Thank ye heartily: When ſhall I pay ye?
All Boor. Ha, ha, ha, by th' Maſs this was a fine trick.
Prigg. A merry ſlight toy: But now I'll ſhow your
A Trick indeed. [Worſhips
Hig. Mark him well now, my Maſters.
Prigg. Here are three Balls,
Theſe Balls ſhall be three Bullets,
One, two, and three: *Aſcentibus, malentibus.*
Preſto, be gone: They are vaniſh'd: Fair play, Gentlemen.
Now theſe three, like three Bullets, from your three Noſes
Will I pluck preſently: Fear not, no harm, Boys,
Titere, tu patule.
1 *Boor.* Oh. oh, oh.
Prigg. *Recubans ſub jermine fagi.*
2 *Boor.* Ye pull too hard; ye pull too hard.
Prigg. Stand fair then:
Silvertram trim-tram.
3 *Boor.* Hold, hold, hold.
Prigg. Come aloft, Bullets three, with a whim-wham.
Have ye their Monies?
Hig. Yes, yes.
1 *Boor.* O rare Jugler!
2 *Boor.* O admirable Jugler!
Prigg. One trick more yet;
Hey, come aloft; *ſa, ſa, flim, flum, taradumbis?*
Eaſt, Weſt, North, South, now fly like *Jack* with a *bumbis.*
Now all your Mony's gone; pray ſearch your Pockets.
1 *Boor.* Humh.
2 *Boor.* He.
3 *Boor.* The Devil a penny's here!
Prigg. This was a rare Trick.
1 *Boor.* But 'twould be a far rarer to reſtore it.
Prigg. I'll do ye that too; look upon me earneſtly,
And move not any ways your Eyes from this Place,
This Button here? pow, whir, whiſs, ſhake your Pockets.
1 *Boor.* By th' Maſs 'tis here again, Boys.
Prigg. Reſt ye merry;
My firſt Trick has paid me.
All Boor. Ay, take it, take it,

And take ſome Drink too.

Prigg. Not a drop now, I thank you;
Away, we are diſcover'd elſe. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Gerrard *like a blind* Aqua-vitæ *Man, and a Boy, ſinging the Song.*

Bring out your Cony-skins, fair Maids, to me,
And hold 'em fair that I may ſee;
Grey, Black, and Blue: For your ſmaller Skins,
I'll give ye Looking-Glaſſes, Pins:
And for your whole Cony, here's ready, ready Mony.
Come, gentle Jone, *do thou begin*
With thy black, black, black Cony-skin.
And Mary *then, and* Jane *will follow,*
With their Silver-hair'd Skins, and their yellow.
The white Cony-skin, I will not lay by,
For though it be faint, 'tis fair to the Eye;
The grey, it is warm, but yet for my Mony,
Give me the bonny, bonny black Cony.
Come away, fair Maids, your Skins will decay:
Come, and take Mony, Maids, put your Ware away.
Cony-skins, Cony-skins, have ye any Cony-skins?
I have fine Bracelets, and fine Silver Pins.

Ger. Buy any Brand Wine, buy any Brand Wine?

Boy. Have ye any Cony-skins?

2 *Boor.* My fine Canary Bird, there's a Cake for thy Worſhip.

1 *Boor.* Come fill, fill, fill, fill ſuddenly: Let's ſee, Sir, What's this?

Ger. A penny, Sir.

1 *Boor.* Fill till't be ſix Pence,
And there's my 28 Pig.

Boy. This is a Counter, Sir.

1 *Boor.* A Counter! ſtay ye, what are theſe then?
O execrable Jugler! O damn'd Jugler!
Look in your Hoſe, hoa, this comes of looking forward.

3 *Boor.* Devil a Dunkirk! what a Rogue's this Jugler!
This hey paſs, repaſs, h'as repaſt us ſweetly.

2 *Boor.* Do ye call theſe Tricks.

28. Six pence.

Enter

Enter Higgen.

Hig. Have ye any Ends of Gold or Silver?
2 *Boor.* This Fellow comes to mock us? Gold or Silver? cry Copper.
1 *Boor.* Yes, my good Friend,
We have e'en an end of all we have.
Hig. 'Tis well, Sir,
You have the leſs to care for: Gold and Silver. [*Exit.*

Enter Prigg.

Prigg. Have ye any old Cloaks to ſell, have ye any old Cloaks to ſell? [*Exit.*
1 *Boor.* Cloaks! Look about ye Boys: Mine's gone!
2 *Boor.* A —— juggle 'em?
— O they're Preſtoes: Mine's gone too!
3 *Boor.* Here's mine yet.
1 *Boor.* Come, come let's drink then more Brand Wine.
Boy. Here, Sir.
1 *Boar.* If e'er I catch your Sow-gelder, by this Hand I'll ſtrip him.
Were ever Fools ſo ferk't? We have two Cloaks yet;
And all our Caps; the Devil take the Flincher.
All Boor. Yaw, yaw, yaw, yaw.

Enter Hempskirke.

Hemp. Good Ev'n, my honeſt Fellows,
You're merry here I ſee.
3 *Boor.* 'Tis all we have left, Sir.
Hemp. What haſt thou? *Aqua-vitæ?*
Boy. Yes.
Hemp. Fill out then;
And give theſe honeſt Fellows round.
All Boor. We thank ye.
Hemp. May I ſpeak a word in private to ye?
All Boor. Yes, Sir.
Hemp. I have a buſineſs for you, honeſt Friends,
If you dare lend your help, ſhall get you Crowns.
Ger. Ha!
Lead me a little nearer, Boy.

1 *Boor.* What is't, Sir?
If it be any thing to purchaſe Mony,
Which is our want, command us.
Boors. All, all, all, Sir.
Hemp. You know the young ſpruce Merchant here in *Bruges?*
2 *Boor.* Who? Maſter *Goſwin?*
Hemp. That He owes me Mony,
And here in Town there is no ſtirring of him.
Ger. Say y' ſo?
Hemp. This day, upon a ſure appointment,
He meets me a Mile hence, by the Chaſe-ſide,
Under the row of Oaks; d' you know it?
All Boor. Yes, Sir.
Hemp. Give 'em more Drink: There if you dare but venture
When I ſhall give the word to ſeize upon him,
Here's twenty Pound.
3 *Boor.* Beware the Jugler, Lads.
Hemp. If he reſiſt, down with him, have no mercy.
1 *Boor.* I warrant you, we'll hamper him.
Hemp. To diſcharge you,
I have a Warrant here about me.
3 *Boor.* Here's our Warrant,
This carries fire i'th' Tail.
Hemp. Away with me then,
The Time draws on,
I muſt remove ſo inſolent a Suitor,
And if he be ſo rich, make him pay Ranſome
Ere he ſee *Bruges* Tow'rs again. Thus wiſe Men
Repair the hurts they take by a Diſgrace,
And piece the Lion's Skin with th' Fox's Caſe.
Ger. I'm glad I've heard this ſport.
Hemp. There's for thy Drink,
Come pay the Houſe within, Boys,
And loſe no time.
Ger. Away with all our haſte too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Goſwin.

Goſ. No Wind blow fair yet? No return of Monies?
Letters? Nor any thing to hold my Hopes up?
Why then 'tis deſtin'd, that I fall, fall miſerably!
My Credit I was built on, ſinking with me.
Thou boyſtrous North-wind, blowing my Misfortunes,
And froſting all my hopes to cakes of Coldneſs;
Yet ſtay thy Fury; give the gentle South
Yet leave to court thoſe Sails that bring me ſafety,
And you auſpicious Fires, bright Twins in Heav'n,
Dance on the Shrowds; he blows ſtill ſtubbornly
And on his boyſtrous Rack rides my ſad Ruin;
There is no help, there can be now no Comfort,
To Morrow with the Sun-ſet, ſets my Credit.
O Miſery! Thou curſe of Man, thou Plague,
I'th' midſt of all our Strength thou ſtrikeſt us;
My virtuous Love is loſt too: All, what I have been,
No more hereafter to be ſeen than Shadow:
To Priſon now? Well, yet there's this Hope left me;
I may ſink fairly under this Day's Venture,
And ſo to Morrow's croſs'd, and all thoſe Curſes:
Yet manly I'll invite my Fate, baſe Fortune
Shall never ſay, ſhe'as cut my Throat in fear.
This is the Place his Challenge call'd me to,
And was a happy one at this time for me,
For let me fall before my Foe i'th' Field,
And not at Bar, before my Creditors; [only,
H'as kept his word: Now Sir, your Sword's Tongue
Loud as you dare; all other Language —

Enter Hempskirke.

Hemp. Well Sir,
You ſhall not be long troubled: Draw.
Goſ. 'Tis done, Sir,
And now have at ye.
Hemp. Now.

Enter Boors.

Gof. Betray'd to Villains!
Slaves, ye ſhall buy me bravely,
And thou baſe Coward.

Enter Gerrard *and Beggars.*

Ger. Now upon 'em bravely,
Conjure 'em ſoundly, Boys.
Boors. Hold, hold.
Ger. Lay on, ſtill,
Down with th' Gentleman Rogue, ſwinge him to Sirrup.
Retire Sir, and take Breath: Follow, and take him,
Take all, 'tis lawful Prize.
Boors. We yield.
Ger. Down with 'em
Into the Wood, and rifle 'em, tew 'em, ſwinge 'em,
Knock me their Brains into their Breeches. [*Exeunt.*
Boors. Hold, hold.
Gof. What theſe Men are I know not, nor for what cauſe
They ſhou'd thus thruſt themſelves into my danger,
Can I imagine. But ſure Heav'n's Hand was in't!
Nor why this coward Knave ſhould deal ſo baſely
To eat me up with Slaves: But Heav'n I thank thee,
I hope thou haſt reſerv'd me to an end
Fit for thy Creature, worthy of thine Honour:
Wou'd all my other Dangers here had ſuffer'd,
With what a joyful Heart ſhou'd I go home then?
Where now, Heav'n knows, like him that waits his Sentence;
Or hears his paſſing Bell; but there's my hope ſtill.

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. Bleſſing upon you, Maſter.
Gof. Thank ye; leave me,
For by my Troth I've nothing now to give thee.
Ger. Indeed I don't ask, Sir, only it grieves me
To ſee you look ſo ſad; now Goodneſs keep ye
From Troubles in your Mind.
Gof. If I were troubled,

What

What cou'd thy Comfort do? Prithee *Clauſe*, leave me.
Ger. Good Maſter be not angry; for what I ſay
Is out of true Love to ye.
Gof. I know thou lov'ſt me.
Ger. Good Maſter blame that Love then, if I prove ſo
To ask ye why ye're ſad.
Gof. Moſt true, I am ſo,
And ſuch a Sadneſs I have got will ſink me.
Ger. Heav'n ſhield it, Sir.
Gof. Faith, thou muſt loſe thy Maſter.
Ger. I had rather loſe my Neck, Sir: Wou'd I knew—
Gof. What wou'd the knowledge do thee good, ſo miſerable,
Thou canſt not help thy ſelf? When all my ways
Nor all the Friends I have —
Ger. You do not know, Sir,
What I can do: Cures ſometimes, for Mens Cares,
Flow, where they leaſt expect 'em.
Gof. I know thou wou'dſt do,
But farewel *Clauſe*, and pray for thy poor Maſter.
Ger. I will not leave ye.
Gof. How?
Ger. I dare not leave ye, Sir, I muſt not leave ye,
And till ye beat me dead, I will not leave ye,
By what ye hold moſt precious, by Heav'n's Goodneſs,
As your fair Youth may proſper, good Sir, tell me:
My Mind believes yet ſomething's in my Pow'r
May eaſe you of this Trouble.
Gof. I will tell thee:
For a hundred thouſand Crowns upon my Credit,
Ta'en up of Merchants to ſupply my Trafficks,
The Winds and Weather envying of my Fortune,
And no Return to help me off, yet ſhewing:
To morrow, *Clauſe*, to morrow, which muſt come,
In Priſon thou ſhalt find me poor and broken.
Ger. I cannot blame your Grief, Sir.
Gof. Now, what ſay'ſt thou?
Ger. I ſay you ſhou'd not ſhrink, for he that gave ye,
Can give you more; his Pow'r can bring you off, Sir,
When Friends and all forſake ye, yet he ſees you.

Goſ. There's all my hope.
Ger. Hope ſtill, Sir; are you ty'd
Within the compaſs of a Day, good Maſter,
To pay this Maſs of Mony?
Goſ. Ev'n to Morrow:
But why do I ſtand mocking of my Miſery?
Is't not enough the Floods and Friends forget me?
Ger. Will no leſs ſerve?
Goſ. What if it would?
Ger. Your Patience,
I do not ask to mock ye: 'Tis a great Sum,
A Sum for mighty Men to ſtart and ſtick at;
But not for honeſt. Have ye no Friends left ye,
None that have felt your Bounty? Worth this Duty?
Goſ. Duty? Thou know'ſt it not.
Ger. It is a Duty,
And as a Duty, from thoſe Men have felt ye,
Should be return'd again: I have gain'd by ye,
A daily Alms theſe ſev'n Years you have ſhowr'd on me,
Will half ſupply your want?
Goſ. Why do'ſt thou fool me?
Canſt thou work Miracles?
Ger. To ſave my Maſter,
I can work this.
Goſ. Thou'lt make me angry wi' thee.
Ger. For doing good?
Goſ. What pow'r haſt thou?
Ger. Enquire not:
So I can do it, to preſerve my Maſter;
Nay if it be three parts.
Goſ. O that I had it,
But good *Clauſe*, talk no more, I feel thy Charity,
As thou haſt felt mine: But alas!
Ger. Diſtruſt not,
'Tis that that quenches ye: pull up your Spirit,
Your good, your honeſt, and your noble Spirit;
For if the Fortunes of ten thouſand People
Can ſave ye, reſt aſſur'd. You have forgot, Sir,
The good ye did, which was the Pow'r you gave me;
Ye ſhall now know the King of Beggars Treaſure:

And

And let the Winds blow as they liſt, the Seas roar,
Yet, here to morrow you ſhall find your Harbour.
Here fail me not, for if I live I'll fit ye.
Goſ. How fain I wou'd believe thee!
Ger. If I lye, Maſter,
Believe no Man hereafter.
Goſ. I will try thee,
But he knows, that knows all.
Ger. Know me to morrow,
And if I know not how to cure ye, kill me;
So paſs in Peace, my beſt, my worthieſt Maſter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Hubert, *like a Huntſman.*

Hub. Thus have I ſtoln away diſguis'd from *Hempskirke*
To try theſe People, for my Heart yet tells me
Some of theſe Beggars are the Men I look for:
Appearing like my ſelf, they have no Reaſon,
Though my Intent is fair, my main End honeſt,
But to avoid me narrowly; that Face too,
That Womans Face, how near it is! O may it
But prove the ſame, and Fortune how I'll bleſs thee!
Thus, ſure they cannot know me, or ſuſpect me,
If to my Habit I but change my Nature;
As I muſt do; this is the Wood they live in,
A Place fit for concealment: Where, till Fortune
Crown me with that I ſeek, I'll live amongſt 'em. [*Exit.*

Enter Higgen, Prigg, Ferret, Ginks *and the reſt with the Boors.*

Hig. Come bring 'em out, for here we ſit in juſtice:
Give to each one a Cudgel, a good Cudgel:
And now attend our Sentence. That you are Rogues,
And miſchievous baſe Raſcals, there's the point now,
I take it, is confeſs'd.
Prigg. Deny it if you dare, Knaves.
Boors. We are Rogues, Sir.
Hig. To amplify the matter. Rogues ye are,

And [29] lamb'd ye ſhall be ere we leave ye.
Boors. Yes, Sir.
Hig. And to the open handling of our Juſtice,
Why did ye this upon the proper Perſon
Of our good Maſter? Were you drunk when you did it?
Boors. Yes indeed were we.
Prigg. You ſhall be beaten ſober.
Hig. Was it for Want you undertook it?
Boors. Yes, Sir.
Hig. You ſhall be ſwing'd abundantly.
Prigg. And yet for all that,
You ſhall be poor Rogues ſtill.
Hig. Has not the Gentleman, [man
Pray mark this point, Brother *Prigg*, that noble Gentle-
Reliev'd ye often, found ye means to live by,
By imploying ſome at Sea, ſome here, ſome there;
According to your Callings?
Boors. 'Tis moſt true, Sir.
Hig. Is not the Man an honeſt Man?
Boors. Yes truly.
Hig. A liberal Gentleman? And as ye are true Raſcals
Tell me but this, have ye not been drunk, and often,
At his Charge?
Boors. Often, often.
Hig. There's the point then,
They've caſt themſelves, Brother *Prigg.*
Prigg. A ſhrewd point, Brother.
Hig. Brother, proceed you now; the Cauſe is open,
I'm ſomewhat weary.
Prigg. Can you do theſe things?
You moſt abominable ſtinking Raſcals,
You Turnip-eating Rogues.
Boors. We are truly ſorry.
Prigg. Knock at your hard Hearts, Rogues, and preſently
Give us a ſign you feel Compunction,
Every Man up with's Cudgel, and on his Neighbour
Beſtow ſuch Alms, 'till we ſhall ſay ſufficient,

29 Soundly beaten.

For

(17) (For there your Sentence lies) without Partiality
Either of Head, or Hide, Rogues, without ſparing,
Or we ſhall take the pains to beat you dead elſe:
You ſhall know your Doom.

Hig. One, two, and three, about it.

Prigg. That Fellow in the blue has true Compunction,
[*Boors beat one another.*
He beats his Fellow bravely, oh, well ſtruck Boys.

Enter Gerrard.

Hig. Up with that blue Breech, now plays he the Devil.
So get ye home, Drink ſmall Beer, and be honeſt;
Call in the Gentleman.

Ger. Do, bring him preſently,
His Cauſe I'll hear my ſelf.

Enter Hempskirke.

Hig. Prigg. With all due Reverence,
We do reſign, Sir.

Ger. Now, huffing Sir, what's your Name?

Hemp. What's that to you, Sir?

Ger. It ſhall be, ere we part.

Hemp. My Name is *Hempskirke.*
I follow the Earl, which you ſhall feel.

Ger. No threatning,
For we ſhall cool you, Sir; why didſt thou baſely
Attempt the Murder of the Merchant *Goſwin?*

Hemp. What pow'r haſt thou to ask me?

Ger. I will know it,
Or flay thee till thy Pain diſcover it.

Hemp. He did me wrong, baſe wrong.

Ger. That cannot ſave ye.
Who ſent you hither? And what further Villanies
Have you in Hand?

Hemp. Why wou'dſt thou know? What profit,
If I had any private way, cou'd riſe
Out of my Knowledge, to do thee Commodity?
Be ſorry for what thou'ſt done, and make amends, Fool,

(17) *For there our Sentence lies without Partiality;*
Either of Head or Hide,] So pointed in former Editions.

I'll

I'll talk no further to thee, nor theſe Raſcals.
Ger. Tye him to that Tree.
Hemp. I have told you whom I follow.
Ger. The Dev'l you ſhou'd do, by your Villanies,
Now he that has the beſt way, wring it from him.
Hig. I undertake it: Turn him to the Sun, Boys;
Give me a fine ſharp Ruſh; will ye confeſs yet?
Hemp. You have robb'd me already, now you'll murder me. [Sir?
Hig. Murder your Noſe a little: Does your Head purge,
To it again, 'twill do ye good.
Hemp. Oh,
I cannot tell you any thing.
Ger. Proceed then. [Sir.
Hig. There's Maggots in your Noſe, I'll fetch 'em out,
Hemp. O my Head breaks.
Hig. The beſt thing for the Rheum, Sir,
That falls into your Worſhip's Eyes.
Hemp. Hold, hold.
Ger. Speak then.
Hemp. I know not what.
Hig. It lies in's Brain yet,
In lumps it lies, I'll fetch it out the fineſt;
What pretty Faces the Fool makes? Heigh!
Hemp. Hold,
Hold, and I'll tell ye all; look in my Doublet,
And there, within the lining in a Paper,
You ſhall find all.
Ger. Go fetch that Paper hither,
And let him looſe for this time.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Good Ev'n, my honeſt Friends.
Ger. Good Ev'n, good Fellow.
Hub. May a poor Huntſman, with a merry Heart,
A Voice ſhall make the Foreſt ring about him,
Get leave to live amongſt ye? True as Steel, Boys?
That knows all Chaſes, and can watch all Hours,
And with my Quarter-ſtaff, though the Devil bid ſtand,
Deal ſuch an Alms, ſhall make him roar again?

Prick

Prick ye the fearful Hare through croſs ways, ſheep-walks,
And force the crafty Reynard climb the Quickſets;
Rouſe ye the lofty Stag, and with my Bell-horn
Ring him a knell, that all the Woods ſhall mourn him,
'Till in his Funeral Tears, he fall before me?
The *Polcat*, *Marterne*, and the rich skin'd *Lucerne*
I know to chaſe, the Roe the Wind out-ſtripping;
Iſgrin himſelf, in all his bloody Anger
(18) I can beat from the Bay, and the wild Sounder
Single, and with my Boar-ſtaff arm'd, thus turn,
Spight of his foamy Tuſhes, and thus ſtrike him;
'Till he fall down my Feaſt.

Ger. A goodly Fellow.

Hub. What mak'ſt thee here, ha? [*Aſide.*

Ger. We accept thy Fellowſhip

Hub. *Hempskirke*, thou art not right I fear, I fear thee. [*Aſide.*

Enter Ferret, *with a Letter.*

Fer. Here is the Paper: And as he ſaid we found it.

Ger. Give me it, I ſhall make a ſhift yet, old as I am,
To find your Knavery: You are ſent here, Sirrah,
To diſcover certain Gentlemen, a Spy-knave,
And if ye find 'em, if not by Perſuaſion
To bring 'em back, by Poiſon to diſpatch 'em.

Hub. By Poiſon, ha?

Ger. Here is another, *Hubert*;
What is that *Hubert*, Sir?

Hemp. You may perceive there.

(18) ——— *And the wild* Sounder
Single, and with my arm'd Staff, turn the Boar,] The only Dictionary in which I can find *Sounder* makes it the ſame with the *wild Boar*, and ſo Mr. *Sympſon* thought it, and agreed with me that the mention of both in the ſame Sentence was a Tautology, which our Authors would ſcarcely be guilty of. I therefore endeavoured by the Change of a Monoſyllable and a Tranſpoſition of the Words to amend it. I have ventur'd my Conjecture into the Text, but muſt own that I have not his Aſſent, who ſince thinks that *Sounder* may ſignify a Herd of wild Boars. But *to ſingle a Herd of Boars* ſeems to me an Expreſſion more exceptionable than the Tautology we want to get rid of.

Ger.

Ger. I may perceive a Villany, and a rank one;
Was he join'd Partner of thy Knavery!
Hemp. No.
He had an honeſt end, (wou'd I had had ſo,)
Which makes him ſcape ſuch Cut-throats.
Ger. So it ſeems.
For here thou art commanded, when that *Hubert*
Has done his beſt and worthieſt Service, this way
To cut his Throat, for here he's ſet down dangerous.
Hub. This is moſt impious.
Ger. I am glad we've found ye,
Is not this true?
Hemp. Yes; what are you the better?
Ger. You ſhall perceive, Sir, ere you get your Freedom:
Take him aſide, and, Friend, we take thee to us,
Into our Company; thou dar'ſt be true to us?
Hig. Ay, and Obedient too?
Hub. As you had bred me.
Ger. Then take our Hand: Thou'rt now a Servant to us,
Welcome him all.
Hig. Stand off, ſtand off: I'll do it,
We bid ye welcome three ways; firſt for your Perſon,
Which is a promiſing Perſon; next for your Quality,
Which is a decent, and a gentle Quality;
Laſt for the frequent means you have to feed us,
You can ſteal 'tis to be preſum'd.
Hub. Yes, Veniſon,
And if you want ——
Hig. 'Tis well you underſtand right, and
Shall practiſe daily: You can drink too? *Hub.* Soundly.
Hig. And ye dare know a Woman from a Weather-cock?
Hub. If I handle her.
Ger. Now ſwear him.
Hig. I crown thy [30] *nab*, with a [31] *gag of Benbouſe*,
And [32] *ſtall* thee by the [33] *Salmon* into the [34] *Clows*,
To *mand* on the *Pad*, and [35] *ſtrike* all the *Cheats*;

30. Head. 31. Pot of good Ale. 32. Inſtal. 33. Oath. 34. Rogues. 35. Rob all you meet.

To

To [36] *Mill* from the [37] *Ruffmans*, and [38] *Commiſion* and [39] *Slates*,
[40] *Twang dell*'s, i' the [41] *ſtiromel*, and let the [42] *Quire Cuffin:*
And [43] *Herman-Becktrine*, and [44] *trine* to the [45] *Ruffin.*
Ger. Now interpret this unto him.
Hig. I pour on thy Pate a pot of good Ale,
(19) And by the Rogues Oath a Rogue thee Inſtal:
To beg on the way, to rob all thou meets;
To ſteal from the Hedge, both the Shirt and the Sheets:
And lie with thy Wench in the Straw till ſhe twang,
Let the Conſtable, Juſtice, and Devil go hang.
Hig. You're welcome, Brother.
All. Welcome, welcome, welcome;
But who ſhall have the keeping
Of this Fellow?
Hub. Sir, if you dare but truſt me;
(20) For I have kept wild Dogs and Beaſts for wonder,
And made 'em tame too: Give into my Cuſtody
This roaring Raſcal, I ſhall hamper him,
With all his Knacks and Knaveries, and I fear me
Diſcover yet a further Villany in him;
O he ſmells rank o'th' Raſcal.
Ger. Take him to thee,
But if he ſcape ——
Hub. Let me be ev'n hang'd for him,
Come, Sir, I'll tye ye to the leaſh.
Hemp. Away, Raſcal.
Hub. Be not ſo ſtubborn: I ſhall ſwinge ye ſoundly,
And ye play tricks with me.
Ger. So, now come in,
But ever have an eye, Sir, to your Priſoner. [me.
Hub. He muſt blind both mine Eyes, if he get from
Ger. Go get ſome Victuals, and ſome Drink, ſome good Drink;

36 Rob. 37. Hedges. 38. Shirts. 39. Sheets. 40. Lie with Maids. 41. Hay. 42. Juſtice of Peace. 43. Beadle. 44. Hang. 45. Devil.

(19) —— *O'th'*] Former Editions. Mr. *Theobald* and I concurred in the Emendation.

(20) *For I have kept*] The [*if*] hurts the Senſe here, and ſeems evidently to have crept into this Line from that above.

For

For this day we'll keep holy to good Fortune,
Come, and be frolick with us.
Hig. You are a Stranger, Brother, I pray lead,
You muſt, you muſt, Brother. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Goſwin *and* Gertrude.

Gert. Indeed you're welcome: I have heard your ſcape,
And therefore give her leave, that only loves you,
Truly and dearly loves you, give her Joy leave
To bid you welcome: What is't makes you ſad, Man?
Why do you look ſo wild? Is't I offend you?
Beſhrew my Heart, not willingly.
Goſ. No, *Gertrude.*
Gert. Is't the delay of that you long have look'd for,
A happy Marriage? Now I come to urge it.
Now when you pleaſe to finiſh it?
Goſ. No News yet?
Gert. D'you hear, Sir?
Goſ. Yes.
Gert. D'you love me?
Goſ. Have I liv'd
In all the happineſs Fortune could ſeat me,
In all Mens fair Opinions?
Gert. I have provided
A Prieſt, that's ready for us.
Goſ. And can the Devil,
In one ten Days, that Devil Chance devour me?
Gert. We'll fly t' what Place you pleaſe.
Goſ. No Star proſperous!
All at a ſwoop?
Gert. You do not love me, *Goſwin?*
You will not look upon me?
Goſ. Can Mens Prayers,
Shot up to Heav'n with ſuch a Zeal as mine are,
Fall back like lazy Miſts, and never proſper?
Gives I muſt wear, and cold muſt be my Comfort;
Darkneſs, and want of Meat; alas ſhe weeps too,

Which

Which is the top of all my Sorrows, *Gertrude.*
Gert. No, no, you will not know me; my poor Beauty,
Which has been worth your Eyes.
Goſ. The Time grows on ſtill;
And like a tumbling Wave, I ſee my Ruin
Come rowling over me.
Gert. Yet will ye know me?
Goſ. For a hundred thouſand Crowns.
Gert. Yet will ye love me?
Tell me but how I have deſerv'd your ſlighting?
Goſ. For a hundred thouſand Crowns?
Gert. Farewel Diſſembler.
Goſ. Of which I have ſcarce ten: O how it ſtarts me!
Gert. And may the next you love, hearing my Ruin—
Goſ. I had forgot my ſelf, O my beſt *Gertrude*,
Crown of my Joys and Comforts.
Gert. Sweet, what ails ye?
I thought you had been vext with me.
Goſ. My Mind, Wench,
My Mind o'erflow'd with Sorrow, ſunk my Memory.
Gert. Am I not worthy of the Knowledge of it?
And cannot I as well affect your Sorrows,
As your Delights? You love no other Woman?
Goſ. No, I proteſt.
Gert. You have no Ships loſt lately?
Goſ. None, that I know of.
Gert. I hope you have ſpilt no Blood, whoſe Innocence
May lay this on your Conſcience.
Goſ. Clear, by Heav'n.
Gert. Why ſhould you be thus then?
Goſ. Good *Gertrude* ask not,
Ev'n by the Love you bear me.
Gert. I am obedient.
Goſ. Go in, my fair, I will not be long from ye,
Nor long I fear me with thee. At my Return
Diſpoſe me as you pleaſe.
Gert. The good Gods guide ye. [*Exit.*
Goſ. Now for my ſelf, which is the leaſt I hope for,
And when that fails, for Mans worſt Fortune, Pity. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Goſwin, *and four Merchants.*

Goſ. WHY Gentlemen, 'tis but a Week more, I intreat you
But ſeven ſhort Days, I am not running from ye;
Nor, if you give me Patience, is it poſſible
All my Adventures fail; you have Ships abroad
Endure the beating both of Wind and Weather:
I'm ſure 'twould vex your Hearts, to be proteſted;
Ye're all fair Merchants.

1 *Mer.* Yes, and muſt have fair play,
There is no living here elſe; one hour's failing
Fails us of all our Friends, of all our Credits:
For my part, I would ſtay, but my wants tell me,
I muſt wrong others in't.

Goſ. No mercy in ye!

2 *Mer.* 'Tis fooliſh to depend on others Mercy:
Keep your ſelf right, and e'en cut your Cloth, Sir,
According to your calling; you have liv'd here
In Lord-like Prodigality, high, and open,
And now you find what 'tis: The lib'ral ſpending
The Summer of your Youth, which you ſhou'd glean in,
And like the labouring Ant, make uſe and gain of,
Has brought this bitter, ſtormy Winter on ye,
And now you cry.

3 *Mer.* Alas, before your Poverty,
We were no Men, of no Mark, no Endeavour;
You ſtood alone, took up all Trade, all Buſineſs
Running through your Hands, ſcarce a Sail at Sea,
But loaden with your Goods: We poor weak Pedlars;
When by your leave, and much intreaty to it,
We cou'd have ſtowage for a little Cloth,
Or a few Wines, put off, and thankt your Worſhip.
Lord, how the World's chang'd with ye? Now I hope,
We ſhall have Sea-room. [Sir,

Goſ. Is my Miſery
Become my Scorn too! Have ye no Humanity?

No

No part of Men left? Are all th' Bounties in me
To you, and to the Town, turn'd my Reproaches?
4 *Mer.* Well, get your Monies ready: 'Tis but two hours;
We ſhall proteſt ye elſe, and ſuddenly.
Gof. But two Days.
1 *Mer.* Not an Hour, ye know the hazard. [*Exeunt.*
Gof. How ſoon my light's put out! Hard-hearted *Bruges!*
Within thy Walls may never honeſt Merchant
Venture his Fortunes more: O my poor Wench too.

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. Good Fortune, Maſter.
Gof. Thou miſtak'ſt me, *Clauſe*,
I am not worth thy Bleſſing.
Ger. Still a ſad Man!

Enter Higgen *and* Prigg, *like Porters.*

No belief, gentle Maſter? Come bring it in then,
And now believe your Beadſman.
Gof. Is this certain?
Or doſt thou work upon my troubled Senſe?
Ger. 'Tis Gold, Sir,
Take it and try it.
Gof. Certainly 'tis Treaſure;
Can there be yet this Bleſſing?
Ger. Ceaſe your wonder,
You ſhall not ſink for ne'er a ſowſt Flap-dragon,
For ne'er a pickl'd Pilcher of 'em all, Sir.
'Tis there, your full Sum, a hundred thouſand Crowns:
And good ſweet Maſter, now be merry; pay 'em,
Pay the poor pelting Knaves, that know no Goodneſs:
And chear your Heart up handſomely.
Gof. Good *Clauſe*,
How cam'ſt thou by this mighty Sum? if naughtily,
I muſt not take it of thee, 'twill undo me.
Ger. Fear not, you have it by as honeſt means
As though your Father gave it. Sir, you know not
To what a Maſs, the little we get daily,
Mounts in ſev'n Years; we beg it for Heav'n's Charity,
And to the ſame good we are bound to render it.

Goſ. What great Security?
Ger. Away with that, Sir,
Were not ye more than all the Men in *Bruges*;
And all the Mony in my Thoughts——
Goſ. But good *Clauſe*,
I may die preſently.
Ger. Then this dies with ye:
Pay when you can, good Maſter, I'll no Parchments,
Only this Charity I ſhall intreat you,
Leave me this Ring.
Goſ. Alas, it is too poor, *Clauſe*.
Ger. 'Tis all I ask, and this withal, that when
I ſhall deliver this back, you ſhall grant me
Freely one poor Petition.
Goſ. There, I confirm it, [*Gives the Ring.*
And may my Faith forſake me when I ſhun it.
Ger. Away, your Time draws on. Take up the Mony,
And follow this young Gentleman.
Goſ. Farewel *Clauſe*,
And may thy honeſt Memory live for ever.
Ger. Heav'n bleſs you, and ſtill keep you; farewel, Maſter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. I have lock'd my Youth up cloſe enough for gadding,
In an old Tree, and ſet watch over him.

Enter Jaculin.

Now for my Love, for ſure this Wench muſt be ſhe,
She follows me; Come hither, pretty *Minche*.
Jac. No, no, you'll kiſs.
Hub. So I will.
Jac. Y'deed law?
How will ye kiſs me, pray you?
Hub. Thus, ----- ſoft as my Love's Lips.
Jac. Oh!
Hub. What's your Father's Name?

Jac.

Jac. He's gone to Heav'n.
Hub. Is it not *Gerrard*, Sweet?
Jac. I'll ſtay no longer;
My Mother's an old Woman, and my Brother
Was drown'd at Sea, with catching Cockles. O Love!
O how my Heart melts in me: How thou fir'ſt me!
Hub. 'Tis certain ſhe; pray let me ſee your Hand,
Jac. No, no, you'll bite it. [Sweet?
Hub. Sure I ſhould know that Gymmal!
Jac. 'Tis certain he: I had forgot my Ring too.
O *Hubert! Hubert!*
Hub. Ha! methought ſhe nam'd me——
Do you know me, Chick?
Jac. No indeed, I never ſaw ye;
But methinks you kiſs finely.
Hub. Kiſs again then.
By Heav'n 'tis ſhe.
Jac. O what a Joy he brings me!
Hub. You are not *Minche?*
Jac. Yes, pretty Gentleman,
And I muſt be marry'd to morrow to a Capper.
Hub. Muſt ye, my Sweet, and does the Capper love ye?
Jac. Yes, yes, he'll give me Pie, and look in mine Eyes
'Tis he: 'Tis my dear Love: O bleſt Fortune. [thus.
Hub. How fain ſhe would conceal her ſelf, yet ſhews it!
Will you love me, and leave that Man? I'll ſerve you.
Jac. O I ſhall loſe my ſelf!
Hub. I'll wait upon you,
And make you dainty Noſegays.
Jac. And where will you ſtick 'em? [Lillies
Hub. Here in thy Boſom, Sweet, and make a Crown of
For your fair Head.
Jac. And will you love me deed-law?
Hub. With all my Heart.
Jac. Call me to morrow then,
And we'll have brave cheer, and go to Church together;
Give you good Ev'n, Sir.
Hub. But one word, fair *Minche.*
Jac. I muſt be gone a Milking.
Hub. Ye ſhall preſently.

Did you ne'er hear of a young Maid call'd *Jaculin?*
Jac. I am diſcover'd; hark in your Ear, I'll tell ye:
You muſt not know me, kiſs and be conſtant ever.
Hub. Heav'n curſe me elſe. 'Tis ſhe, and now I'm certain
They are all here. Now for my other Project. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Goſwin, *four* Merchants, Higgen, *and* Prigg.

1 *Mer.* Nay, if 'twould do you courteſie.
Goſ. None at all, Sir:
Take it, 'tis yours, there's your ten thouſand for ye,
Give in my Bills. Your ſixteen.
3 *Mer.* Pray be pleas'd, Sir,
To make a further uſe.
Goſ. No.
3 *Mer.* What I have, Sir,
You may command; pray let me be your Servant.
Goſ. Put your Hats on: I care not for your courteſies,
They're moſt untimely done, and no truth in 'em.
2 *Mer.* I have a fraught of Pepper.
Goſ. Rot your Pepper,
Shall I truſt you again? There's your ſeven thouſand.
4 *Mer.* Or if you want fine Sugar, 'tis but ſending.
Goſ. No, I can ſend to *Barbary*, thoſe People
That never yet knew Faith, have nobler freedoms:
Theſe carry to *Vanlock*, and take my Bills in,
To *Peter Zuten* theſe: Bring back my Jewels.
(21) Why are theſe Pieces? [*Guns fir'd.*

Enter Sailor.

Sail. Health to the noble Merchant,
The *Suſan* is return'd.
Goſ. Well?
Sail. Well, and rich, Sir,
And now put in.

(21) *Why are theſe Pieces?*] The Senſe which is now ſo clear, was obſcure to me, till Mr. *Sympſon* added the Marginal Note.

Goſ.

Gof. Heav'n, thou haſt heard my Pray'rs.
Sail. The brave *Rebeccah* too, bound from the *Straits*,
With the next Tide is ready to put after.
Gof. What News o'th' Fly-boat?
Sail. If this Wind hold 'till Midnight,
She will be here, and wealthy, ſhe ſcap'd fairly.
Gof. How, prithee, Sailor?
Sail. Thus, Sir; ſhe had fight,
Seven hours together, with ſix *Turkiſh* Gallies,
And ſhe fought bravely; but at length was boarded
And overlaid with Strength: When preſently
Comes boring up the wind Captain *Vannoke*,
That valiant Gentleman you redeem'd from Priſon;
He knew the Boat, ſet in, and fought it bravely:
Beat all the Gallies off, ſunk three, redeem'd her,
And as a Service to ye ſent her home, Sir.
Gof. An honeſt noble Captain, and a thankful; [Sailor.
There's for thy News: Go drink the Merchant's Health,
Sail. I thank your Bounty, and I'll do't t' a Doit, Sir.
[*Exit Sailor.*
1 *Mer.* What Miracles are pour'd upon this Fellow!
(22) *Gof.* This Year, I hope, my Friends, I ſhall ſcape
For all your cares to catch me. [Priſon,
2 *Mer.* You may pleaſe, Sir,
To think of your poor Servants in Diſpleaſure,
Whoſe all they have, Goods, Monies, are at your Service.
Gof. I thank you,
When I have need of you I ſhall forget you:
You're paid, I hope.
All. We joy in your good Fortunes.

Enter Vandunk.

Vand. Come, Sir, come take your eaſe, you muſt go
Yonder's one weeps and howls. [home wi' me,

(22) *This here, I hope,*] Any one that attends to the Senſe would at once ſee the Corruption, and diſcover the true Word. Mr. *Theobald*, Mr. *Sympſon* and I agreed in the Correction, and 'tis confirmed by the old Folio, which reads *Ye are*. 'Tis ſtrange, that the following Editors ſhould ſee that this was wrong, and not ſee what was right.

Goſ. Alas how does ſhe?

Vand. She will be better ſoon, I hope.

Goſ. Why ſoon, Sir? [Night,

Vand. Why when you have her in your Arms; this My Boy, ſhe is thy Wife.

Goſ. With all my Heart I take her.

Vand. We have prepar'd, all thy Friends will be there,
And all my Rooms ſhall ſmoak to ſee the Revel;
Thou haſt been wrong'd, and no more ſhall my Service
Wait on the Knave her Uncle. I have heard all,
All his Baits for my Boy, but thou ſhalt have her;
Haſt thou diſpatch'd thy Buſineſs?

Goſ. Moſt——

Vand. By the Maſs, Boy,
Thou tumbleſt now in Wealth, and I joy in it,
Thou'rt the beſt Boy that *Bruges* ever nouriſh'd.
Thou haſt been ſad, I'll cheer thee up with Sack,
And when thou 'rt luſty fling thee to thy Miſtreſs.
She'll hug thee, Sirrah.

Goſ. I long to ſee it.

I had forgot you: There's for you, my Friends:
You had but heavy burthens; commend my Love,
(23) Commend my beſt Love, all the Love I have
To honeſt *Clauſe*, ſhortly I'll thank him better. [*Exit.*

Hig. By th' Maſs a Royal Merchant,
Gold by the handful, here will be ſport ſoon, *Prigg.*

Prigg. It partly ſeems ſo, and here will I be in a trice.

Hig. And I Boy,
Away apace, we are look'd for.

Prigg. Oh theſe bak'd Meats,
Methinks I ſmell them hither.

Hig. Thy Mouth waters. [*Exeunt.*

(23) ——*Commend my Love*
To my beſt Love,] However great a Friend *Clauſe* had been, *Goſwin* would ſcarcely call him his Love, a Term appropriated to Lovers of different Sexes. Beſides this, the Meaſure is ſpoil'd; which, with the former Proof, almoſt demonſtrates the Paſſage to be corrupt. A Repetition of the Verb *Commend* effectually cures it; and I have often found, that where the Senſe and Meaſure both require a Repetition of a Word, the Printer omits it; taking it for granted, that all Repetitions of the ſame Words muſt be Miſtakes, becauſe they generally are ſo.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Hubert *and* Hempskirk.

Hub. I muſt not.
Hemp. Why? 'tis in thy power to do it,
And in mine to reward thee to thy Wiſhes.
Hub. I dare not, nor I will not.
Hemp. Gentle Huntſman,
Though thou haſt kept me hard: Though in thy Duty,
Which is requir'd to do it, th'aſt us'd me ſtubbornly;
I can forgive thee freely.
Hub. You the Earl's Servant?
Hemp. I ſwear I'm near as his own Thoughts to him;
Able to do thee——
Hub. Come, come, leave your prating.
Hemp. If thou dar'ſt but try.
Hub. I thank you heartily, you will be
The firſt Man that will hang me, a ſweet Recompence;
I could do't, but I do not ſay I will,
To any honeſt Fellow that wou'd think on't,
And be a Benefactor.
Hemp. If't be not recompenc'd, and t' thy own deſires,
Within theſe ten Days if I do not make thee——
Hub. What,
A falſe Knave!
Hemp. Prithee, conceive me rightly, any thing
Of Profit or of Place that may advance thee.
Hub. Why what a Gooſecap wou'dſt thou make me,
Don't I know
That Men in Miſery will promiſe any thing,
More than their Lives can reach at? *Hemp.* B'lieve me,
There ſhall not one ſhort Syllable that now [Huntſman,
Comes from me, paſs without its full Performance.
Hub. Say you ſo, Sir?
Have ye e'er a good Place for my Quality?
Hemp. A thouſand Chaſes, Foreſts, Parks: I'll make thee
Chief Ranger over all the Games.
Hub. When?

Hemp. Preſently. [too.
Hub. This may provoke me: And yet to prove a Knave
Hemp. 'Tis to prove honeſt: 'Tis to do good Service,
Service for him thou'rt ſworn to, for thy Prince,
Then for thy ſelf that good; what Fool would live here,
Poor, and in Mis'ry, ſubject to all Dangers,
Law, and lewd People, can inflict, when bravely
And to himſelf he may be Law and Credit?
Hub. Shall I believe thee?
Hemp. As that thou holdſt moſt holy.
Hub. Ye may play Tricks.
Hemp. Then let me never live more.
Hub. Then you ſhall ſee, Sir, I will do a Service
That ſhall deſerve indeed.
Hemp. 'Tis well ſaid, Huntſman,
And thou ſhalt be well thought of.
Hub. I will do it:
'Tis not your ſetting free, for that's meer nothing,
But ſuch a Service, if the Earl be noble,
He ſhall for ever love me.
Hemp. What is't, Huntſman?
Hub. Do you know any of theſe People live here?
Hemp. No.
Hub. You're a Fool then: Here be thoſe, to have 'em,
I know the Earl ſo well, would make him caper.
Hemp. Any of the old Lords that rebel'd?
Hub. Peace, all,
I know 'em ev'ry one, and can betray 'em.
Hemp. But wilt thou do this Service?
Hub. If you'll keep
Your Faith, and free word to me.
Hemp. Wilt thou ſwear me?
Hub. No, no, I will believe ye: More than that too,
Here's the right Heir.
Hemp. O honeſt, honeſt Huntſman! [matter,
Hub. Now, how to get theſe Gallants, there's the
You will be conſtant, 'tis no work for me elſe.
Hemp. Will the Sun ſhine again;
Hub. The way to get 'em.
Hemp. Propound it, and it ſhall be done.

Hub.

Hub. No Slight;
(For they are deviliſh crafty, it concerns 'em:)
Nor Reconcilement, (for they dare not truſt neither,)
Muſt do this trick.
Hemp. By Force?
Hub. Ay, that muſt do it.
And with the Perſon of the Earl himſelf,
Authority, and mighty, muſt come on 'em:
Or elſe in vain: And thus I'd have ye do it. ['em,
To Morrow Night be here: A hundred Men will bear
(So he be there, for he's both wiſe and valiant,
And with his Terror will ſtrike dead their Forces)
The hour be Twelve a Clock, now for a Guide
To draw ye without danger on theſe Perſons,
The Woods being thick, and hard to hit, my ſelf
With ſome few with me, made unto our purpoſe,
Beyond the Wood, upon the Plain, will wait ye
By the great Oak.
Hemp. I know it: Keep thy Faith, Huntſman,
And ſuch a ſhow'r of Wealth—
Hub. I warrant ye:
Miſs nothing that I tell ye.
Hemp. No.
Hub. Farewel;
You have your Liberty, now uſe it wiſely;
And keep your hour, go cloſer 'bout the Wood there,
For fear they ſpy you.
Hemp. Well.
Hub. And bring no noiſe with ye.
Hemp. All ſhall be done to th' purpoſe: Farewel Huntſman. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Gerrard, Higgen, Prigg, Ginks, Snap, *and* Ferret.

Ger. Now, what's the News in Town?
Ginks. No News, but joy, Sir;
Every Man wooing of the the noble Merchant,
(24) Who ſends his hearty Commendations to ye.

(24) *Who* has *his hearty*——] As an imperfect Sentence, ſeems unneceſſary here, I ſuppoſe *has* to be wrong, and that either *does* or *ſends* was the Original.

Fer.

Fer. Yes this is News, this Night he's to be married.
Ginks. By th' Maſs that's true, he marries *Vandunk*'s
(25) The dainty black-ey'd Dell. [Daughter,
Hig. I would my Clapper
Hung in his Baldrick, ah what a Peal could I ring?
Ger. Marry'd?
Ginks. 'Tis very true, Sir. O the Pies,
The piping-hot Mince-pies!
Prigg. O the Plum-pottage! [Limb, Boys,
Hig. For one Leg of a Gooſe now would I venture a
I love a fat Gooſe, as I love Allegiance,
And——upon the Boors, too well they know it,
And therefore ſtarve their Poultry.
Ger. To be married
To *Vandunk*'s Daughter?
Hig. O this precious Merchant:
What ſport he'll have? But hark you, Brother *Prigg*,
Shall we do nothing in the foreſaid Wedding?
There's Mony to be got, and Meat, I take it,
What think ye of a Moriſe?
Prigg. No, by no means,
That goes no further than the Street, there leaves us,
Now we muſt think of ſomething that may draw us
Into the Bowels of it, into th' Buttery,
Into the Kitchin, into the Cellar, ſomething
That that old drunken Burgo-maſter loves,
What think ye of a Waſſel?
Hig. I think worthily.
Prigg. And very fit it ſhould be, thou, and *Ferret*,
And *Ginks* to ſing the Song: I for the Structure,
Which is the Bowl.
Hig. Which muſt be up-ſey *Engliſh*,
Strong, luſty *London* Beer; let's think more of it.
Ger. He muſt not marry.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. By your leave in private,

(25) ——*Black-ey'd Bell.*] This is Senſe, but as *Dell* is the Cant Term made uſe of before in the Play for a young Laſs, Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Sympſon* both think the ſame Word was here uſed.

One

(26) One word, Sir, with ye; *Gerrard*: Do not ſtart, Man,
I know ye, and he knows ye, that beſt loves ye:
Hubert ſpeaks to ye, and you muſt be *Gerrard.*
The time invites you to it.
Ger. Make no ſhow then,
I am glad to ſee ye, Sir; and I am *Gerrard.*
How ſtand Affairs?
Hub. Fair, if ye dare now follow.
Hempskirke I have let go, and theſe my cauſes,
I'll tell ye privately, and how I have wrought him,
And then to prove me honeſt to my Friends,
Look upon theſe Directions, you have ſeen his.
Hig. Then will I ſpeak a Speech, and a brave Speech
In praiſe of Merchants; where's the Ape?
Prigg.——Take him,
A gouty Bear-ward ſtole him th' other Day.
Hig. May his Bears worry him! that Ape had paid it,
What dainty tricks? ----- (O that burſen Bear-ward:)
In his *French* Doublet, with his bliſter'd Bullions,
In a long ſtock ty'd up; O how daintily
Wou'd I have made him wait, and ſhift a Trencher,
Carry a Cup of Wine? ten thouſand Stinks
Wait on thy mangy hide, thou lowzy Bear-ward.
Ger. 'Tis paſſing well, I both believe and joy in't,
And will be ready: Keep you here the mean while,
And keep you in, I muſt a while forſake ye.
Upon mine Anger no Man ſtir, this two hours.
Hig. Not to the Wedding, Sir?
Ger. Not any whither.
Hig. The Wedding muſt be ſeen, Sir; we want Meat too.
We're horrible out of Meat.
Prigg. Shall it be ſpoken,
Fat Capons ſhak'd their Tails at's in Defiance?
(27) And Turkey Tombs ſuch honourable Monuments,
Shall Pigs, Sir, that the Parſon's ſelf would envy,
And dainty Ducks——

(26) —— *Do not ſtart me,*] Former Editions. Amended by Mr. *Theobald.*

(27) ——*Turkey Tombs*] i. e. Turkey Pies.

Ger.

Ger. Not a word more, obey me. [*Exit* Ger.
Hig. Why then come doleful Death, this is flat Tyranny,
And by this Hand——
Hub. What?
Hig. I'll go ſleep upon't. [*Exit* Hig.
Prigg. Nay, and there be a Wedding, and we wanting,
Farewel our happy Days: We do obey, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter two young Merchants.

1 *Mer.* Well met, Sir, you are for this luſty Wedding.
2 *Mer.* I am ſo, ſo are you, I take it.
1 *Mer.* Yes,
And it much glads me, that to do him ſervice
Who is the honour of our Trade, and Luſtre,
We meet thus happily.
2 *Mer.* He's a noble Fellow,
And well becomes a Bride of ſuch a Beauty.
1 *Mer.* She's paſſing fair indeed; long may their Loves
Continue like their Youths, in ſpring of Sweetneſs,
All the young Merchants will be here no doubt on't,
For he that comes not to attend this Wedding,
The curſe of a moſt blind one fall upon him,
A loud Wife, and a lazy. Here's *Vanlock.*

Enter Vanlock *and* Frances.

Vanl. Well overtaken Gentlemen: Save ye.
1 *Mer.* The ſame to you, Sir; ſave ye fair Miſtreſs *Frances,*
I would this happy Night might make you bluſh too.
Vanl. She dreams apace.
Fran. That's but a drowſie Fortune.
2 *Mer.* Nay take us with ye too; we come to that end,
I'm ſure ye are for the Wedding.
Vanl. Hand and Heart, Man:
And what their Feet can do, I cou'd have tript it
Before this whorſon Gout.

Enter

Enter Clauſe.

Cla. Bleſs ye Maſters.
Vanl. Clauſe, how now, *Clauſe?* thou art come to ſee thy Maſter,
(And a good Maſter he is to all poor People,)
In all his Joy, 'tis honeſtly done of thee.
Cla. Long may he live, Sir, but my buſineſs now is
If you wou'd pleaſe to do it, and to him too.

Enter Goſwin.

Vanl. He's here himſelf.
Goſ. Stand at the Door, my Friends?
I pray walk in: Welcome fair Miſtreſs *Frances*,
See what the Houſe affords, there's a young Lady
Will bid you welcome.
Vanl. We joy your Happineſs. [*Exeunt.*
Goſ. I hope it will be ſo: *Clauſe*, nobly welcome,
My honeſt, my beſt Friend, I have been careful
To ſee thy Monies ——
Cla. Sir, that brought not me,
D'you know this Ring again?
Goſ. Thou hadſt it of me. [gave me
Cla. And do you well remember yet, the boon you
On the return of this?
Goſ. Yes, and I grant it,
Be't what it will: Ask what thou canſt, I'll do it;
Within my pow'r.
Cla. Ye are not married yet.
Goſ. No.
Cla. Faith I ſhall ask you that that will diſturb ye,
But I muſt put ye to your Promiſe.
Goſ. Do.
And if faint and flinch in't ——
Cla. Well ſaid Maſter,
And yet it grieves me too: And yet it muſt be.
Goſ. Prithee diſtruſt me not.
Cla. You muſt not marry,
That's part of the pow'r you gave me; which to make up,
Yo' muſt preſently depart, and follow me.

Goſ.

Gof. Not marry, *Clauſe?*
Cla. Not if you keep your Promiſe,
And give me pow'r to ask.
Gof. Prithee think better,
I will obey, by Heav'n.
Cla. I've thought the beſt, Sir.
Gof. Give me thy Reaſon, do'ſt thou fear her Honeſty?
Cla. Chaſte as the Ice, for any thing I know, Sir.
Gof. Why ſhould'ſt thou light on that then? to what purpoſe?
Cla. I muſt not now diſcover.
Gof. Muſt not marry?
Shall I break now when my poor Heart is pawn'd?
When all the Preparation?
Cla. Now or never.
Gof. Come, 'tis not that thou would'ſt: Thou doſt but fright me.
Cla. Upon my Soul it is, Sir, and I bind ye.
Gof. *Clauſe*, can'ſt thou be ſo cruel?
Cla. You may break, Sir,
But never more in my Thoughts appear honeſt.
Gof. Didſt ever ſee her?
Cla. No.
Gof. She's ſuch a thing,
O *Clauſe*, ſhe's ſuch a Wonder, ſuch a Mirror,
For Beauty, and fair Virtue, *Europe* has not.
Why haſt thou made me happy, to undo me?
But look on her; then if thy Heart relent not,
I'll quit her preſently: Who waits there?
Ser. [*within*] Sir.
Gof. Bid my fair Love come hither and the Company.
Prithee be good unto me; take a Man's Heart
And look upon her truly: Take a Friend's Heart
And feel what Miſery muſt follow this.
Cla. Take you a noble Heart and keep your Promiſe;
I forſook all I had, to make you happy.

Enter Gertrude, Vandunk, *and the Merchants.*

Can that thing, call'd a Woman, ſtop your Goodneſs?
Gof. Look there ſhe is, deal with me as thou wilt now,
Did'ſt ever ſee a fairer?

Cla.

Cla. She's moſt goodly.
Goſ. Pray ye ſtand ſtill.
Gert. What ails my Love?
Goſ. Didſt ever,
By the fair light of Heav'n, behold a ſweeter?
O that thou knew'ſt but Love, or ever felt him,
Look well, look narrowly upon her Beauties.
1 *Mer.* Sure h'as ſome ſtrange deſign in hand, he ſtarts ſo.
2 *Mer.* This Beggar has a ſtrong Pow'r o'er his Pleaſure.
Goſ. View all her Body.
Cla. 'Tis exact and excellent.
Goſ. Is ſhe a thing then to be loſt thus lightly?
Her Mind is ten times ſweeter, ten times nobler,
And but to hear her ſpeak, a Paradiſe;
And ſuch a Love ſhe bears to me, a chaſte Love,
A virtuous, fair, and fruitful Love: 'Tis now too
I'm ready to enjoy it; the Prieſt ready, *Clauſe*,
To ſay the Holy Words ſhall make us happy;
This is a Cruelty beyond Man's Study,
All theſe are ready, all our Joys are ready,
And all the Expectation of our Friends,
'Twill be her Death to do it.
Cla. Let her die then.
Goſ. Thou canſt not: 'Tis impoſſible.
Cla. It muſt be. [*Clauſe*,
Goſ. 'Twill kill me too, 'twill murder me; by Heav'n,
I'll give thee half I have; come thou ſhalt ſave me.
Cla. Then you muſt go with me; I can ſtay no longer,
If ye be true and noble.
Goſ. Hard Heart, I'll follow:
Pray y' all go in again, and pray be merry,
I have a weighty buſineſs, give my Cloak there,

Enter Servant, with a Cloak.

Concerns my Life and State, (make no Enquiry,)
This preſent hour befaln me: With the ſooneſt
I ſhall be here again: Nay pray go in, Sir,
And take them with you, 'tis but a Night loſt, Gentlemen.
Vand. Come, come in, we'll not loſe our Meat yet,
Nor our good Mirth, he cannot ſtay long from her,

I'm

I'm ſure of that. [*Exit.*

Goſ. I will not ſtay; believe, Sir.
Gertrude, a word with you.

Gert. Why is this ſtop, Sir?

Goſ. I have no more time left me, but to kiſs thee,
And tell thee this, I'm ever thine: Farewel Wench. [*Exit.*

Gert. And is that all your Ceremony? Is this a Wedding?
Are all my Hopes and Prayers turn'd to nothing?
Well, I will ſay no more, nor ſigh, nor ſorrow;
'Till to thy Face I prove thee falſe. Ah me! [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Gertrude, *and a Boor.*

Gert. LEAD, if thou think'ſt we're right: why doſt thou make
Theſe often ſtands? thou ſaidſt thou knew'ſt the way.

Boor. Fear nothing, I do know it: Would 'twere homeward.

Gert. Wrought from me by a Beggar? at the time
That moſt ſhou'd tye him? 'tis ſome other Love
That hath a more command on his Affections,
And he that fetcht him, a diſguiſed Agent,
Not what he perſonated; for his Faſhion
Was more familiar with him, and more pow'rful
Than one that ask'd an Alms: I muſt find out
One, if not both: Kind Darkneſs be my ſhrowd,
And cover Love's too curious ſearch in me,
For yet, Suſpicion, I wou'd not name thee.

Boor. Miſtreſs, it grows ſomewhat pretty and dark.

Gert. What then?

Boor. Nay, nothing; do not think I am afraid,
Although perhaps you are.

Gert. I am not: Forward.

Boor. Sure but you are? give me your Hand, fear nothing.
There's one Leg in the Wood, don't pull me backward:
What

What a ſweat one on's are in, you or I?
Pray God it do not prove the Plague; yet ſure
It has infected me; for I ſweat too,
It runs out at my Knees, feel, feel, I pray you.
Gert. What ails the Fellow?
Boor. Hark, hark, I beſeech you,
Do you hear nothing?
Gert. No.
Boor. Liſt: A wild Hog,
He grunts: now 'tis a Bear: this Wood is full of 'em,
And now, a Wolf, Miſtreſs, a Wolf, a Wolf,
It is the howling of a Wolf.
Gert. The braying of an Aſs, is it not?
Boor. Oh, now one has me;
Oh my left Haunch, farewel.
Gert. Look to your Shanks,
Your Breech is ſafe enough, the Wolf's a Fern-brake.
Boor. But ſee, ſee, ſee, there is a Serpent in it;
'T has Eyes as broad as Platters; it ſpits Fire;
Now it creeps tow'rds us, help me to ſay my Prayers:
'T hath ſwallow'd me almoſt, my Breath is ſtopt;
I cannot ſpeak: Do I ſpeak, Miſtreſs? tell me.
Gert. Why, thou ſtrange timorous Sot, canſt thou perceive
Any thing i'th' Buſh but a poor Glo-worm?
Boor. It may be 'tis but a Glo-worm now, but 'twill
Grow to a Fire-drake preſently.
Gert. Come thou from it:
I have a precious Guide of you, and a courteous,
That gives me leave to lead my ſelf the way thus.
Boor. It thunders, you hear that now?
Gert. I hear one hollow.
Boor. 'Tis Thunder, Thunder:
See, a Flaſh of Lightning:
Are you not blaſted, Miſtreſs? pull your Mask off,
'T has plaid the Barber with me here: I have loſt
My Beard, my Beard, pray God you be not ſhaven,
'Twill ſpoil your Marriage, Miſtreſs.
Gert. What ſtrange Wonders
Fear fancies in a Coward!

Boor. Now the Earth opens.
Gert. Prithee hold thy peace.
Boor. Will you on then?
Gert. Born Love and Jealousie have made me bold,
Where my Fate leads me, I must go. [*Exit.*
Boor. God be with you then.

Enter Wolfort, Hempskirke, *and Attendants.*

Hemp. It was the Fellow sure, he that should guide me,
The Huntsman that did hollow us.
Wol. Best make a stand,
And listen to his next: Ha!
Hemp. Who goes there!
Boor. Mistress, I am taken.
Hemp. Mistress? Look forth, Soldiers.
Wol. What are you, Sirrah?
Boor. Truly all is left
Of a poor Boor, by Day-light, by Night no Body;
You might have spar'd your Drum, and Guns, and Pikes too,
For I am none that will stand out Sir, I.
You may take me in with a walking Stick,
Ev'n when you please, and hold me with a Packthread.
Hemp. What Woman was't you call'd to?
Boor. Woman! None, Sir.
Wol. None! Did you not name Mistress?
Boor. Yes, but she's
No Woman yet: She should have been this Night,
But that a Beggar stole away her Bridegroom,
Whom we were going to make Hue and Cry after;
I tell you true, Sir, she shou'd ha'been married to Day;
And was the Bride and all; but in came *Clause*,
The old lame Beggar, and whips up Mr. *Goswin*
Under his Arm; away with him as a Kite,
Or an old Fox would swoop away a Gosling.
Hemp. 'Tis she, 'tis she, 'tis she: Neice?
Gert. Ha!
Hemp. She, Sir,
This was a noble entrance to your Fortune,
That being on the Point thus to be married,

Upon

Upon her Venture here, you ſhould ſurpriſe her.
Wol. I begin, *Hempskirke*, to believe my Fate
Works to my Ends.
Hemp. Yes, Sir, and this adds Truſt
Unto the Fellow our Guide, who aſſur'd me *Florez*
Liv'd in ſome Merchants ſhape, as *Gerrard* did
In the old Beggars, and that he would uſe
Him for the Train, to call the other forth;
All which we find is done—That's he again—[*Holla again.*
Wol. Good, we ſent out to meet him.
Hemp. Here's the Oak.
Gert. I'm miſerably loſt, thus faln
Into my Uncle's Hands from all my Hopes,
Can I not think away my ſelf and die?

Enter Hubert, Higgen, Prigg, Ferret, Snap, *and* Ginks, *like Boors.*

Hub. I like your Habits well: They're ſafe, ſtand cloſe.
Hig. But what's the Action we are for now? Ha!
Robbing a Ripper of his Fiſh.
Prigg. Or taking
A Poulterer Priſoner, without Ranſom, Bullies?
Hig. Or cutting off a Convoy of Butter?
Fer. Or ſurprizing a Boor's ken, for [46] grunting Cheats!
Prigg. Or [47] Cackling Cheats?
Hig. Or [48] Margery-praters, [49] Rogers,
And [50] Tibs o'th' Buttery?
Prigg. O I cou'd drive a Regiment
Of Geeſe afore me, ſuch a Night as this,
Ten Leagues with my Hat and Staff, and not a Hiſs
Heard, nor a wing of all my Troops diſordered.
Hig. Tell us,
If it be [51] milling of a lag of Duds,
The fetching off a buck of Cloaths or ſo;
We are horribly out of Linnen.
Hub. No ſuch matter.

46. Pigs, former Editions, *granting Cheats*, corrected by Mr. *Theobald.* 47. Chickens. 48. Hens. 49. Geeſe. 50. Goſlings. 51. Stealing a Buck of Cloaths.

Hig. Let me alone with the Farmer's Dog,
If you have a mind to the Cheeſe-loft; 'tis but thus,
And he is a ſilenc'd Maſtiff, during Pleaſure.
Hub. Would it would pleaſe you to be ſilent.
Hig. Mum. *Wol.* Who's there?
Hub. A Friend, the Huntſman.
Hemp. O 'tis he.
Hub. I have kept touch, Sir; which is the Earl of theſe?
Will he know a Man now?
Hemp. This my Lord's the Friend,
Hath undertook the Service.
Hub. If't be worth
His Lordſhip's Thanks anon, when 'tis done,
Lording, I'll look for't, a rude Wood-man,
I know how to pitch my Toils, drive in my Game:
And I have done't, both *Florez* and his Father
Old *Gerrard*, with Lord *Arnold* of *Benthuiſen*,
Cozen, and *Jaculin*, young *Florez*'s Siſter:
I have 'em all.
Wol. Thou ſpeak'ſt too much, too happy,
To carry Faith with it.
Hub. I can bring you
Where you ſhall ſee, and find 'em.
Wol. We will double
What ever *Hempskirke* then hath promis'd thee.
Hub. And I'll deſerve it treble? What Horſe ha' you?
Wol. A hundred. That's well: Ready to take
Upon ſurprize of 'em.
Hemp. Yes. *Hub.* Divide then
Your force into five Squadrons; for there are
So many out-lets, ways through the Wood
That iſſue from the place where they are lodg'd:
Five ſeveral ways, of all which Paſſages
We muſt poſſeſs, our ſelves, to round 'em in;
For by one ſtarting Hole they'll all eſcape elſe:
I and four Boors here to me will be Guides,
The Squadron where you are, my ſelf will lead:
And that they may be more ſecure, I'll uſe
My wonted Whoops, and Hollows, as I were
A hunting for 'em; which will make them reſt

Careleſs

Careleſs of any Noiſe, and be a Direction
To th' other Guides, how we approach 'em ſtill.
Wol. 'Tis order'd well, and reliſheth the Soldier;
Make the Diviſion, *Hempskirke*; you are my Charge,
Fair One, I'll look to you.
Boor. Shall no body need
To look to me? I'll look unto my ſelf.
Hub. 'Tis but this, remember.
Hig. Say, 'tis done, Boy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Gerrard *and* Florez.

Ger. By this time, Sir, I hope you want no Reaſons
Why I broke off your Marriage; for though I
Shou'd as a Subject ſtudy you my Prince
In things indifferent, it will not therefore
Diſcredit you, t' acknowledge me your Father,
By harkning to my neceſſary Counſels.
Flo. Acknowledge you my Father? Sir I do,
And may Impiety, conſpiring with
My other Sins, ſink me, and ſuddenly,
When I forget to pay you a Son's Duty
(28) In my Obedience, and that too held forth
With all the cheerfulneſs.
Ger. I pray you riſe,
And may thoſe Pow'rs that ſee and love this in you,
Reward you for it: Taught by your Example,
Having receiv'd the Rights due to a Father,
I tender you th' Allegiance of a Subject:
Which as my Prince accept of.
Flo. Kneel to me?
May Mountains firſt fall down beneath their Valleys,
And Fire no more mount upwards, when I ſuffer
An act in Nature ſo prepoſterous;

(28) —— *And that help'd forth,*] To help forth Obedience with Cheerfulneſs, ſeems a ſtiff Expreſſion; I have ſubſtituted the natural Word, and added a Monoſyllable that is neceſſary to the Meaſure, and believe that in both I've reſtored the Original.

I muſt o'ercome in this, in all things elſe
The Victory be yours: Cou'd you here read me,
You ſhou'd perceive how all my Faculties
Triumph in my bleſt Fate, to be found yours;
I am your Son, your Son, Sir, and am prouder
To be ſo, to the Father to ſuch Goodneſs,
Which Heav'n be pleas'd I may inherit from you,
Than I ſhall ever of thoſe ſpecious Titles
That plead for my Succeſſion in the Earldom
(Did I poſſeſs it now) left by my Mother.

Ger. I do believe it: But ———

Flo. O my lov'd Father,
Before I knew you were ſo, by Inſtinct,
Nature had taught me, to look on your wants,
Not as a Stranger's: And I know not how,
What you call'd Charity, I thought the Payment
Of ſome Religious Debt, Nature ſtood bound for;
And laſt of all, when your magnificent Bounty
In my low ebb of Fortune, had brought in
A flood of Bleſſings, though my threatning Wants
And fear of their Effects, ſtill kept me ſtupid,
I ſoon found out, it was no common Pity
That led you to it.

Ger. Think of this hereafter,
When we with joy may call it to Remembrance;
There will be a time, more opportune than now,
To end our Story, with all Circumſtances,
I add this only: When we fled from *Wolfort*
I ſent you into *England*, and there plac'd you
With a brave *Flanders* Merchant, call'd rich *Goſwin*,
A Man ſupplied by me unto that purpoſe,
As bound by Oath ne'er to diſcover you,
Who dying, left his Name and Wealth unto you
As his reputed Son, and yet receiv'd ſo;
But now, as *Florez*, and a Prince, remember
The Countries, and the Subjects general Good
Muſt challenge the firſt part in your Affection:
The fair Maid, whom you choſe to be your Wife,
Being ſo far beneath you, that your Love
Muſt grant ſhe's not your Equal.

Flo.

Flo. In Deſcent
Or borrow'd Glories from dead Anceſtors,
But for her Beauty, Chaſtity, and all Virtues
Ever remembred in the beſt of Women,
A Monarch might receive from her, not give,
Though ſhe were his Crown's purchaſe; in this only
Be an indulgent Father: In all elſe
Uſe your Authority.

Enter Hubert, Hempskirke, Wolfort, Bertha, *and* Soldiers.

Hub. Sir, here be two of 'em,
The Father and the Son; the reſt you ſhall have
As faſt as I can rouze them.
Ger. Who's this? *Wolfort?* [you,
Wol. Ay Cripple, your feigned Crutches will not help
Nor patch'd Diſguiſe that hath ſo long conceal'd you,
It's now no halting: I muſt here find *Gerrard*,
And in this Merchant's Habit one call'd *Florez*,
Who wo ld be an Earl.
Ger. And is, wert thou a Subject.
Flo. Is this that Traitor *Wolfort?*
Wol. Yes, but you
Are they that are betray'd: *Hempskirke.*
Ber. My *Goſwin*
Turn'd Prince? O I am poorer by this Greatneſs,
Than all my former Jealouſies or Misfortunes.
Flo. Gertrude?
Wol. Stay, Sir, you were to day too near her,
You muſt no more aim at thoſe eaſie Acceſſes,
(29) Leſs you can do't in Air, without a Head,
Which ſhall be ſuddenly try'd.
Ber. O take my Heart, firſt,
And ſince I cannot hope now to enjoy him,
Let me but fall a part of his glad Ranſom.
Wol. You know not your own value, that entreat.
Ger. So proud a Fiend as *Wolfort.*
Wol. For ſo loſt

(29) *Leſt you*] Late Editions, old Folio, *Leſſe.*

A thing as *Florez*.

Flo. And that wou'd be ſo,
Rather than ſhe ſhould ſtoop again to thee;
There is no Death, but's ſweeter than all Life,
When *Wolfort* is to give it. O my *Gertrude*,
It is not that, nor Princedom that I go from,
It is from thee, that loſs includeth all.

Wol. Ay, if my young Prince knew his loſs, he'd ſay ſo,
Which that he yet may chew on, I will tell him,
This is no *Gertrude*, nor no *Hempskirke*'s Neice,
Nor *Vandunk*'s Daughter: This is *Bertha*, *Bertha*,
The Heir of *Brabant*, ſhe that caus'd the War,
Whom I did ſteal, during my Treaty there,
In your Minority, to raiſe my ſelf;
I then fore-ſeeing 'twou'd beget a Quarrel,
That, a neceſſity of my Employment,
The ſame Employment, make me Maſter of Strength,
That Strength, the Lord of *Flanders*, ſo of *Brabant*,
By marrying her: Which had not been to do, Sir,
She come of Years, but that the Expectation
Firſt of her Father's Death, retarded it,
And ſince the ſtanding out of *Bruges*, where
Hempskirke had hid her, till ſhe was near loſt:
But, Sir, we have recover'd her: Your Merchantſhip
May break, for this was one of your beſt Bottoms,
I think.

Ger. Inſolent Devil!

Enter Hubert, *with* Jaculin, Ginks, *and* Coſtin.

Wol. Who are theſe, *Hempskirke?*

Hemp. More, more, Sir.

Flo. How they triumph in their Treachery!

Hemp. Lord *Arnold* of *Benthuſin*, this Lord *Coſtin*,
This *Jaculin* the Siſter unto *Florez*.

Wol. All found? Why here's brave Game, this was Sport Royal,
And puts me in thought of a new kind of Death for 'em.
Huntſman, your Horn: Firſt wind me *Florez* Fall,
Next *Gerrard's*, then his Daughter *Jaculin's*,

Thoſe

(30) Thoſe Raſcals, they ſhall die without their Rites:
Hang 'em up, *Hempskirke*, on theſe Trees; I'll take
Th' Aſſay of theſe my ſelf.
Hub. Not here, my Lord,
Let 'em be broken up upon a Scaffold,
'Twill ſhew the better when their Arbour's made.
Ger. Wretch, art thou not content thou haſt betray us,
But mock us too?
Ginks. Falſe *Hubert*, this is monſtrous.
Wol. Hubert? Hemp. Who, this?
Ger. Yes, this is *Hubert*, *Wolfort*,
I hope he'as helpt himſelf to a Tree.
Wol. The firſt,
The firſt of any, and moſt glad I have you, Sir:
I let you go before, but for a Train;
Is't you have done this ſervice?
Hub. As your Huntſman?
But now as *Hubert*; ſave your ſelves, I will,
The *Wolf*'s afoot, let ſlip; kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter with a Drum Vandunk, Merchants, Higgen, Prigg, Ferret, *and* Snap.

Wol. Betray'd?
Hub. No, but well catch'd: And I the Huntſman.
Vand. How do you *Wolfort*? Raſcal, good Knave *Wolfort*,
I ſpeak it now without the Roſe; and *Hempskirke*,
Rogue *Hempskirke*, you that have no Neice, this Lady
Was ſtoln by you, and ta'en by you, and now
Reſign'd by me to the right Owner here:
Take her, my Prince.
Flo. Can this be poſſible,
Welcome my Love, my ſweet, my worthy Love.
Vand. I ha' giv'n you her twice: now keep her better, and thank

(30) —— *Their Rights,*] The falſe Spelling of this Word would not have deſerved a Note, had not it given a Senſe totally different from the true one; *viz.* That the two Lords were to die without being firſt put in Poſſeſſion of their Rights or Lordſhips. It only means here, that they ſhould be hanged without the Honour of any Rite or Ceremony.

Lord

Lord *Hubert*, that came to me in *Gerrard*'s name,
And got me out, with my brave Boys, to march
Like *Cæſar*, when he bred his Commentaries,
So I, to breed my Chronicle, came forth
Cæſar Vandunk, & veni, vidi, vici.
Give me my Bottle, and ſet down the Drum;
You had your tricks, Sir, had you? we ha' tricks too,
You ſtole the Lady?

Hig. And we led your Squadrons, [bles,
Where they ha' ſcratch'd their Leggs a little, with Bram-
If not their Faces.

Prigg. Yes, and run their Heads
Againſt Trees.

Hig. 'Tis Captain *Prigg*, Sir.

Prigg. And Colonel *Higgen.* [Leggs,

Hig. We have fill'd a Pit with your People, ſome with
Some with Arms broken, and a Neck or two
I think be looſe.

Prigg. The reſt too, that eſcap'd,
Are not yet out o'the Briars.

Hig. And your Horſes, Sir,
Are well ſet up in *Bruges* all by this time:
You look as you were not well, Sir, and wou'd be
Shortly let Blood; do you want a Scarf?

Vand. A Halter.

Ger. 'Twas like your ſelf, honeſt, and noble *Hubert.*
Canſt thou behold theſe Mirrors all together,
Of thy long, falſe, and bloody Uſurpation;
Thy tyrannous Proſcription, and freſh Treaſon;
And not ſo ſee thy ſelf, as to fall down
And ſinking, force a Grave, with thine own Guilt,
As deep as Hell, to cover thee and it? [me;

Wol. No, I can ſtand, and praiſe the Toyles that took
And laughing in them die; they were brave Snares.

Flo. 'Twere truer Valour, if thou durſt repent
The Wrongs th' haſt done, and live.

Wol. Who, I repent?
And ſay I'm ſorry? yes, 'tis the Fool's Language,
And not for *Wolfort.*

Vand. Wolfort, thou art a Devil,

And

And ſpeakſt his Language ; oh that I had my longing,
Under this row of Trees now would I hang him.
Flo. No, let him live, until he can repent,
But baniſh'd from our State, that is thy doom. [*kirke*
Vand. Then hang his worthy Captain here, this *Hemps-*
For profit of th' Example.
Flo. No let him
Enjoy his ſhame too, with his conſcious Life ;
To ſhew how much our Innocence contemns
All practice from the guiltieſt, to moleſt us.
Vand. A noble Prince.
Ger. Sir, you muſt help to join
A pair of Hands, as they have done of Hearts here,
(31) And to their Loves wiſh joy.
Flo. As to mine own,
My gracious Siſter, worthieſt Brother.
Vand. I'll go afore, and have the Bon-fire made,
My Fire-works, and Flap-dragons, and good Backrack,
With a peck of little Fiſhes, to drink down
In healths to this Day.
Hig. 'Slight, here be changes,
The Bells ha' not ſo many, nor a dance, *Prigg.*
Prigg. Our Company's grown horrible thin by it.
What think you, *Ferret ?*
Fer. Marry I do think,
That we might all be Lords now, if we'd ſtand for't.
Hig. No, not if they ſhould offer it : I'll diſlodge firſt,
Remove the Buſh unto another Climate.
Ger. Sir, you muſt thank this worthy Burgomaſter.
Here be more Friends ask to be look'd on too,
And thank'd, who though their Trade and courſe of Life
Be not ſo perfect, but it may be better'd,
Have yet us'd me with Courteſy, and been true
Subjects unto me, while I was their King,
A Place I know not well how to reſign,
Nor unto whom : But this I will entreat
Your Grace, command them follow you to *Bruges* ;
Where I will take the care on me, to find

(31)—*With Joy*] Former Editions.

Some

Some manly, and more profitable courſe
To fit them, as a part of the Republick,
Flo. Do you hear, Sirs? do ſo.
Hig. Thanks to your good Grace.
Prigg. To your good Lordſhip.
Fer. May you both live long. [*all but Beggars.*
Ger. Attend me at *Vandunk*'s, the Burgomaſter's. [*Ex.*
Hig. Yes, to beat Hemp, and be whipt twice a Week,
Or turn the Wheel, for Crab the Rope-maker:
Or learn to go along with him, his courſe;
That's a fine courſe now, i'the Common-wealth, *Prigg*,
What ſay you to it?
Prigg. It is the backward'ſt courſe,
I know i'the World.
Hig. Then *Higgen* will ſcarce thrive by it,
You do conclude?
Prigg. 'Faith hardly, very hardly.
Hig. Troth I am partly of your Mind, Prince *Prigg*.
And therefore farewel *Flanders*, *Higgen* will ſeek
Some ſafer Shelter, in ſome other Climate,
With this his tatter'd Colony: Let me ſee
Snap, *Ferret*, *Prigg*, and *Higgen*, all are left
O' the true Blood: What? ſhall we into *England?*
Prigg. Agreed.
Hig. Then bear up bravely with your *Brute*, my Lads,
Higgen hath [52] prig'd the Prancers in his Days,
And ſold good Penny-worths; we have a courſe,
The Spirit of *Bottom*, is grown bottomleſs.
Prigg. I'll mand no more, nor cant.
Hig. Yes, your Sixpenny-worth
In private, Brother; Sixpence is a Sum
I'll ſteal you any Man's Dog for.
Prigg. For Sixpence more
You'll tell the Owner where he is.
Hig. 'Tis right,
Higgen muſt practiſe, ſo muſt *Prigg* to eat;
And write the Letter: And gi' the Word. But now
No more, as either of theſe.

52. Stole Horſes.

Prigg.

Prigg. But as true Beggars,
As e'er we were.
Hig. We ſtand here, for an Epilogue;
Ladies, your Bounties firſt; the reſt will follow;
For Womens Favours are a leading Alms,
If you be pleas'd look cheerly, throw your Eyes
Out at your Masks.
Prigg. And let your Beauties ſparkle.
Hig. So may you ne'er want dreſſings, Jewels, Gowns
Still i' the faſhion.
Prigg. Nor the Men you love,
Wealth nor Diſcourſe to pleaſe you.
Hig. May you, Gentlemen,
Never want good freſh Suits nor Liberty.
Prigg. May every Merchant here ſee ſafe his Ventures.
Hig. And every honeſt Citizen his Debts in.
Prigg. (32) The Lawyers gain good Clients.
Hig. And the Clients good Counſel.
Prigg. All the Gameſters here good Fortune.
Hig. The Drunkards too good Wine.
Prigg. The Eaters Meat
Fit for their Taſtes and Palates.
Hig. The good Wives kind Husbands.
Prigg. The young Maids choice of Sutors.
Hig. The Midwives merry Hearts.
Prigg. And all good Cheer.
Hig. As you are kind unto us and our Buſh,
We are the Beggars and your daily Beadſmen,
And have your Mony, but the Alms we ask
And live by, is your Grace; give that, and then
We'll boldly ſay our Word is, *Come again.*

(32) *Again good Clients,*] Corrected from the old Folio.

The End of the Second Volume.

ADDENDA

To the SECOND VOLUME.

By Mr. *SYMPSON.*

PAGE 27, Line 20. Mr. *Theobald*'s Correction of this Place, I prefer to my own, tho' his too great Modesty would not suffer him to do it, *i. e.*

—— Them *of all Conditions and all Sexes.*

So *Servius* upon Æneid I. 286.

—— *gentemque togatam*, says
Bene Gentem, *quia & Sexus* omnis, *& Conditio togâ utebatur.*

Page 30, Line 23. *That* send *me from the Fury of the Ocean*] Mr. *Theobald* has omitted a Conjecture of mine upon this Place, which to me (so prevalent is partiality) seems nearer the Traces of the old Reading than that he has advanc'd;

——— *almost those Powers*
That serv'd *me from*, &c. *i. e.* sav'd.

Ibid. Line 24. ——*you shou'd not be*
Without a neat Historical *Shirt.*] Mr. *Theobald*'s Explanation of this Passage is very right; and I praise his Judgment for retaining the old Reading, tho' it be at the Expence of my own Correction. *Jasper Maine*, in his *City Match*, Act 2, Scene 2, is full to this purpose. *Aurelia*, speaking of her Waiting-woman, says,

She works religious Petticoats; for Flowers
She'll make Church-Histories; her Needle doth
So sanctify my Cushionets, besides,

My Smock-Sleeves have such holy imbroideries,
And are so learned, that I fear in time
All my Apparel will be quoted by
Some pure instructor.

'Tis true, the Person here mention'd is an high-flown *Puritan*, but that is no Objection; what the Passage is brought to prove (and it proves it sufficiently) is, that Historical Shirts were then in very high Fashion; the only difference was, that the *Saints* adorn'd theirs only with religious Stories, while the *Wicked* flourished theirs with either sacred or profane ones.

Page 109, Line 16. — *and to cure your Herd,*
His Bucolics *is a Masterpiece*;] This Mistake of our Authors, tho' so obvious to be noted, had almost escaped the Observation of us all. A plain Proof that the Attention, tho' ever so close, is not always successful, either in the Discovery of Blemishes or Beauties.

Page 148, Line 31.
Turn to Armlets, for great Queens t'adore] Mr. *Theobald*'s Alteration of this Passage, with due Submission to his great Judgment, I cannot admit. The old Reading is not only right, but elegant, and must suffer extremely by any tampering with it. *Adore* here is us'd in the Sense of *adorn*, from French *Dorer*, to gild, *&c.* and seems to be borrow'd from *Spenser*, Lib. 4, Cant. 11, 46.

——— *like to the Hore*
Congealed little Drops, which do the Morn adore.

I am aware, that the same Objection lies against several Places which we have endeavoured to correct in the following Sheets; but the Reader need not be told, that Criticism is no infallible Profession; for he cannot but observe, that the viewing of a Passage in *one* Light, which the Poet design'd should be considered in *another*, too oft draws the Judgment awry, and sets the Invention upon a wrong Search, by endeavouring to plaister a Place that ever was sound, and applying Crutches to a Passage that never yet halted, but in the Critic's Imagination.

Page

Page 251, Line 33. *See where the* Sea *comes*] Mr. *Seward* will pardon me for diſſenting from him in the Correction of this Paſſage; I ſuppoſe the Line once to have run in this manner,

See where the Seal *comes.*

The Seal, i. e. *Sea-calf*, an Appellation ſevere enough in all Conſcience and Reaſon; and how clearly does the remaining Part of the Line eſtabliſh this Reading,

See where the Seal comes, how he fomes and bruſtles.

i. e. briſtles.

Page 292, Note 20. —— *for Pins and* Puppets,] Allowing the want of Meaſure, for there is none in the Senſe of this Paſſage, I would have it filled up in a different manner from that propoſed by Mr. *Seward*, thus,

—— *for Pins and* Pin-*puppets.*

The faſhionable Pin-caſes in our Authors Days, were made in the ſhape of little Puppets, or Poppets; and tho' that Cuſtom is diſcontinued, we ſtill retain the Word *Pin-poppets* to this very Day, in the North of *England.*

POSTSCRIPT

To the SECOND VOLUME.

By *T. SEWARD.*

I SHALL only detain the Reader here with very few Remarks on the Part of this Volume which was publiſh'd by Mr. *Theobald*, which beginning with *The Cuſtom of the Country*, a Play which offends more againſt modeſt Decency than any other Part of our Authors Works, I muſt refer the Reader to the firſt Prologue, where he will find that the Authors had not the leaſt Suſpicion of being ever taxed with Indecency; from whence it is plain, that what now appears groſs and indecent, did not appear ſo to our Anceſtors. See this more fully prov'd at Page 54 and 55 of the Preface.

The Cuſtom of the Country.

Page 30, Line 15. —— *Thoſe Powers*
That ſend *me from the Fury of the Ocean*] Mr. *Theobald* juſtly rejects *ſend*, but reads *fenc'd me*, which does not ſeem to me a very natural Metaphor; I believe the more common and obvious Expreſſion *ſav'd me*, was the Original.

Page 44, Note 44. I don't aſſent to the Neceſſity of the Change made here, the old Reading preſerving a clear Antitheſis.

Page 45, Line 1, Note 33.
The worthy Miſtreſs of thoſe many Bleſſings
Heav'n has beſtow'd; make 'em appear ſtill nobler
Becauſe they're truſted to a weaker *Keeper.*

I objected againſt the Epithet *weaker*, but not having expreſs'd

preſs'd my Objections fully, Mr. *Theobald* defends it.—— They are theſe. *Arnoldo* is perſuading the rich and beautiful *Hippolyta* not to deface her Beauty with foul Affections, for outward Excellence ſhould be attended with all other Excellence; and the preſent Reading makes him add, that as ſhe is frail and weak by Nature, ſhe would make the Beauties of her Perſon appear more noble. —— This would be an Apology for her Faults, not a Reaſon for her quitting them. — I read therefore,

—— *make 'em appear ſtill nobler,*
Becauſe they're truſted to a wealthy *Keeper.*

He firſt perſuades her to Chaſtity, and every Virtue, that ſhe might not diſgrace her Beauty; next, that ſhe might not abuſe her Wealth, which was the Gift of Heaven to her, only to make her Virtues more noble and conſpicuous. This ſeem'd at firſt the true Reading; but upon this laſt Review a Confirmation of it has occurr'd from the Context. Her *Beauty* and her *Wealth* are the two Objects which he dwells on in the next Speech, when he conſiders them in another Light, and this is a ſtrong Preſumption that each of them had been before us'd as Perſuaſives to Chaſtity. He goes on——

Wou'd ye' have me love you? — Hip. *Yes.* — Arn. *Not for your* Beauty;
Time, as he paſſes by, puts out that Sparkle.
Not for your Wealth; *although the World kneel to it*, &c.

The whole Dialogue, particularly *Arnoldo*'s firſt Speech, is extremely beautiful.

The Elder Brother.

Page 106, Line 22, Note 3.

—— *and in Greek you can*
Lie with your ſmug Wife Lilly.] Mr. *Theobald* complains that the Country Juſtice is here out of Character, as he ſuppoſes him to refer to *Juvenal*'s *Concumbunt Græcè* ——But ſuppoſing the Author took his Hint from hence, he does not make the Country Juſtice refer to it. But Mr. *Theobald* does not ſeem to have obſerved the Equivocation

cation of the Word *Lilly*, which refers to the old Grammarian, as *Andrew* says after, *To bring me back from my Grammar to my Horn-book!* This is an Allusion surely within the compass of a Country Squire, and therefore quite in Character.

Page 120, Note 15.

Do they know any thing but a tir'd Hackney?
And then they cry absurd *as th' Horse understood them.*] This is spoke of the College-Students, whom the Fop makes such Pedants, as to talk even to their Horses in *Scholastic Terms*, calling it *absurd* in a tired Hackney to hobble and stumble. I have given this Explication, because the Passage is treated by Mr. *Theobald* as *stark* Nonsense.

Page 140, Note 27.

Nor your black Patches you wear variously,
Some cut like Stars, some in Half-moons, some Lozenges.
(All which but shew you still a younger Brother)] The Custom of wearing black Patches on the Face began amongst the Men, being made of black Velvet, and cut in various Shapes. It was a foppish Imitation of the Officers of the Army, who, in one Place of our Authors are said, after a Campaign, to be oblig'd from their Wounds, *To wear their Faces in Velvet Scabbards.* Mr. *Theobald* thinks that the Figures mention'd here refer to the *Bearings* or *Differences* of younger Branches of Families in Coats of Arms, but then seems to charge the Authors with inaccuracy in mentioning *Lozenges*, which are appropriated, he says, to unmarried Women and Widows. If they have such an Allusion, it is only a remote one; the Foppishness of wearing such Patches being the principal thing to shew him an insignificant young Fellow, deserving only a younger Brother's Fortune, and not for these to be preferr'd to one who was much more his Elder in Understanding than in Years. If therefore the remote Allusion to Heraldry be admitted, it by no means requires the Accuracy of every Word being applicable to it.

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Page 145, Line 25.

Or bought an Elegy of his Condolement] This is ſpoke of *Euſtace* whom *Angelina* before attacks for *hiring Verſes*; but Mr. *Theobald* unaccountably miſtook it to be ſpoke of the *Scholar Charles*, and therefore adopted the Miſtake of ſome of the old Editions, and reads, *brought an Elegy*.

Page 148. *Should turn to Armlets for great Queens t'adore*] Mr. *Theobald* thinks it abſurd to ſuppoſe Queens to adore their own Bracelets, and therefore reads — *for great Queens to wear*, a Word very far from the Trace of the Letters. Mr. *Sympſon* told me, that *adore* and *adorn* were us'd formerly as only different Dialects of the ſame Word, as *owe* and *own* certainly were, and he would give it the Senſe of *adorn* in this Place. I cannot aſſent to either, for the Poſition of the Words will ſcarce bear the latter; and had the Authors deſign'd it, they would have wrote, *Will turn to Armlets to adore great Queens*. After all, where is the Abſurdity of the old Reading? Are not the *ſanctify'd Beads* often wore on the Arm, and in ſome meaſure *adored* by Popiſh Queens? Nay, when Armlets were uſually wore, they had often, over the Lock of them, Croſſes or Images of Saints in Entaglios, or Cameios, which they *adored*: But I take the Alluſion in this place to be chiefly to the ſanctify'd Beads, as the Affinity in Figure between *Tears* and *Beads* often gives riſe to Alluſions of this ſort in Poetry.

Page 149, Line 4.

That only ſerves his Will and Wantonneſs;
And lets the ſerious Part of Life run by
As thin neglected Sand. Whiteneſs of Name
You muſt be mine.] Mr. *Theobald* calls this Paſſage ſo pointed, Nonſenſe: For, ſays he, what Lover ever call'd his Miſtreſs *Whiteneſs of Name?* He therefore makes a Comma after *Sand*, and a full Stop after *Name*. So that the *ſerious Part of Life* is *Whiteneſs of Name*. And then he very unfortunately adds, "that, if he is miſtaken in this, "he'll never venture again at underſtanding any Writer's "Meaning."

" Meaning." This is a ſtrong Proof of what all Critics ſhould be conſcious of, that *Poſitiveneſs* and *Aſſurance* do not belong to *Verbal Criticiſm*. For poor Mr. *Theobald* was moſt notoriouſly miſtaken in this very Paſſage, which was perfect good Senſe in the old Pointing. The Relative *You* miſled him; he thought it related to *Angelina*, whereas, with infinite poetic Beauty, it relates to *Whiteneſs of Name:* The Meaning of the Paſſage being evidently this ——— " If you ſhould yield, I ſhould hate you; for I am no " Courtier that gives the Rein to all his wanton Appe- " tites. No; *Whiteneſs of Name*, i. e. the Character and " Conſciouſneſs of Chaſtity and Innocence, you muſt be " always mine; which I ſhould forfeit eternally, ſhould I " debauch my Miſtreſs before Marriage, for

Why ſhould I ſeek to cuckold *my Delights?*
And widow *all thoſe Sweets I aim at in you?*

The whole Speech is extremely fine.

Theſe are all the material Objections which have occurred againſt Mr. *Theobald*'s Notes, and theſe, ſuppoſing them all true, are far from taking from him the Character of a *Critic* of the higheſt Rank; ſince his Miſtakes, compar'd to the Number of his juſt Emendations, appear as few as thoſe of the moſt eminent *Critics* which this Nation has produc'd, would, I believe, appear upon a like Scrutiny. By this the Reader will ſee that I do not exempt the *late great Editors* of *Shakeſpear* from numerous miſtakes; but it is quite ſhocking to ſee the Adverſaries of the Survivor of them attacking him with ſuch rancour, that they ſeem to wiſh to ſee the *Author of Julian* and the *Divine Legation* depriv'd of his Pen; and, like the *Spartans* exaſperated againſt *Athens*, would *put out one of the Eyes of the Learned World.*

FINIS.